



*D O D S L E Y*'s  
COLLECTION.

VOL. I.

The THIRD EDITION.





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Pr



A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
P O E M S

IN TWO VOLUMES.

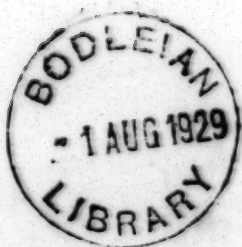
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M,DCC,LI.



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THE

THE  
PROGRESS  
OF  
LOVE.

IN  
FOUR ECLOGUES.

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By Mr. *LYTTLETON*.

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I.  
UNCERTAINTY.  
To Mr. *POPE*.

II.  
H O P E.  
To the Hon. *GEORGE*  
*DODDINGTON*, Esq;

III.  
J E A L O U S Y.  
To *ED. WALPOLE*, Esq;

IV.  
P O S S E S S I O N.  
To the Right Hon. the  
Lord Visc. *COBHAM*.

VOL. I.

B

THE  
PROGRESS

OF  
LOVE

FOUR ECHOES

BY M. L. L. L.

UNCERTAINTY, JEALOUSY,  
THE M. L. L. L.

THE M. L. L. L.  
THE M. L. L. L.

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T H E

PROGRESS of LOVE.

I N

Four ECLOGUES.

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UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

To Mr. *POPE*.

**P**OPE, to whose reed beneath the beechen shade,  
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid ;  
While yet thy muse, content with humbler praise,  
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays ;  
Though now sublimely borne on Homer's wing,  
Of glorious wars, and godlike chiefs she sing :  
Wilt thou with me re-visit once again  
The crystal fountain, and the flow'ry plain ?  
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate  
The various changes of a lover's state ;  
And while each turn of passion I pursue,  
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true ?



To the green margin of a lonely wood,  
 Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,  
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,  
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid :  
 His flock far off, unfed, untended lay,  
 To every savage a defenceless prey ;  
 No sense of int'rest cou'd their master move,  
 And every care seem'd trifling now but love.  
 A while in pensive silence he remain'd,  
 But tho' his voice was mute, his looks complain'd ;  
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent,  
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

Ye Nymphs he cry'd, ye Dryads, who so long  
 Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song ;  
 For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts  
 Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts ;  
 In vain I bid the restless world adieu,  
 To seek tranquillity and peace with you.  
 Tho' wild ambition, and destructive rage  
 No factions here can form, no wars can wage :  
 Tho' envy frowns not on your humble shades,  
 Nor calumny your innocence invades,  
 Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,  
 Too often violates your boasted rest ;  
 With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,  
 And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

Ah luckless day ! when first with fond surprize  
 On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes ;  
 Then in wild tumults all my soul was toss'd,  
 Then reason, liberty, at once were lost :

And



And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,  
 But what my heart employ'd on her alone.  
 Then too she smil'd : Can smiles our peace destroy,  
 Those lovely children of content and joy ?  
 How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe,  
 From the same spring at the same moment flow ?  
 Unhappy boy, these vain enquiries cease,  
 Thought cou'd not guard, nor will restore thy peace :  
 Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,  
 And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.  
 Come, flatt'ring memory, and tell my heart  
 How kind she was, and with what pleasing art  
 She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,  
 Confirm her pow'r, and faster bind my chain.  
 If on the green we danc'd a mirthful band,  
 To me alone she gave her willing hand ;  
 Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,  
 Still in my song found something to admire.  
 By none but her my crook with flow'rs was crown'd,  
 By none but her my brows with ivy bound :  
 The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,  
 The world, alas ! like Damon, was deceiv'd.  
 When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire  
 In words as soft as passion cou'd inspire,  
 Coldly she hear'd, and full of scorn withdrew,  
 Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.  
 The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn  
 Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,  
 Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,  
 Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.  
 Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,  
 To have my faithful service thus repay'd ?

'Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,  
 But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd ?  
 Or did you only nurse my growing love,  
 'That with more pain I might your hatred prove ?  
 Sure guilty treachery no place cou'd find  
 In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind :  
 A maid brought up the woods and wilds among,  
 Cou'd ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young :  
 No ; let me rather think her anger feign'd,  
 Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd ;  
 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,  
 And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy  
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy ;  
 Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,  
 When now the setting sun less fiercely burn'd,  
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,  
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

## HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

**H**EAR, DODDINGTON, the notes that shepherds  
 sing,  
 Notes soft as those of nightingales in spring :  
 Nor Pan, nor Phœbus tune the shepherd's reed ;  
 From love alone our tender lays proceed ;  
 Love warms our fancy with enliv'ning fires,  
 Refines our genius, and our verse inspires :

From

From him Theocritus, on Enna's plains,  
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains ;  
 Virgil by him was taught the moving art,  
 That charm'd each ear, and soften'd every heart :  
 O would'st thou quit the pride of courts, and deign  
 To dwell with us upon the vocal plain,  
 Thee too his pow'r should reach, and ev'ry shade  
 Resound the praises of thy fav'rite maid ;  
 Thy pipe our rural concert wou'd improve,  
 And we shou'd learn of thee to please and love.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,  
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,  
 But call'd the nymphs to hear his jocund song,  
 And told his joy to all the rustic throng.

Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,  
 When first I own'd my Delia's gentle pow'r ;  
 Then gloomy discontent and pining care  
 Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there :  
 Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,  
 Delightful languors, and transporting fires.  
 Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,  
 These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid ;  
 There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,  
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay :  
 She led the dance--heav'ns! with what grace she mov'd!  
 Who cou'd have seen her then, and not have lov'd ?  
 I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,  
 But glory'd in a happy captive's name ;  
 Nor wou'd I now, cou'd love permit, be free,  
 But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

And art thou then, fond swain, 'secure of joy ?  
 Can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy !  
 Has treacherous love no torment yet in store ?  
 Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal pow'r ?  
 Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek ?  
 Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break ?  
 Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear  
 The plaintive accent of thy sad despair ?  
 From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,  
 Delia, who now compassionates my woes,  
 Who bids me hope ; and in that charming word  
 Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

Begin, my pipe, begin the gladsome lay ;  
 A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay ;  
 A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,  
 Giv'n with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content :  
 No laureat wreaths I ask to blind my brows,  
 Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows ;  
 Let other swains to praise or fame aspire :  
 I from her lips my recompence require.

Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,  
 While ev'ry flower of every sweet they drain :  
 See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,  
 The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep :  
 Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,  
 If with my fond desires my love comply ;  
 From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,  
 And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.



Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms?  
 What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?  
 A bird for thee in filken bands I hold,  
 Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;  
 From distant isles the lovely stranger came,  
 And bears the fortunate Canaries name;  
 In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,  
 Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.  
 Accept of this; and cou'd I add beside,  
 What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;  
 If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,  
 On thee alone their glitt'ring pride shou'd shine.  
 But if thy mind no gifts have pow'r to move,  
 Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove;  
 The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,  
 Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain.  
 For him each blue-ey'd Naid of the flood,  
 For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,  
 Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray  
 His musick calls to dance the night away.  
 And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,  
 With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,  
 I beg you recommend my faithful flame,  
 And let her often hear her shepherd's name:  
 Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,  
 And shew my merits in the fairest light;  
 My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,  
 And every friend shall claim a diff'rent lay.

But see! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair  
 Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air——



Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet ;  
 Adieu, my pipe, I go my love to meet—  
 O may I find her as we parted last,  
 And may each future hour be like the past !  
 So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,  
 Propitious Venus on thy altars bleed.

---

## JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE. III.

TO MR. *EDWARD WALPOLE*.

**T**HE gods, O WALPOLE, give no bliss sincere ;  
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and pow'r by  
 fear ;

Of all the passions that employ the mind,  
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find ;  
 Yet ev'n those joys dire jealousy molests,  
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts :  
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart  
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart ;  
 For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,  
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin my muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,  
 In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head  
 (While browsing goats at ease around him fed)  
 Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd ;  
 Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast—

The vale beneath, a pleasing prospect yields,  
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields ;  
 Through these a river rolls its winding flood,  
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood ;  
 Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,  
 A castle there the opening plain commands,  
 Beyond, a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,  
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound :  
 So charming was the scene, a while the swain  
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain ;  
 But soon the stings infix'd within his heart,  
 With cruel force renew'd their raging smart :  
 His flow'ry wreath, which long with pride he wore,  
 The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,  
 Then cry'd ; May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,  
 Like these neglected roses droop and fade ;  
 May angry heav'n deform each guilty grace,  
 That triumphs now in that deluding face ;  
 Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,  
 And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I.

Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,  
 To lose the heart his tedious pains had won ?  
 Tell me what charms you in my rival find,  
 Against whose pow'r no ties have strength to bind ?  
 Has he, like me, with long obedience strove  
 To conquer your disdain, and merit love ?  
 Has he with transport every smile ador'd,  
 And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word ?  
 Ah no ! the conquest was obtain'd with ease ;  
 He pleas'd you, by not studying to please :  
 His careless indolence your pride alarm'd ;  
 And had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

O pain

O pain to think, another shall possess  
 Those balmy lips which I was wont to press :  
 Another on her panting breast shall lie,  
 And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !—  
 I saw their friendly flocks together feed,  
 I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead :  
 Wou'd my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,  
 Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight !  
 Where e'er they pass'd, be blasted every flow'r,  
 And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour.—  
 Ah wretched swain, cou'd no examples move  
 Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love ?  
 Hast thou not hear'd how poor \* Menalcas dy'd  
 A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride ?  
 Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,  
 Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phoebus lov'd in vain :  
 Around his tomb their tears the muses paid,  
 And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.  
 Wou'd I cou'd die like him and be at peace ;  
 These torments in the quiet grave wou'd cease,  
 There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose wou'd find,  
 And rest as if my Delia still were kind.  
 No, let me live her falsehood to upbraid :  
 Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—  
 Alas what aid, fond swain, wou'dst thou receive ?  
 Cou'd thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve ?  
 Protect her, heav'n, and let her never know  
 The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe :  
 I ask no vengeance from the pow'rs above ;  
 All I implore is never more to love.—

\* See Mr. Gay's *Diana*.

Let

Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,  
 Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.  
 Come, cool indifference, and heal my breast;  
 Wearied, at length I seek thy downy rest:  
 No turbulence of passion shall destroy  
 My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.  
 Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Sylvans hear,  
 What by your guardian deities I swear;  
 No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,  
 No more I'll court the trait'ers to my arms;  
 Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,  
 And she shall find that reason conquers love——

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below  
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;  
 At once transported, he forgot his vow,  
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow)  
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;  
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

---

## POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

To Lord COBHAM.

**C**OBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,  
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;  
 Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,  
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains,  
 Yet shall its musick please thy partial ear,  
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were  
 dear;

Recal



Recal those years which time has thrown behind,  
 When smiling love with honour shar'd thy mind.  
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,  
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;  
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,  
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,  
 To Venus rais'd a rustick altar stood,  
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,  
 In friendly league to favour humankind.  
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade,  
 The gentle virtues and mild wisdom play'd.  
 Nor there in sprightly pleasure's genial train,  
 Lurk'd sick disgust, or late repenting pain,  
 Nor force, nor interest join'd unwilling hands,  
 But love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.  
 Thither with glad devotion Damon came,  
 To thank the pow'rs who blest'd his faithful flame;  
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,  
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:  
 Hail, bounteous god, before whose hallow'd shrine  
 My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,  
 While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,  
 Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove:  
 And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires,  
 Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,  
 Since Delia now can all its warmth return,  
 As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.

O the dear gloom of last propitious night!  
 O shade more charming than the fairest light!

Then



Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,  
 Then all my pains one moment overpaid ;  
 Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,  
 Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.  
 Thou too, bright goddess, once in Ida's grove,  
 Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love,  
 With him while frisking lambs around you play'd,  
 Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade ;  
 Scarce cou'd Anchises' raptures equal mine,  
 And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

What are you now, my once most valued joys ?  
 Insipid trifles all, and childish toys——

Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,  
 Nor Colin's talk cou'd please like Delia's kiss.

Ye muses, skill'd in every winning art,  
 Teach me more deeply to engage her heart ;  
 Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,  
 And crown her with the pride of all the spring :  
 On all her days let health and peace attend ;  
 May she ne'er want, nor ever lose a friend ;  
 May some new pleasure every hour employ ;  
 But let her Damon be her highest joy.

With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,  
 All night caress thee, and admire all day ;  
 In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,  
 To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,  
 Together will we share the harvest toils,  
 Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.

Delightful

Delightful state, where peace and love combine,  
 To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine !  
 Here limpid fountains roll through flow'ry meads,  
 Here rising forests lift their verdant heads ;  
 Here let me wear my careless life away,  
 And in thy arms insensibly decay.  
 When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,  
 And our slow pulses dance with joy no more ;  
 When time no longer will thy beauties spare,  
 And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair ;  
 Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,  
 At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath ;  
 May we beneath one common stone be laid,  
 And the same cypress both our ashes shade.  
 Perhaps some friendly muse, in tender verse,  
 Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,  
 And future ages with just envy mov'd,  
 Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

---

## S O L I L O Q U Y

Of a BEAUTY in the COUNTRY.

*Written at Eton-School. [By the Same.]*

**T**Was night ; and FLAVIA to her room retir'd,  
 With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd ;  
 There melancholy, pensive, and alone,  
 She meditates on the forsaken town :  
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,  
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said..

“ Ah,

- " Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,  
 " To move with negligence, to dress with care ?  
 " What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,  
 " If all in envious solitude are lost ?  
 " Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel ;  
 " Where none are Beaus, 'tis vain to be a Belle :  
 " Beauty, like wit, to judges shou'd be shewn ;  
 " Both most are valu'd, where they best are known.  
 " With ev'ry grace of nature, or of art,  
 " We cannot break one stubborn country heart :  
 " The brutes, insensible, our pow'r defy :  
 " To love exceeds a squire's capacity.  
 " The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere ;  
 " That is our heav'n, and we are angels There :  
 " In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,  
 " The court of Britain is the court of love.  
 " How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,  
 " How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,  
 " At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see  
 " The homage due to empire, paid to me ?  
 " When ev'ry eye was fix'd on me alone,  
 " And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown ;  
 " When rival statesmen for my favour strove,  
 " Less jealous in their power, than in their love.  
 " Chang'd is the scene ; and all my glories die,  
 " Like flow'rs transplanted to a colder sky :  
 " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,  
 " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain,  
 " In stupid indolence my life is spent,  
 " Supinely calm, and dully innocent :

" Unblest

- " Unblest I wear my useless time away ;  
 " Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all day ;  
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to pray'r ;  
 " For dulness ever must be regular.  
 " Now with mama at tedious whiff I play ;  
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea ;  
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,  
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there :  
 " From books to work, from work to books I rove,  
 " And am (alas!) at leisure to improve!—  
 " Is this the life a beauty ought to lead ?  
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?  
 " These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age wou'd glow,  
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sow ?  
 " Sure erring nature never cou'd design  
 " To form a hufwife in a mould like mine !  
 " O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,  
 " Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r :  
 " Let me re-visit the dear town again :  
 " Let me be seen!—cou'd I that wish obtain,  
 " All other wishes my own power would gain.

## B L E N H E I M.

*Writ at the University of Oxford in the Year 1727.*

[By the Same.]

**P**Arant of arts, whose skilful hand first taught  
 The tow'ring pile to rise, and form'd the plan  
 With fair proportion ; architect divine,  
 Minerva, thee to my advent'rous lyre

Assistant



Assistant I invoke, that means to sing  
 BLENHEMIA, monument of British fame,  
 Thy glorious work ! For thou the lofty tow'rs  
 Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield  
 In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd  
 Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,  
 Thalia, sylvan muse, who lov'st to rove  
 Along the shady paths and verdant bow'rs  
 Of Woodstock's happy grove : there tuning sweet  
 Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train  
 Attentive listen ; let thy warbling song  
 Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,  
 And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving pow'r  
 Of MARLB'ROUGH's hand ; Britain who sent him forth  
 Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause  
 Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd  
 This palace, sacred to her leader's fame ;  
 A trophy of success ; with spoils adorn'd  
 Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name  
 Of that auspicious field, where CHURCHILL's sword  
 Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd  
 Rebel Bavar.—Majestick in its strength  
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail happy chief, whose valour could deserve  
 Reward so glorious ! grateful nation, hail,  
 Who paidst his service with so rich a meed !  
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,  
 The Hero or the people ? Honour doubts,  
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.

Not

Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt  
 Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,  
 When thou behold'st these tow'rs, ingrate, to thee  
 A monument of shame. Canst thou forget  
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm  
 Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain  
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.  
 Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense  
 Of obligation infinite, and know,  
 Britain like heav'n protects a thankless world  
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the muse  
 Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves  
 With ever new delight. The tap'stry rich  
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint  
 Of various colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,  
 Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls  
 His purple wave; and there the Granic flood  
 With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul  
 Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece  
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd  
 MARLB'ROUGH and ALEXANDER vie for fame  
 With glorious competition; equal both  
 In valour and in fortune, but their praise  
 Be different, for with different views they fought;  
 This to *subdue*, and That to *free* mankind.

Now through the stately portals issuing forth,  
 The muse to softer glories turns, and seeks  
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale  
 Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove

Such

Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom  
 Of this romantick wilderness once stood  
 The bow'r of Rosamonda, hapless fair,  
 Sacred to grief and love ; the crystal fount  
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs  
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face  
 Of SPENSER, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits  
 Beside its flow'ry brink, and views those charms  
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.  
 But see where flowing with a nobler stream,  
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls  
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,  
 Through which the Danube might collected pour  
 His spacious urn ! Silent a while, and smooth  
 The current glides, till with an headlong force  
 Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls  
 In loud cascades ; the silver-sparkling foam  
 Glitters relucant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul  
 Of CHURCHILL, from the toils of war and state,  
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy  
 Of contemplation felt, while BLENHEIM'S dome  
 Triumphal, ever in his mind renew'd  
 The mem'ry of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts  
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.  
 So by the rage of faction, home recall'd,  
 Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war  
 Against the pride of Asia, and the pow'r  
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind  
 No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils  
 Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,

And

Such

And in magnificent retirement past  
 The evening of his life.—But not alone,  
 In the calm shades of honourable ease,  
 Great MARLBRO' peaceful dwelt: Indulgent heav'n  
 Gave a companion to his softer hours,  
 With whom conversing, he forgot all change  
 Of fortune, or of taste, and in her mind  
 Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd  
 Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,  
 In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:  
 Like two fair stars with intermingled light,  
 In friendly union they together shone,  
 Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud  
 Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.  
 Thee CHURCHILL first, the ruthless hand of death  
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence  
 To the sublimer seats of joy and love;  
 Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,  
 Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects  
 The column to thy praise and sooths her woe  
 With pious honours to thy sacred name  
 Immortal. Lo! where tow'ring on the height  
 Of yon ærial pillar proudly stands  
 Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,  
 And awes the subject plain: Beneath his feet,  
 The German eagles spread their wings, his hand  
 Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow  
 Majestick, such thy martial port, when Gaul  
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought  
 A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field  
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,  
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd

A meaner



A meaner trophy, by th' Imperial hand;  
 Extorted gratitude; which now the rage  
 Of malice impotent, beseeming ill  
 A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground:  
 Mean insult! this with better auspices  
 Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world  
 How MARLBRO' fought, for whom, and how repay'd  
 His services. Nor shall the constant love  
 Of her who rais'd this monument be lost  
 In dark oblivion: That shall be the theme  
 Of future bards in ages yet unborn,  
 Inspir'd with Chancer's fire, who in these groves  
 First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd  
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be  
 Of BLENHEIM, house superb; to which the throng  
 Of travellers approaching, shall not pass  
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail  
 With rev'rence due. Such honour does the muse  
 Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile  
 (My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,  
 MARLB'ROUGH! who now above the starry sphere  
 Dwell'st in the palaces of heav'n, enthron'd  
 Among the demi-gods, deign to defend  
 This thy abode, while present here below,  
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,  
 With tutelary care. Preserve it safe  
 From time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke  
 Of factious envy's more relentless rage.  
 Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,  
 When honour calls them to the field of war,  
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;  
 The proud reward of thy successful toils

For

For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame :  
 That fir'd with gen'rous envy, they may dare  
 To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,  
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons  
 With martial virtue; and to high attempts,  
 Excite their arms, till other battles won,  
 And nations sav'd, new monuments require,  
 And other **BLENHEIMS** shall adorn the land.

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## T O T H E

Reverend Dr. *AYSCOUGH* at *Oxford*.

*Writ from Paris in the Year 1728.*

[*By the Same.*]

**S**AY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away ?  
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day ?  
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore  
 Of wise antiquity's immortal lore,  
 Where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd,  
 At once exalts and polishes the mind ?  
 How different from our modern guilty art,  
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart ;  
 Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,  
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn !  
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see  
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty ;  
 How the same hands that tyrants durst controul,  
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole ;

The

Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd  
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind ?  
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,  
 Each grace, each virtue freedom could inspire ;  
 Yet in her troubled states see all the woes,  
 And all the crimes that giddy faction knows ;  
 Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,  
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,  
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,  
 The slave and tut'refs of protecting Rome ?

Does calm philosophy her aid impart,  
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart ?  
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end  
 To which alone the wise their studies bend ;  
 For which alone by nature were design'd  
 The pow'rs of thought——To benefit mankind ?  
 Not like a cloyster'd drone, to read and doze,  
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose ;  
 But reason's influence to diffuse ; to clear  
 Th' enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear ;  
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind  
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.  
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ !  
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy ;  
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,  
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care ;  
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain  
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent ;  
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content ;

So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,  
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good \* Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,  
Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-rage ;  
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,  
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,  
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest  
guide.

O generous warmth ! O sanctity divine !  
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine !  
Learn from his life the duties of the gown ;  
Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown ;  
Nor basely servile court the guilty great,  
Nor raise the church a rival to the state :  
To error mild, to vice alone severe,  
Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.  
The priest, who plagues the world, can never mend :  
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.  
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,  
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,  
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age ;  
In various knowledge to improve my youth,  
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth ;  
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,  
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend ;  
The useful science of the world to know,  
Which books can never teach, or pedants shew.

\* *Dr. Hough.*

A nation



A nation here I pity, and admire,  
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,  
 Yet taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,  
 To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:  
 Whose nobles born to cringe, and to command,  
 In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;  
 From each low tool of pow'r content receive  
 Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.  
 Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,  
 Tho' plunder'd, gay; industrious, though oppress'd;  
 With happy follies rise above their fate,  
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the muses deign'd a while to sport  
 In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court:  
 Here Boileau strong in sense, and sharp in wit,  
 Who from the ancients, like the ancients writ;  
 Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,  
 By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame.  
 Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd  
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;  
 By keen, yet decent satire skill'd to please,  
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.  
 Now charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire  
 Heroick thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire;  
 Now sweet Racine with milder influence move  
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey  
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway;

Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects store,  
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor ;  
 Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,  
 And painted triumphs stifle ambition GREAT.\*  
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,  
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew : †  
 Where, sick of glory, faction, pow'r and pride,  
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had try'd)  
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,  
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see  
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ; ‡  
 Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour,  
 In the wild riot of unbounded pow'r ;  
 Where feverish debauch and impious love  
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,  
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;  
 Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind  
 From present joys to dearer left behind :

O native isle, fair freedom's happiest seat !  
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat ;  
 At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,  
 And all my country on my soul returns.  
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain  
 No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain ?

\* *The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries  
 of Versailles.* † *Chantilly.* ‡ *St. Cloud.*

When

When kiss with pious love the sacred earth,  
 That gave a BURLEIGH, or a RUSSEL birth ?  
 When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood  
 Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,  
 Of fearless independence wisely vain,  
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice  
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;  
 Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around,  
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;  
 Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see ;  
 And tells me, These, like England, once were Free.

## TO MR. POYNTZ,

Ambassador at the Congress of SOISSONS,  
 in the Year 1728.

*Written at Paris. [By the Same.]*

**O** Thou, whose friendship is my joy and pride,  
 Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts  
 guide ;

Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,  
 Is but a larger power of being good ;  
 Say, Poyntz, amidst the toils of anxious state,  
 Does not thy secret soul desire retreat ?  
 Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)  
 Thy busy life at length might be thy own ;

C 3

That

That to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,  
 No care might ruffle thy unbended mind ?  
 Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,  
 To favour'd man by smiling heav'n decreed,  
 Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,  
 And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who from the world retir'd,  
 By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,  
 On flow'ry couches slumbers life away,  
 And gently bids his active pow'rs decay ;  
 Who fears bright glory's awful face to see,  
 And shuns renown as much as infamy.  
 But blest is he, who exercis'd in cares,  
 To private leisure public virtue bears ?  
 Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,  
 And decks repose with trophies labour won.  
 Him honour follows to the secret shade,  
 And crowns propitious his declining head ;  
 In his retreats their harps the muses string,  
 For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing ;  
 Friendship and truth on all his moments wait,  
 Pleas'd with retirement better than with state ;  
 And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies,  
 Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand  
 The needful aid of thy sustaining hand ;  
 When peace restor'd shall on her downy wing  
 Secure repose and careless leisure bring ;  
 Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,  
 The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,

Among



Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess  
 Contemplative and quiet happiness ;  
 Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,  
 And painful merit paid with sweet content,  
 Yet tho' thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,  
 Tho' wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul ;  
 One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,  
 That only can improve and crown the rest—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,  
 Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell ;  
 The point to which our sweetest passions move,  
 Is to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.  
 This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,  
 Friend to our health, and author of our rest,  
 Bids ev'ry gloomy vexing passion fly,  
 And tunes each jarring string to harmony.  
 Ev'n while I write, the name of love inspires  
 More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires ;  
 Beneath his pow'r my raptur'd fancy glows,  
 And ev'ry tender verse more sweetly flows.  
 Dull is the privilege of living free ;  
 Our hearts were never form'd for liberty :  
 Some beauteous image well imprinted there,  
 Can best defend them from consuming care.  
 In vain to groves and gardens we retire,  
 And nature in her rural works admire ;  
 Tho' grateful these, yet these but faintly charm ;  
 They may delight us, but can never warm.  
 May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire  
 With pleasing pangs of ever gay desire ;

And teach thee that soft science, which alone  
 Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known.  
 Thy soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,  
 To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd ;  
 And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast  
 Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.  
 Hear what th' inspiring muses bid me tell,  
 For heav'n shall ratify what they reveal.

A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,  
 With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd ;  
 Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,  
 Distinguish'd only by their softer dress :  
 Thy greatness she, or thy retreat shall share,  
 Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care :  
 Her smiles the taste of ev'ry joy shall raise,  
 And add new pleasure to renown and praise ;  
 Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,  
 That happiness is near ally'd to love.

## VERSES to be written under a Picture of Mr. POYNTZ.

[*By the Same.*]

**S**UCH is thy form, O Poyntz ! but who shall find  
 A hand, or colours to express thy mind ?  
 A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,  
 In a false world that dares to be sincere ;  
 Wise without art ; without ambition great ;  
 Tho' firm, yet pliant ; active, tho' sedate ;

With

With all the richest stores of learning fraught ;  
 Yet better still by native prudence taught ;  
 That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,  
 Can pity frailties it could never feel ;  
 That, when misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know  
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe ;  
 That, fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,  
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause ;  
 That, to its own perfections singly blind,  
 Would for another think this praise design'd.

---

## An Epistle to Mr. P O P E.

*From Rome, 1730. [By the Same.]*

**I**Mmortal bard ! for whom each muse has wove  
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove ;  
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,  
 When Addison and Congreve are no more ;  
 After so many stars extinct in night  
 The darken'd age's last remaining light !  
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,  
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit ;  
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,  
 Fall'n in their glory, and their virtue lost ;  
 From tyrants, and from priests the muses fly,  
 Daughters of reason and of liberty :  
 Nor Baiae now, nor Umbria's plain they love,  
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincius rove ;  
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,  
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.

So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays  
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,  
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain  
 Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign,  
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,  
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state  
 Has felt the worst severity of fate :  
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,  
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;  
 Not that her palaces to earth are thrown,  
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;  
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,  
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,  
 That there the source of science flows no more,  
 Whence its rich stream supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names ! that once in Latium shin'd,  
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind ;  
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,  
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd !  
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,  
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;  
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,  
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ;  
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see  
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,  
 While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,  
 Crown'd



Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes  
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise ;  
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid  
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,  
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,  
 To Pope this message from his master bear :

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,  
 To whom I give my own harmonious lyre,  
 If high exalted on the throne of wit,  
 Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,  
 No more let meaner satire dim the rays  
 That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;  
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,  
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;  
 Nor when each soft engaging muse is thine,  
 Address the least attractive of the nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise :  
 A lasting column to thy country's praise ;  
 To sing the land, which yet alone can boast  
 That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;  
 Where science in the arms of peace is laid,  
 And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.  
 Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,  
 Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;  
 Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,  
 With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd ;  
 Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,  
 But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,  
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;

Envy

Envy to black Coeytus shall re ire,  
And howl with furies in tormenting fire ;  
Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,  
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.

---

To My LORD -----.

In the Year 1730.

From Worcestershire. [By the Same.]

*Strenua nos exercet inertia : Navibus atque  
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere : quod petis hic est ;  
Est Ulavis, Animus sic te non deficit æquus.*

HORACE.

**F**AV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful nine,  
Pollio, by nature form'd in courts to shine,  
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend  
To thy long absent and forgotten friend ;  
Who after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,  
Return'd at length to his own native shore,  
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,  
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat  
Has found that happiness he sought in vain  
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine ?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,  
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile ;  
At soft Italian sounds to melt away ;  
-Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray ;

That

That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,  
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.  
 In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies  
 Still open, and still flowing to the wise;  
 Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire  
 Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,  
 But in its proper channels gliding fair;  
 A common benefit, which all may share.  
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,  
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;  
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search  
     is vain.

So idle, yet so restless are our minds.  
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds.  
 Through various toils to seek content we roam,  
 Which but with *thinking right* were our's at home.  
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place  
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase;  
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air  
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.  
 The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove  
 Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,  
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,  
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,  
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,  
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, that from our passions flow,  
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?  
 Or how can aught but pow'rful reason cure,  
 What from unthinking folly we endure?

Happy

Happy is he, and he alone, who knows,  
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose ;  
 In gen'rous love of others good to find  
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind ;  
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere ;  
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear.  
 This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,  
 This was the sov'reign good they justly fought ;  
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,  
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny  
 The useful practice of philosophy :  
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,  
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,  
 But in the palace of Augustus knew  
 The same unerring maxims to pursue,  
 Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade  
 His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,  
 View all the giddy scene with sober thought ;  
 Undazzled every glitt'ring folly see,  
 And in the midst of slavish forms be free ;  
 In its own center keep your steady mind ;  
 Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind ;  
 In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,  
 But be a country-gentleman at heart.

ADVICE



## ADVICE to a LADY.

[*By the Same.* 1731.]

**T**HE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,  
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,  
 Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,  
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men.  
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew  
 What female vanity might fear to know :  
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,  
 But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends ;  
 Women, like princes, find few real friends :  
 All who approach them their own ends pursue :  
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true.  
 Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,  
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays :  
 Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,  
 When most you tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,  
 Your heart's supreme ambition ? To be fair :  
 For this the toilet every thought employs,  
 Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :  
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,  
 And each instructed feature has its rule :  
 And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,  
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n ?

How

How few with all their pride of form can move ?  
 How few are lovely, that were made for love ?  
 Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess  
 An elegance of mind as well as dress ;  
 Be that your ornament, and know to please  
 By graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,  
 But wisely rest content with modest sense ;  
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,  
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain ;  
 Of those who claim it, more than half have none,  
 And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,  
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts ;  
 For you the plainest is the wisest rule,  
 A CUNNING WOMAN is a KNAVISH FOOL.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame  
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.  
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace  
 At ministers, because they wish their place.  
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,  
 Without, all beauty, and all peace, within :  
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm,  
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form :  
 Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,  
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great ;  
 A woman's noblest station is retreat ;

Her

Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,  
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man ambition's task resign:  
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,  
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,  
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.  
One only care your gentle breasts should move,  
Th' important business of your life is love;  
To this great point direct your constant aim,  
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd:  
With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.  
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,  
Shall find no place in love's delightful heav'n;  
Here sweet extreams alone can truly bless  
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame,  
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong* is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,  
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain;  
Short is the period of insulting pow'r;  
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,  
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,  
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,  
Whose soul entire by him she loves possess'd,  
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,  
And asks no pow'r, but that of pleasing most:

Her's

Her's is the bliss in just return to prove  
 The honest warmth of undissembled love ;  
 For her, inconstant man might cease to range,  
 And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,  
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,  
 Let reason teach what passion fain wou'd hide,  
 That Hymen's bands by prudence should be ty'd.  
 Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,  
 If angry fortune on their union frown :  
 Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,  
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.  
 Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,  
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;  
 And that fond love, which should afford relief,  
 Does but encrease the anguish of their grief ;  
 While both cou'd easier their own sorrows bear,  
 Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,  
 Than sell your violated charms for gain ;  
 Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,  
 For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.  
 The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,  
 Who not to love, but av'rice fall a prey :  
 Nor ought avails the specious name of WIFE ;  
 A maid so wedded, is a WHORE FOR LIFE.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heav'n  
 Has equal love, and easy fortune giv'n,  
 Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done ;  
 The prize of happiness must still be won ;

And



And oft, the careless find it to their cost,  
 The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost :  
 The *graces* might *alone* his heart *allure* ;  
 They and the *virtues* meeting must *secure*.

Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress.  
 Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.  
 From kind concern about his weal, or woe,  
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow ;  
 The HOUSEHOLD SCEPTRE if he bids you bear,  
 Make it your pride his *servant* to appear :  
 Endearing thus the common acts of life,  
 The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife* ;  
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,  
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone :  
 Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,  
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus, I, Belinda, would your charms improve,  
 And form your heart to all the arts of love :  
 The task were harder to secure my own  
 Against the pow'r of those already known :  
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind  
 With gentle force the captivated mind,  
 Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,  
 Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy ;  
 I own your genius, and from you receive  
 The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

SONG.

And

S O N G.

*Written in the Year 1732. [By the Same.]*

I.

**W**HEN DELIA on the plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
I wou'd approach, but dare not move;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
No other voice but her's can hear,  
No other wit but her's approve;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If she some other youth commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,  
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

## S O N G.

*Written in the Year 1733. [By the Same.]*

## I.

**T**HE heavy hours are almost past  
 That part my love and me,  
 My longing eyes may hope at last  
 Their only wish to see.

## II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet  
 The man you've lost so long?  
 Will love in all your pulses beat  
 And tremble on your tongue?

## III.

Will you in ev'ry look declare  
 Your heart is still the same;  
 And heal each idly-anxious care  
 Our fears in absence frame?

## IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
 When shortly we shall meet,  
 And try what yet remains between  
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

## V.

But if the dream that soothes my mind  
 Shall false and groundless prove;  
 If I am doom'd at length to find  
 You have forgot to love;

VI. All

## VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this;  
 No more to let us join;  
 But grant me here the flatt'ring blifs,  
 To die and think you mine.

---

*DAMON and DELIA.*

In Imitation of HORACE and LYDIA.

*Written in the Year 1732. [By the Same.]*

## DAMON.

**T**ELL me, my Delia, tell me why  
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly :  
 What means this cloud upon your brow ?  
 Have I offended ? tell me how ?  
 Some change has happen'd in your heart,  
 Some rival there has stol'n a part ;  
 Reason these fears may disapprove :  
 But yet I fear, because I love.

## DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to day  
 At Belvidera's feet you lay ?  
 Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,  
 And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,  
 As if you meant to let me see  
 Your flatt'ry is not all for me ?  
 Alas ! too well your sex I knew,  
 Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.



DAMON.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,  
When your own orders I obey'd;  
You bid me try by this deceit  
The notice of the world to cheat,  
And hide beneath another name  
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,  
But let me wish it had been less;  
Too well the lover's part you play'd,  
With too much art your court you made;  
Had it been only art, your eyes  
Wou'd not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah, cease thus idly to molest  
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.  
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,  
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Tho' well I might your truth distrust,  
My foolish heart believes you just;  
Reason this faith may disapprove;  
But I believe, because I love.

O D E.

## O D E.

## In Imitation of PASTOR FIDO.

[O Primavera Gioventu del Anno.]

[Written abroad in 1729. [By the Same.]

## I.

**P**arent of blooming flow'rs and gay desires,  
 Youth of the tender year, delightful spring,  
 At whose approach inspir'd with equal fires,  
 The am'rous nightingale and poet sing.

## II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee  
 Return the smiling hours I once possess'd ;  
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me  
 The sad remembrance, that I once was blest'd.

## III.

Thy faded charms, which winter snatch'd away,  
 Renew'd in all their former lustre shine ;  
 But ah ! no more shall hapless I be gay,  
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

## IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,  
 Tho' on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear ;  
 Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,  
 The odour faint ; for Delia is not there.

## V.

Chearless and cold I feel the genial sun,  
 From thee while absent I in exile rove ;  
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone  
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

Part

*Part of an* ELEGY *of* TIBULLUS  
*Translated.*

( *Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat Auro.* )

1729-30. [ *By the Same.* ]

**L**ET others heap of wealth a shining store,  
And much possessing labour still for more ;  
Let them disquieted with dire alarms,  
Aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms :  
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,  
Humbly secure and indolently blest ;  
Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth ;  
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth ;  
In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,  
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,  
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear  
Some kid, or lamb that wants its mother's care :  
With her I'll celebrate each gladfome day,  
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay,  
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,  
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bow'r.  
At night, how soothing wou'd it be to hear,  
Shelter'd and warm, the tempest whistling near ;  
And while my charmer in my arms I strain,  
Slumber assisted by the beating rain !  
Ah ! how much happier, than the fool who braves  
In search of wealth the black tempestuous waves !  
While I contented with my little store,  
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,

VOL I.

D

But

But idly lolling on some shady seat,  
 Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat ;  
 For what reward so rich cou'd fortune give  
 That I by absence shou'd my Delia grieve ?  
 Let great Meffalla shine in martial toils,  
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils ;  
 Me beauty holds in strong, tho' gentle chains,  
 Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.  
 With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,  
 How would I slight ambition's painful praise !  
 How wou'd I joy with thee, my love, to yoke  
 The ox, and feed my solitary flock !  
 On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,  
 How downy should I think the woodland bed !

The wretch who sleeps not by his fair one's side,  
 Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,  
 Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,  
 Tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.  
 Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, cou'd leave  
 For all the honours prosp'rous War can give ;  
 Tho' through the vanquish'd east he spread his fame,  
 And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name ;  
 Tho' bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed ,  
 With martial pride he press'd his foaming steed.  
 No pomps like these my humble vows require ;  
 I ask, in thy embraces to expire :  
 Thee may my closing eyes in death behold !  
 Thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold !  
 Then, Delia, then thy heart will melt in woe,  
 Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow ;  
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,  
 Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind,

With



With thee each youth and tender maid shall join  
 In grief, and mix their friendly sighs with thine :  
 But ah ! my Delia, I conjure thee spare  
 Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair :  
 Wound not thy form ; left on th' Elysian coast  
 Thy anguish shou'd disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now nor death, nor parting shou'd employ  
 Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy :  
 We'll live, my Delia, and from life remove  
 All care, all bus'ness, but delightful love.  
 Old age in vain thoe pleasures wou'd retrieve,  
 Which youth alone can taste, alone can give ;  
 Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,  
 This hour is love's——Be fortune's all the rest.

## S O N G.

*Written in the Year 1732. [By the Same.]*

## I.

**S**AY, MYRA, why is gentle love  
 A stranger to that mind,  
 Which pity and esteem can move ;  
 Which can be just and kind ?

## II.

Is it because you fear to share  
 The ills that love molest ;  
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,  
 That rack the am'rous breast ?

D 2

III. Alas !

III.

Alas ! by some degree of woe  
We every bliss must gain :  
The heart can ne'er a transport know,  
That never feels a pain.

---

Writ at Mr. POPE's House at Twickenham,  
which he had lent to Mrs. G——lle.

In August 1735. [By the Same.]

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town ;  
Not all its wealth or pride  
Cou'd tempt me from the charms that crown  
Thy rural flow'ry side :

II.

Thy flow'ry side, where POPE has plac'd  
The Muses green retreat,  
With ev'ry simile of nature grac'd,  
With ev'ry art compleat.

III.

But now, sweet bard, thy heav'nly song  
Enchants us here no more ;  
Their darling glory lost too long  
Thy once lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still for beauteous G——lle's sake,  
The Muses here remain ;  
G——lle, whose eyes have power to make  
A POPE of ev'ry swain.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

[By the Same.]

**N**ONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,  
But love can hope where reason would despair.

---

To Mr. WEST, at Wickham.

*Written in the Year 1740.*

[By the Same.]

**F**AIR nature's sweet simplicity  
With elegance refin'd,  
Well in thy feat, my friend, I see,  
But better in thy mind.  
To both from courts and all their state  
Eager I fly, to prove  
Joys far above a courtier's fate,  
Tranquillity and love.

---

To Miss LUCY F-----.

[By the Same.]

**O**NCE by the muse alone inspir'd,  
I sung my amorous strains :  
No serious love my bosom fir'd ;  
Yet every tender maid deceiv'd  
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,  
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now to punish me,  
 For having feign'd so well,  
 Has made my heart so fond of thee,  
 That not the whole Aonian quire  
 Can accents soft enough inspire,  
 Its real flame to tell.

---

*To the Same, with HAMMOND's Elegies.*

[*By the Same.*]

**A**LL that of love can be express'd  
 In these soft numbers see ;  
 But, LUCY, wou'd you know the rest,  
 It must be read in me.

---

*To the Same. [By the Same.]*

**T**O him who in an hour must die,  
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,  
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,  
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch wou'd give  
 Another day or year to live ;  
 Than I to shorten what remains  
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh



Oh ! come to my impatient arms,  
 Oh ! come with all thy heavenly charms,  
 At once to justify and pay  
 The pain I feel from this delay.

---

*To the Same. [By the Same.]*

I.

**T**O ease my troubled mind of anxious care,  
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd ;  
 Where all the letters of my absent fair,  
 (His richest treasure) careful love had stor'd :

II.

In every word a magic spell I found  
 Of pow'r to charm each busy thought to rest,  
 Though every word encreas'd the tender wound  
 Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,  
 And loses every sorrow at the sight ;  
 Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels  
 Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah ! shou'd I lose thee, my too lovely maid,  
 Could'st thou forget thy heart was ever mine,  
 Fear not thy letters shou'd the change upbraid ;  
 My hand each dear memorial shall resign :

D 4

V. Not

Not one kind word shall in my pow'r remain  
 A painful witness of reproach to thee ;  
 And lest my heart shou'd still their sense retain,  
 My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

---

A Prayer to VENUS in her Temple at Stowe.

*To the Same. [By the Same.]*

I.

**F**AIR VENUS, whose delightful shine surveys  
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,  
 These humble off'rings, which thy servant pays,  
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,  
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,  
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,  
 And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,  
 Nor other wish, nor other object knows,  
 Oh ! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,  
 And give my trembling heart secure repose.

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,  
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door ;  
 Place her but once within my circling arms,  
 Love's surest Fort, and I will doubt no more.

*To the Same. [By the Same.]*

On her pleading want of TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth  
For LUCY sigh'd with matchless truth,  
Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;  
The lovely maid his flame return'd,  
And wou'd with equal warmth have burn'd,  
But that she had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet  
In secret shades his fair to meet  
Beneath th' accusom'd lyme;  
She wou'd have fondly met him there,  
And heal'd with love each tender care,  
But that she had not time.

III.

" It was not thus, inconstant maid,  
" You acted once (the shepherd said)  
" When love was in its prime :"  
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,  
And wou'd have writ to ease his pain,  
But that she had not time.

IV.

How can you act so cold a part?  
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,  
If Love be not a crime.—  
We soon must part for months, for years—  
She wou'd have answer'd with her tears,  
But that she had not time.

To the Same. [By the Same.]

**Y**OUR shape, your lips, your eyes are still the same,  
 Still the bright object of my constant flame :  
 But where is now the tender glance, that stole  
 With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul ?  
 Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,  
 Each melting charm that love alone inspires,  
 These, these are lost ; and I behold no more  
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.  
 Yet still unchang'd, still doating to excess,  
 I ought, but dare not try to love you less ;  
 Weakly I grieve, unpity'd I complain :  
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain ;  
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,  
 Were far more blest, when you like me cou'd love.

---

To the Same. [By the Same.]

I.

**W**HEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no  
 more,  
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before,  
 I say to my heart, " be at rest, and believe  
 " That whom once she has chosen she never will  
 leave."

II.

But ah ! when I think on each ravishing grace  
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,  
 My heart beats again ; I again apprehend  
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III. These



These painful suspicions you cannot remove,  
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love ;  
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame ;  
 For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

---

*To the Same with a New WATCH.*

[*By the Same.*]

**W**ITH me, while present, may thy lovely eyes  
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy ;  
 Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,  
 And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss  
 To me not always will thy sight allow,  
 Then oft with kind impatience look on this,  
 Then every minute count—as I do now.

---

An Irregular ODE writ at Wickham in 1746.

*To the Same.* [*By the Same.*]

I.

**Y**E sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,  
 Ye gentle shades of Wickham say,  
 What is the charm that each successive year,  
 Which sees me with my Lucy here,  
 Can thus to my transported heart,  
 A sense of joy unselt before impart ?

II. *Is*

## II.

Is it glad summer's balmy breath that blows  
 From the fair jess'mine, and the blushing rose ?  
 Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store  
     Of rural bliss was here before ;  
 Oft have I met her on the verdant side  
 Of Norwood hill, and in the yellow meads  
     Where Pan the dancing graces leads,  
     Array'd in all her flow'ry pride.  
 No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,  
 No brighter colours paint th' enamell'd field.

## III.

Is it to love these new delights I owe ?  
     Four times has the revolving sun  
 His annual circle thro' the zodiac run ;  
     Since all that love's indulgent pow'r  
     On favour'd mortals can bestow,  
 Was giv'n to me in this auspicious bow'r.

## IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms  
     Was yielded to my longing arms ;  
     And round our nuptial bed,  
 Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy  
 Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires  
     Of innocent desires,  
 While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head,  
     Whence then this strange increase of joy ?  
 He, only he can tell, who match'd like me,  
 (If such another happy man there be)  
     Has by his own experience tried  
 How much *the wife*, is dearer than *the bride*.

TO THE  
MEMORY of the same LADY,  
A MONODY. A.D. 1747.

*Ipse cavā solans ægrum testudine amorem  
Te dulcis conjux, solo te in littore secum  
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

[by the Same.]

I.

**A**T length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,  
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,  
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,  
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,  
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade  
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,  
I now may give my burden'd heart relief  
And pour forth all my stores of grief,  
Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe,  
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love  
Can on th'ennobled mind bestow,  
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move  
Our gross desires, inelegant, and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,  
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,  
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,  
Oft have you my LUCY seen!  
But never shall you now behold her more:  
Nor will she now with fond delight  
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.  
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,  
Those

Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine  
Reason's pure light, and virtue's spark divine.

## III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice  
To hear her heav'nly voice,  
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,  
The sweetest songsters of the spring:  
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;  
The nightingale was mute,  
And ev'ry shepherd's flute  
Was cast in silent scorn away,  
While all attended to her sweeter lay..  
Ye larks and linnets now resume your song,  
And thou, melodious Philomel  
Again thy plaintive story tell,  
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,  
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel,

## IV..

In vain I look around  
O'er all the well-known ground  
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;  
Where oft we us'd to walk,  
Where oft in tender talk  
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;  
Nor by yon fountain's side,  
Nor where its waters glide  
Along the valley, can she now be found:  
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound  
No more my mournful eye  
Can ought of her espy,  
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V. O shades



## V.

O shades of H——y, where is now your boast ?

Your bright inhabitant is lost.

You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts.

Where female vanity might wish to shine,

The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.

Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye :

To your sequester'd dales

And flow'r-embroider'd vales

From an admiring world she chose to fly ;

With nature there retir'd, and nature's God,

The silent paths of wisdom trod,

And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast,

But those, the gentlest, and the best,

Whose holy flames with energy divine

The virtuous heart enliven and improve,

The conjugal, and the maternal love.

## VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,

Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns

By your delighted mother's side,

Who now your infant steps shall guide ?

Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care

To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,

And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth ?

O loss beyond repair !

O wretched father, left alone

To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !

How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,

And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,

Perform the duties that you doubly owe,

Now she, alas ! is gone,

From folly, and from vice, their helpless age to save ?

## VII. Where

## VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless fate  
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,  
 From these fond arms that vainly strove  
 With hapless ineffectual love  
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?  
 Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aonian maids,  
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,  
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,  
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,  
 You open'd all your sacred store,  
 Whate'er your ancient fages taught,  
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,  
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

## VIII.

Nor then did Pindus, or Castalia's plain,  
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,  
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;  
 Nor then on \* Mincio's bank  
 Beset with osiers dank,  
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,  
 Nor where through hanging woods  
 Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,  
 Nor yet where § Meles, or || Ilissus stray.  
 Ill does it now beseem

That

\* *The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of VIRGIL.*

† *The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of PROPERTIUS.*

‡ *The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where HORACE had a villa.*

§ *The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HOMER, suppos'd to be born on its banks, is called Melissigenes.*

|| *The Ilissus is a river at Athens.*

That of your guardian care bereft  
To dire disease and death your darling should be left:

## IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,  
When light fantastic toys  
Are all her sex's joys,  
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome,  
And all that in her later days  
To emulate her ancient praise  
Italia's happy genius could produce ;  
Or what the Gallic fire  
Bright sparkling could inspire,  
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;  
Or what in Britain's isle,  
Most favour'd with your smile,  
The pow'rs of reason and of fancy join'd  
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?  
Ah what is now the use  
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,  
To blank oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd !

## X.

At least, ye nine, her spotless name  
'Tis yours from death to save,  
And in the temple of immortal fame  
With golden characters her worth engrave.  
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,  
And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb.  
But foremost thou, in fable vestment clad,  
With accents sweet and sad,  
Thou, plaintive muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn  
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,

O come,

O come, and to this fairer Laura pay  
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay:

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face  
Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace !  
How eloquent in ev'ry look  
Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke !  
Tell how her manners by the world refin'd  
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,  
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree  
With candid truth's simplicity,  
And uncorrupted innocence !  
Tell how to more than manly sense  
She join'd the soft'ning influence  
Of more than female tenderness !  
How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy  
Which oft the care of others good destroy,  
Her kindly-melting heart,  
To ev'ry want, and ev'ry woe,  
To guilt itself when in distress  
The balm of pity would impart  
And all relief that bounty could bestow !  
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life  
Beneath the bloody knife,  
Her gentle tears would fall,  
As she the common mother were of all.

XII.

Nor only good, and kind,  
But strong and elevated was her mind :  
A spirit that with noble pride  
Could look superior down  
On fortune's smile, or frown ;

That



That could without regret or pain  
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice  
 Or int'rest's, or ambition's highest prize ;  
 That injur'd or offended never try'd  
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain  
 But by magnanimous disdain.  
 A wit, that temperately bright,  
 With inoffensive light  
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past  
 The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand.  
 And sweet benevolence's mild command,  
 And bashful modesty, before it cast.  
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,  
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,  
 That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear  
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.  
 Such Lucr was, when in her fairest days  
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise.

In life's and glory's freshest bloom  
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,  
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,  
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled;  
 And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,  
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head :  
 From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,  
 On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen ;  
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,  
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen :  
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride

A sudden

A sudden blast from Apenninus blows  
Cold with perpetual snows :  
The tender, blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elyfian bowers  
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,  
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,  
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;  
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre  
Tun'd by thy skilful hand  
To the soft notes of elegant desire,  
With which o'er many a land  
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love :  
To me resign the vocal shell,  
And teach my sorrows to relate  
Their melancholy tale so well,  
As may ev'n things inanimate,  
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?  
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band  
Of Hymen never gave her hand :  
The joys of wedded love were never thine.  
In thy domestic care  
She never bore a share,  
Nor with endearing art  
Would heal thy wounded heart  
Of ev'ry secret grief that fester'd there :  
Nor did her fond affection on the bed  
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head  
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain  
And charm away the sense of pain :

Nor

Nor did she crown your mutual flame  
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me  
Than when thy virgin charms  
Were yielded to my arms,  
How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?  
How in the world to me a desert grown,  
Abandon'd, and alone,  
Without my sweet companion can I live ?  
Without thy lovely smile,  
The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,  
What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give ?  
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,  
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could  
raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind  
What succour can I find ?  
Or whom for consolation shall I call ?  
Support me, ev'ry friend,  
Your kind assistance lend  
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.  
Alas ! each friend of mine  
My dear departed love, so much was thine,  
That none has any comfort to bestow.  
My books the best relief  
In ev'ry other grief,  
Are now with your idea sadden'd all :  
Each fav'rite author we together read  
My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind !  
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,  
     And back return'd again,  
 Another and another smiling came,  
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain :  
     Still in her golden chain  
 Harmonious concord did our wishes bind :  
     Our studies, pleasures, tastes the same.  
     O fatal, fatal stroke,  
 That all this pleasing fabrick love had rais'd  
     Of rare felicity,  
 On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gaz'd,  
 And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,  
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,  
     In one sad moment broke !——  
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,  
 Nor dare th'all-wise Disposer to arraign,  
     Or against his supreme decree  
     With impious grief complain.  
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade  
 Was his most righteous will, and he that will obey'd.

## XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,  
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain  
     Her pure, exalted soul  
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?  
 No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise  
 Up to that unclouded blaze,  
 That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,  
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees  
     How frail, how insecure, how slight



Is ev'ry mortal bliss,  
 Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees  
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state;  
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,  
 It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.  
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,  
 And seek those regions of serene delight,  
 Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate  
 No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss:  
 There death himself thy *LUCY* shall restore,  
 There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.

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## V E R S E S,

Making Part of an

## EPITAPH on the same LADY.

[ *By the Same.* ] .

**M**ADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;  
 Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;  
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been;  
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen;  
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,  
 With gentlest female tenderness combin'd.  
 Her speech was the melodious voice of love,  
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;  
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,  
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;  
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,  
 Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

E P I S T L E

## EPISTLE

TO GEORGE LYTTLETON, Esq;

Occasion'd by his MONODY ; In the Year 1747.

By Mr. R—— H—— N.

## I.

**T**HOU sweetest mourner of the plaintive band,  
 Accept these lines from an untuneful land ;  
 Tho' peace here spreads her sense-enlivening wings,  
 Few arts adorn her, and no shepherd sings :  
 Thy lyre alone by sweet affection tun'd,  
 Calls from this humble voice less grateful sound :  
 Touch'd by thy woe my bosom fondly heaves,  
 And grief grows lovely while she sweetly grieves.

Would fortune promise me a cloudless day,  
 And smiling greet me with her gilded ray ;  
 By thy example would I form my heart,  
 To act the husband and the statesman's part ;  
 Like thee the fields of ancient wisdom tread,  
 Bright happy fields, e'er liberty had fled ;  
 There fondly trace the sad remains of Rome,  
 Of earthly pomp the melancholy tomb :  
 Like sacred awe the ruin'd dome survey,  
 Where heroes taught and tyrants learn'd t' obey :  
 Or pensive tread Valchusa's flow'ry plains,  
 Where PETRARCH tun'd his sadly pleasing strains :  
 Thence home returning with deserv'd applause,  
 To list'ning senates speak my country's cause !

Guard

Guard injur'd innocence with manly grace,  
 And flash confusion in oppression's face.  
 Thrice happy youth to whom indulgent heav'n  
 With bounteous hand has all these blessings giv'n;  
 More happy he, to whom these gifts deny'd,  
 Who from thy friendship feels each want supply'd.

O if, like thee, I cou'd in arts excell,  
 And strike like thee the silver-sounding shell,  
 Each sprightly muse should lend her kind relief,  
 And tend'rest eloquence beguile thy grief:  
 Alas! each muse, her darling fav'rite gone,  
 No comfort hath, but one repeated groan;  
 E'en I who would the balmy cure bestow,  
 Feel all thy anguish, and approve thy woe;  
 Charm'd by her eyes where with a grace divine,  
 Love-beaming truth, and modest candour shine;  
 In thy soft lines I view the fair-check'd dame,  
 And while I gaze adopt a lover's flame.  
 Weep then ye nine that sport in HAGLY's grove,  
 Mourn your lost sister, his departed love;  
 Ye trees that crown'd your heads with chearful green,  
 Proud in those bow'rs to lodge your smiling queen;  
 Ye quiring throng that strove with trembling throats,  
 To charm her ear with your melodious notes;  
 No solace now your gay delights can give,  
 Fade, fade ye trees, and learn ye birds to grieve:  
 Oh, too much tribute never can be paid:  
 Yet wound not with thy tears her lovely shade;  
 Let chearful hours thy gentle bosom share,  
 And hope's mild sunshine gild the gloom of care;

Those playful babes that blest your marriage vow;  
 Thy LUCY dead, command it doubly now;  
 Thy LUCY's self (from that serene abode,  
 Where with delight she looks on nature's God;)

Still hovers round thee with a consort's care,  
 Thy praise her song, thy safety forms her pray'r;  
 She bids thee in her prattling infants trace,  
 Her late-lov'd charms, and each commended grace:  
 Thy country calls, that ever sacred tye,  
 For which a Briton dares to live, or die:  
 And sweet religion (heav'nly fairfac'd maid)  
 Since first thy pen her artless charms display'd,  
 Hopes still such godlike friendship to maintain,  
 And with her LYTTLETON in courts to reign;  
 Can then such orators in vain appeal  
 To reason's court, where justice holds the scale?  
 Tho' fate thy evening hath with clouds o'ercast,  
 Happ'ly thy LUCY scap'd each envious blast.  
 Her soul that could on earth no higher rise,  
 Leapt nature's bounds, and gladdens now the skies;  
 There join'd with white-rob'd innocence she walks,  
 And seraphs wonder whilst of thee she talks.

Oh may'st thou live to prop a sinking state,  
 Live till thy glory as thy worth be great,  
 While I at distance hear thy well-earn'd praise,  
 And Britain's treasures flourish with thy bays.

To



## To DELIA.

In 1748. [ *By the Same.* ]

**H**ENCE anxious care and loathsome pain,  
 Haunt no more this idle brain,  
 Come young-ey'd mirth, and gay delight,  
 Love and DELIA bid me write ;  
 DELIA, in whose candid eyes,  
 CUPID plays without disguise ;  
 Where dignity's exalted fire,  
 And gentle pity both conspire,  
 That to teach us reverence due,  
 While sweet hopes from this accrue.

This day I'll to her service give,  
 And many thousands, if I live ;  
 When to Elysium I repair,  
 I'll weave a garland for her there.  
 Haste hither then, ye tuneful maids,  
 Leave Parnass' hill, and Tempe's shade ;  
 And whisper me some tender wish,  
 Kind as my heart for DELIA's bliss.

Bless her, ev'ry god above,  
 Chiefly bless her in her love  
 Banish life-destroying woe,  
 Pleasure only let her know  
 Such pleasure as she oft receives,  
 When injur'd merit she relieves ;  
 And when she deigns to entertain  
 Me, her humblest, mildest swain,

Let her prattle, till the night  
Flies the jealous god of light.

Let her ev'ry transport find,  
Ever yet blest human kind :  
Let rose-lip'd HYMEN once approach,  
But with clear and lasting torch,  
And his jocund, sportive band,  
Of Loves and Graces, hand in hand ;  
Let the nine adorn the throng,  
Hymning sweet her spousal song ;  
And let BACCHUS close the rear,  
Fluster'd with the flowing cheer,  
Leering, to increase his flame,  
On the laughter-loving dame.  
Do thou, Lucina, next prepare,  
Let DELIA be thy darling care ;  
Without sorrow let her see  
Infants fair, and good as she.

Let her taste of ev'ry joy.  
And her pleasure never cloy ;  
But if ever wild distress  
Threats to blast her happiness ;  
Then white-handed hope be near,  
Foe profess of deadly fear,  
Lap her in thy lily'd breast,  
There securely may she rest,  
'Till the black-brow'd storm o'erblown,  
Smiles succeed to fortune's frown.

ELEGY

## ELEGY to a Friend,

Lamenting his Absence from DELIA. In 1748.

[By the Same.]

O Thou whose bosom glows with friendship's fire,  
 Who bade me hope, and taught me to aspire,  
 Made life with easy converse gentle flow,  
 And sweeten'd into pleasure ev'ry woe ;  
 Pity a youth thus parted from his fair,  
 Thus torn untimely from his only care :  
 By faithful service I had hopes to gain  
 Her mild regard ; now hope itself is vain :  
 No wealth I sought, for what can riches give ?  
 For her alone I figh'd, and wish'd to live.  
 The dowry'd maid let other youths approve,  
 Or build on practis'd charms a transient love ;  
 Let vulgar minds on vulgar beauties gaze ;  
 The stiffen'd robe, or jewel's empty blaze ;  
 While I my DELIA's darling self adore,  
 That charm shall please, when other joys are o'er.

When first her beauty blest'd my ravish'd eyes,  
 She took me captive to my own surprize ;  
 Her careless ease, her unaffected grace,  
 A mind that shed new glory o'er her face,  
 Her words that scorn'd the low disguise of art,  
 All spoke the virgin language of her heart.

Blest in her sight, I blam'd the God of day,  
 That whipt so fast his fiery steeds away.

In pleasing talk beguil'd the frost-bound night,  
 And curs'd the maid that pour'd her rosy light.  
 Here as I tread the river's shady side,  
 Whose mournful Naid's by me softly glide,  
 Fir'd with the thoughts of what I ne'er shall know,  
 Of bliss too exquisite for man below ;  
 Should DELIA meet me with her world of charms,  
 Oh ! with what joy I'd rush into her arms !  
 Arm twin'd in arm we'd wind along the vale,  
 The babling winds should whisper round our tale,  
 Till Nymph, and Faun, and all that haunt the grove,  
 Should cease their sports, to hear us talk of love ;  
 Her tuneful voice my languid soul would cheer,  
 Rekindle hope, and banish ev'ry fear.  
 Oft on her lap, I'd indolently rest,  
 Her snowy arm across my panting breast,  
 While MILTON warm'd me with his heav'n taught  
     song,  
 And stole new music from my DELIA's tongue ;  
 Sometimes with SHAKESPEARE in a diff'rent sphere,  
 Roam thro' feign'd worlds and fields of magic air,  
 Whilst the wild warbler strangely does impart,  
 Sense to the head, and rapture to the heart :  
 If there by chance we met some gentle pair,  
 Alike resolv'd each other's fate to share ;  
 In rival songs of constancy and truth  
 I'd praise the maid, while DELIA bless'd the youth.

Ah ! foolish boy, resist the killing flame,  
 Nor rashly hope to please that matchless dame,  
 Some happier youth that snowy breast will fold,  
 Some child of fortune, rich in hoarded gold :

Oh !



Oh ! when oppress'd with deadly grief I lie,  
 No tender parent, no fond sister by,  
 Nor pitying friend to close my fading eye,  
 Say wilt thou come and catch my fleeting breath,  
 Catch the fond soul, that doats on thee in death,  
 In melancholy pomp attend the Bier,  
 And o'er my coffin drop one sorrowing tear.

But wherefore DELIA should I thee invoke,  
 Thy only care was to increase my yoke ;  
 Come thou my guide, my counsellor and friend,  
 And to my grief the balm of counsel lend,  
 Charm with thy eloquence my drooping soul,  
 Or drown my sorrows in the sprightly bowl.

Ah ! fruitless hope, no wine deceives my pain,  
 And sacred friendship's healing balm is vain,  
 Still must I love, in spite of reason's pride,  
 Must love the weakness, which I fain wou'd hide.

*Written under a CHERRY TREE.*

TO DELIA. In 1749.

[By the Same.]

YE tell-tale winds, that with your downy wings  
 From every blossom brush mellifluous dews,  
 And boast your fragrance rissled from the breast  
 Of pleasure pregnant May ;—ye silver streams,  
 Whose prattling Naiads to the whisp'ring breeze  
 Attune their murmurs, musically sweet ;

And thou fair Dryad, snowy kirtled nympit,  
 Whose blushing fruit shall soon confess, you stole  
 The silken cherry from my DELIA's lip,  
 Ye feather'd choiristers, whose praiseful song  
 More glads the heart of innocence, than feast  
 Or midnight mask ; sweet ravishers of sense,  
 Bear all your treasures to that angel maid,  
 To whose mild influence is due, that now  
 I taste your charms : nor me ungrateful deem,  
 That but for her soft love, her love more sweet  
 Than summer's breath to sick declining age,  
 Her truth late try'd, and prov'd invincible,  
 When wealth and splendid pomp in vain assay'd  
 To tempt affection from its heart-built throne ;  
 But for that fountain of sublime delight,  
 That lamp of truth, where love may light his torch  
 Unfading ; I had wander'd thro' the maze  
 Of errors labyrinth, and stood the sport  
 Of laughter's keen rebuke, and honour's scorn.  
 Chear'd by her smiles my youthful pow'rs dilate,  
 Shake off the fetters of luxurious ease,  
 And from her bosom catching purer flame,  
 Thro' toil and science wing their rapid flight  
 To Fame's fair fields, and glory's laurell'd shrine.

By her inspir'd, this rural scene enchants  
 With heighten'd charm, while fancy's gazeful eye,  
 Pursues her beauty in each op'ning rose,  
 Yet still unsated grasps at higher joy,  
 And finds it, only in her world of truth.

ELEGY

## ELEGY to DELIA.

In his second absence. In 1749.

[*By the Same.*]

**Y**E gentle powers that guide the young desires,  
 And feed with hope the constant lover's fires ;  
 Haste, tell my DELIA, tell my bosom's queen,  
 Tho' envious fortune blacken now the scene,  
 Not LYDIA's wealth my spotless heart can move  
 To doubt her truth, or change my plighted love :  
 If tender fears invaded once my peace,  
 Love bred those fears, she taught those fears to cease.  
 Tell how I glory in her conquering charms,  
 Tell how her bands adorn my youthful arms ;  
 Tell with what joy my bounding pulses beat,  
 How oft the tuneful accents I repeat,  
 When she with looks, mild as a vernal morn,  
 Bade me still love, nor doubt a warm return.

Yes, yes my love, while thou art fondly true,  
 Well pleas'd thy god-like counsel I'll pursue,  
 To seek fair praise in science peaceful shade,  
 Or in broad sunshine court the laurell'd maid :  
 For thee I'll toil to merit honest fame,  
 In wond'ring senates to exalt my name,  
 To check corruption in the guilty great,  
 And prop one pillar of a falling state.

Then grant me, all these blessings to improve,  
 Thy gentle smiles of sweet according love ;

What joy, at close of ev'ry busy day,  
 In those lov'd arms to steal the night away;  
 When rougher passions tire the working mind:  
 To taste with thee the elegant and kind:  
 To see my DELIA ev'ry morn a bride;  
 Oh! let us then the mutual fondness hide,  
 Far from the search of each inquiring eye,  
 Where pale-ey'd envy will not dare to pry.  
 Each wond'ring God shall make our vows his care,  
 Each goddess smile upon the faithful pair;  
 Of thee the muse from ENNA's plains shall sing,  
 And nymphs adorn thee with the pride of spring.

Yet should my DELIA's wishes idly rove,  
 Should time impair, or absence change thy love,  
 Think, what a youth who ne'er knew bliss till now,  
 Whose love was rais'd on friendship's sacred vow,  
 What gnawing pangs his tortur'd breast will rend,  
 Undone by thee, his mistress and his friend;  
 Vain all the joys that wealth or fame could yield,  
 Not glory's call would tempt him to the field,  
 Stretch'd in some poplar shade he might complain,  
 But ne'er would trust the flatterer hope again.

Yet hence my cares, and hence ill-boding fear,  
 Who loves like DELIA, is like her sincere.



To a LADY, with Mr. MASON's Monody on the Death of Mr. POPE.

[*By the Same.*]

THIS little pamphlet's sent to you  
 To trifle o'er as I shall do;  
 Not fill'd with tales of amorous bliss,  
 The winning smile, and glowing kiss,  
 The social freedom and delight,  
 That revel with far-travell'd night,  
 When mirth exulting over care,  
 Awakes the tender Lydian air,  
 And social mirth has lull'd the sense,  
 To love and downy indolence.  
 Nor yet of groves and meadows py'd,  
 Or garnish'd hills, along whose side,  
 Smooth stealing rivers gently wind,  
 And sooth to rest the labour'd hind:  
 Nor beds of aromatic flowers,  
 Where virgins with their paramours,  
 Indulge love's honey-dropping strain,  
 Which melts the heart, and thrills each vein:  
 Nor ARE fierce with sulphurous brands,  
 Death's harbinger to steeld bands:  
 Bat mourning for that shepherd dear,  
 Who prov'd in song sublimely clear,  
 That praise will follow generous deeds,  
 And virtue lasting pleasure breeds.

And

And let not CHAUCER rudely dress,  
 Perswade you to o'erlook the rest,  
 For next appears a lovely \* pair,  
 The muses latest darling care ;  
 Oh ! two such lads were never known,  
 To pipe upon the verdant lawn,  
 For each could trimly write and play,  
 And carol sweet his roundelay ;  
 Perswasion sat upon their Tongues,  
 And all the graces dress'd their songs.

May thousand blessings wait the youth,  
 Who has emblazon'd thus their worth ;  
 Who high uprais'd on fancy's wings,  
 To virtue sweeps the sounding strings :  
 While I by your example taught,  
 Sweet prattler of unstudied thought,  
 Indulge my Pen at leisure time,  
 And fetter idle words in rhyme ;  
 Studios alone to please the friend,  
 Whom little follies don't offend,  
 And judging you among the few,  
 Of that good natur'd, festive crew,  
 What was but as a message meant,  
 I've stretch'd beyond my first intent.

To

\* SPENSER and MILTON.

## To a FRIEND.

[By the Same.]

**T**Hese lines to him, who knows so well to blend  
 The tender lover and the faithful friend ;  
 Oh, could my song invite thee to the plain,  
 Where blest with freedom, sings the lordly swain ;  
 Thy CYNTHIA's voice more tuneful notes would raise,  
 And rival reeds should wanton in her praise ;  
 But nobler tasks thy generous care employ,  
 A nation's welfare and a monarch's joy ;  
 Yet shall this humble verse an entrance find,  
 And pierce the warmer mansions of thy mind ;  
 In BRITAIN's cause though eloquent and brave,  
 Blush not to own, in love thou art a slave :  
 Lift then a while, and let a simple swain,  
 From public strife the patriot's ear detain.

The rosy maid that sheds the purple dawn,  
 Spred her soft blushes o'er each painted lawn ;  
 When young PHILLISIDES the sickle youth,  
 Now fondest lad that ever rhym'd on truth,  
 SABRINA's banks trod joyfully along,  
 And taught her echo to repeat his song.

Returning honours crown th' auspicious day,  
 Which saw me yeild to DELIA's gentle sway ;  
 My heart no more with short-liv'd passion burns,  
 Slave to this maid and thousand maids by turns ;  
 Each hope indulg'd, and ev'ry wish I find,  
 Nor envy princes when my DELIA's kind.

Long

Long time through beauty's flow'ry walk I stray'd,  
 And gaz'd with rapture on each rose-lip'd maid;  
 Each day new objects and new pleasures brought,  
 The warm impressions treach'rous fancy caught,  
 Her working shap'd each lineament divine,  
 She deck'd the portrait—and I wish'd it mine.  
 In GUNNING's form though all love's forces met,  
 My fickle heart escap'd th' ensnaring net:  
 Though STELLA's blushing sweetness might engage  
 The coldest youth, and kindle fire in age,  
 Though Cupid triumphs in her smiling eye,  
 Such charms unheeded pass, when DELIA's by;  
 An angel mind, where fancy's flashing ray,  
 Is sweetly mix'd with judgment's milder day;  
 A gen'rous heart, estrang'd to servile fear,  
 In friendship steady, and in love sincere;  
 No slave to fashion, by no flatt'ry led,  
 Humane in censure, and politely bred;  
 A manly sense with native sweetness grac'd,  
 Which pride ne'er sullied, passion ne'er debas'd:  
 Nor say, when told that DELIA's form is fair,  
 'Tis love that sees such wond'rous beauty there;  
 Witness ye swelling streams that eager press,  
 When DELIA bath'd, to clasp her snowy breast;  
 Witness ye skies, that vainly strove to vye,  
 With the soft luster of her milder eye;  
 To her I told the frailties of my heart,  
 She knew to heal, beyond th' empiric's art;  
 Yielded by turns, and stem'd my passion's tide,  
 Now call'd on reason, and now rous'd my pride;  
 With human feelings human faults endur'd,  
 And follies which she seem'd to sooth, she cur'd.

Who



Who could behold, and not such worth approve?  
 I gave her friendship, and she stole my love.  
 Oh, with what joy I'd bear severest toil,  
 More, more than paid by one rewarding smile.  
 But envious fortune with malignant ire,  
 Would nip the blossom of my young desire;  
 Vain all attempts, while DELIA is the same,  
 Not time or fate can quench my spotless flame.

---

ON THE  
 ABUSE of TRAVELLING.  
 A CANTO

IN IMITATION of SPENSER.

[By GILBERT WEST, Esq;]

THE ARGUMENT.

*Archimage tempts the red-cross knight  
 From love of fairy-land,  
 With show of foreign pleasures all,  
 The which he doth withstand.*

I.

**W**ISE was that Spartan lawgiver of old,  
 Who rais'd on virtue's base his well-built  
 state,

Exiling from her walls barbaric gold  
 With all the mischiefs that upon it wait,  
 Corruption, luxury, and envious hate,  
 And the distinctions proud of rich and poor,  
 Which among brethren kindle soul debate,

And

And teach ambition, that to fame would soar,  
To the false lure of wealth her stooping wing to low'r.

## II.

Yet would corruption soon have entrance found,  
And all his boasted schemes e'etsoon decay'd,  
Had not he cast a powerful circle round,  
Which to a distance the arch felon fray'd,  
And ineffectual his foul engines made :  
'This was, to weet, that politic command,  
Which from vain travel the young Spartan stay'd,  
Ne suffer'd him forsake his native land,  
To learn deceitful arts, and science contraband.

## III.

Yet had that ancient world her courts and schools ;  
Great kings and courtiers civil and refin'd ;  
Great rabbins, deeply read in wisdom's rules,  
And all the arts that cultivate the mind,  
Embellish life, and polish human kind.  
Such, Asia, birth-place of proud monarchy,  
Such elder Ægypt, in thy kingdoms shin'd,  
Mysterious Ægypt, the rank nursery  
Of superstitions fond, and learned vanity.

## IV.

But what accomplishments, what arts polite,  
Did the young Spartan want his deeds to grace,  
Whose manly virtues, and heroic spright,  
Check'd by no thought impure, nor falsehood base,  
With nat'ral dignity might well out-face  
The glare of manners false, and mimic pride ?  
And wherefore should they range from place to place,  
Who to their country's love so firm were ty'd,  
All homely as she was, that for her oft they dy'd ?

V. And

## V.

And \* sooth it is (with reverence may ye hear,  
 And honour due to passion so refin'd)  
 The strong affection, which true patriots bear  
 To their dear country, zealous is and blind  
 And fond, as is the love of womankind,  
 So that they may not her defects espy,  
 Ne other † paragone may ever find,  
 But gazing on her with an awful eye,  
 And superstitious zeal, her learn to deify.

## VI.

And, like as is the faith unsound, untrue,  
 Of him, who wand'ring aye from fair to fair,  
 Conceiveth from each object passion new,  
 Or from his heart quite drives the troublous care;  
 So with the patriot-lover doth it fare,  
 Who through the world delighting aye to rove,  
 His country changeth with each change of air,  
 Or weening the delights of all to prove,  
 On none, or all alike bestows his vagrant love.

## VII.

‡ Als doth corruption in a distant soil,  
 With double force || assay the youthful heart;  
 Expos'd suspectless to the traytor's wile,  
 Expos'd unwarn'd to pleasure's poison'd dart,  
 Expos'd unpractis'd in the world's wide mart,  
 Where each one lies, imposes, and betrays,  
 Without a friend due counsel to impart,  
 Without a parent's awe to rule his ways,  
 Without the check of shame, or spur of public praise.  
 \* Forthy

\* truth. † rival, or one to compare with her..

‡ moreover, besides. || assault.

## VIII.

\* Forthy, false Archimago, traytor, vile,  
 Who burnt 'gainst fairy-land with ceaseless ire,  
 Gan cast with foreign pleasures to beguile  
 Her faithful knight, and quench the heav'nly fire  
 That did his virtuous bosom aye inspire  
 With zeal unfeigned for her service true,  
 And send him forth in chivalrous attire,  
 Arm'd at all points adventures to pursue,  
 And wreak upon her foes his vowed vengeance due.

## IX.

So as he journeyed upon the way,  
 Him soon the fly enchaunter † over-hent,  
 Clad like a fairy knight in armour gay,  
 With painted shield, and spear right forward bent,  
 In knightly ‡ guise and shew of || hardiment,  
 That aye prepared was for bloody fight.  
 Whereat the § elfin knight with speeches gent  
 Him first saluted, who, well as he might,  
 Him fair salutes again, as ¶ seemeth courteous knight.

## X.

Then gan he \*\* purpose frame of valiant deeds  
 Atchiev'd by foreign knights of †† prowess great,  
 And mighty fame, which emulation breeds  
 In virtuous breast, and kindleth martial heat;  
 Of arts and sciences for warriour ‡‡ meet,  
 And knight that would in feats of arms excell,  
 Or him, who ||| liefer choosing calm retreat,  
 With peace and gentle virtue aye would dwell,  
 Who have their triumphs, like as hath Bellona fell.

## XI. These,

\* therefore. † overtook. ‡ fashion. || courage.  
 § fairy. ¶ becometh. \*\* discourse, or argument.  
 †† might, valour. ‡‡ proper, fit. ||| rather.



## XI.

These, as he said, becomed knight to know,  
 And all be they in fairy-lond y-taught,  
 Where every art and all fair virtues grow ;  
 Yet various climes with various fruits are fraught,  
 And such in one hath full perfection \* raught,  
 The which no skill may in another rear.  
 So gloz'd th' enchaunter till he hath him brought  
 To a huge rock, that clomb so high in air,  
 That from it he † uneath the murmuring surge mote  
 hear.

## XII.

Thence the salt wave beyond in prospect wide  
 A spacious plain the false enchaunter show'd,  
 With goodly castles deck'd on every side,  
 And silver streams, that down the champain flow'd,  
 And wash'd the vineyards that beside them stood,  
 And groves of myrtle ; als the lamp of day  
 His orient beams display'd withouten cloud,  
 Which lightly on the glistening waters play,  
 And tinge the castles, woods, and hills with purple ray.

## XIII.

So fair a landscape charm'd the wondring knight ;  
 And eke the breath of morning fresh and sweet  
 Inspir'd his jocund spirit with delight,  
 And ease of heart for soft persuasion meet.  
 Then him the traytor base gan fair entreat,  
 And from the rock as downward they descend,  
 Of that blest lond his praises can repeat,  
 Till he him moved hath with him to ‡ wend ;  
 So to the billowy shore their hasty march they bend.

## XIV. There

\* reach'd. † hardly. ‡ to go.

## XIV.

There in a painted bark all trim and gay,  
 Whose sails full glad embrac'd the wanton wind,  
 'There sat a stranger \* wight in quaint array,  
 'That seem'd of various garbs † attone combin'd,  
 Of Europe, Afric, east and western Inde.  
 Als round about him many creatures stood,  
 Of several nations and of diverse kind,  
 Apes, serpents, birds with human speech endow'd,  
 And monsters of the land, and wonders of the flood.

## XV.

He was to weet a mighty traveller,  
 Who Curiosity thereafter ‡ hight,  
 And well he knew each coast and harbour fair,  
 And every nation's latitude and site,  
 And how to steer the wand'ring bark aright.  
 So to him strait the false enchaunter bore,  
 And with him likewise brought the red-crofs knight,  
 Then fairly him befought to waft them o'er;  
 Swift flew the dauncing bark, and reach'd the adverse  
 shore.

## XVI,

There when they landed were, them ran to greet  
 A bevy bright of damsels gent and gay,  
 Who with soft smiles, and salutation sweet,  
 And courteous violence would force them stay,  
 And rest them in their bow'r not far away;  
 Their bow'r that most luxuriously was § dight  
 With all the dainties of air, earth, and sea,  
 All that mote please the taste, and charm the sight,  
 The pleasure of the board, and charm of beauty  
 bright.

## XVII. Als

\* man or woman. † together. ‡ was called.  
 § adorned, set forth.

## XVII.

Als might he therein hear a mingled sound  
 Of feast and song and laughing jollity,  
 That in the noise was all distinction drown'd  
 Of graver sense, or music's harmony.  
 Yet were there some in that blithe company  
 That aptly could discourse of virtuous lore,  
 Of manners, wisdom and sound policy ;  
 Yet \* nould they often ope their sacred store,  
 Ne might their voice be heard mid riot and uproar.

## XVIII.

Thereto the joys of idleness and love,  
 And luxury, that besots the noblest mind,  
 And custom prevalent at distance drove  
 All sense and relish of a higher kind,  
 Whereby the soul to virtue is refin'd.  
 Instead whereof the arts of slavery  
 Were taught, of slavery perverse and blind,  
 That vainly boasts her native liberty,  
 Yet wears the chains of pride, of lust, and gluttony.

## XIX.

Of which the red-cross knight right well aware,  
 Would in no wise agree with them to go,  
 Albeit with courtly glee their leader fair,  
 † Hight Politeffa, him did kindly woo.  
 But all was false pretence, and hollow show,  
 False as the flow'rs which to their breasts they ty'd,  
 Or those which seemed in their cheeks to glow,  
 For both were false, and not by nature dy'd,  
 False rivals of the spring, and beauty's rosy pride.

## XX. Then

\* would not.

† called.

## XX.

Then from behind them straitway gan advaunce,  
 An uncouth stripling quaintly habited,  
 As for some revel mask, or antic daunce,  
 All chequer'd o'er with yellow, blue, and red ;  
 Als in a vizor black he shrouds his head,  
 The which he tossed to and fro amain,  
 And \* eft his lathy falchion brandished,  
 As if he meant fierce battle to † darraign  
 And like a wanton ape eft skip'd he on the plain.

## XXI.

And eft about him skip'd a gaudy throng  
 Of youthful gallants, frolic, trim, and gay,  
 Chaunting in careless notes their amorous song,  
 Match'd with like careless gestures, like amorous play.  
 Als were they gorgeous, dress'd in rich array,  
 And well accepted of that female train,  
 Whose hearts to joy and mirth devoted aye,  
 Each proffer'd love receive without disdain,  
 And part without regret from each late-favour'd  
 swain.

## XXII.

And now they do accord in wanton daunce  
 To join their hands upon the flow'ry plain ;  
 The whiles with amorous leer and eyes askaunce  
 Each damsel fires with love her glowing swain ;  
 Till all-impatient of the tickling pain,  
 In sudden laughter forth at once they break,  
 And ending so their daunce, each tender twain  
 To shady bow'rs forthwith themselves betake,  
 Deep hid in myrtle groves, beside a silver lake.

## XXIII. Thereat

\* often.

† attempt.



## XXIII.

Thereat the red-crofs knight was much enmov'd,  
 And gan his heart with indignation swell,  
 To view in forms so made to be belov'd,  
 Ne faith, ne truth, ne heav'nly virtue dwell;  
 But lust instead, and falshood, child of hell;  
 And glutton sloth, and love of gay attire:  
 And sooth to say, them well could parallel  
 Their lusty \* paramours in vain desire;  
 Well fitted to each dame was every gallant squire.

## XXIV.

Yet when their sovereign calls them forth to arms,  
 Their sovereign, whose † behests they most revere,  
 Right wisely can they menage war's alarms,  
 And wield with valour great the martial spear,  
 So that their name is dreaded far and near.  
 Oh! that for liberty they so did fight!  
 Then need not fairy-land their prowess fear,  
 Ne give in charge to her advent'rous knight  
 Their friendship to beware and sense-deluding sleight.

## XXV.

But not for liberty they wagen war,  
 But solely to ‡ aggrate their mighty lord,  
 For whom their dearest blood they § nillen spare,  
 Whenso him listeth draw the conquering sword;  
 So is that idol vain of them ador'd,  
 Who ne with might beyond his meanest thrall  
 Endued, ne with superior wisdom stor'd,  
 Sees at his feet prostrated millions fall,  
 And with religious drad obey his princely call.

## XXVI. Thereto

\* lovers. † commands. ‡ please. § will not.

## XXVI.

Thereto so high and stately was his port,  
 That all the petty kings him fore envy'd,  
 And would him imitate in any sort,  
 With all the mimick pageantry of pride,  
 And worship'd be like him, and deify'd  
 Of courtly sycophants and \* captives vile,  
 Who to those services themselves apply'd,  
 And in that school of servitude ere while  
 Had learn'd to bow and grin, and flatter and beguile.

## XXVII.

For to that seminary of fashions vain  
 The rich and noble from all parts repair,  
 Where grown enamour'd of the gaudy train  
 And courteous haviour gent and debonair,  
 They cast to imitate such semblaunce fair;  
 And deeming meanly of their native lond,  
 Their own rough virtues they disdain to wear,  
 And back returning dres'd by foreign hond,  
 Ne other matter care, ne other understond.

## XXVIII.

Wherefore th' enchaunter vile, who fore was  
 griev'd  
 To see the knight reject those damsels gay,  
 Wherewith he thought him sure to have deceiv'd,  
 Was minded to that court him to convey,  
 And daze his eyen with majesty's bright ray:  
 So to a stately castle he him brought,  
 Which in the midst of a great garden lay,  
 And wisely was by cunning craftsmen wrought,  
 And with all riches deck'd surpassing human thought.

## XXIX. There

\* *scoundrels.*

## XXIX.

There underneath a sumptuous canopy,  
 That with bright ore and diamonds glitter'd far,  
 Sate the swoln form of royal \* surquedry,  
 And deem'd itself † allgates some creature rare,  
 While its own haughty state it mote compare  
 With the base count'nance of the vassal fry,  
 That seem'd to have nor eye, nor tongue or ear,  
 Ne any sense, ne any faculty,  
 That did not to his throne owe servile ministry.

## XXX.

Yet wist he not that half that homage low  
 Was at a wizard's shrine in private pay'd,  
 The which conducted all that goodly show,  
 And as he list th' imperial puppet play'd,  
 By secret springs and wheels right wisely made,  
 That he the subtle wires mote not ‡ avize,  
 But deem in sooth that all he did or said,  
 From his own motion and free grace did rise,  
 And that he justly hight immortal, great, and wise.

## XXXI.

And eke to each of that same gilded train,  
 That meekly round that lordly throne did stand,  
 Was by that wizard ty'd a magic chain,  
 Whereby their actions all he mote command,  
 And rule with hidden influence the land.  
 Yet to his lord he outwardly did bend,  
 And those same magic chains within his hand  
 Did seem to place, albeit by the end  
 He held them fast, that none them from his gripe mote  
 rend.

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F

XXXII. He

\* pride. † by all means ; omnino. ‡ discover, perceive.

## XXXII.

He was to weet an old and wrinkled mage,  
 Deep read in all the arts of policy,  
 And from experience grown so crafty sage,  
 That none his secret counsels mote descry,  
 Ne search the mines of his deep subtlety.  
 Thereto fair peace he lov'd and cherish'd ;  
 And traffick did promote and industry,  
 Whereby the vulgar were in quiet fed,  
 And the proud lords in ease and plenty wallowed.

## XXXIII.

Thence all the gorgeous splendor of the court,  
 \* Sith the sole bus'ness of the rich and great,  
 Was to that hope-built temple to resort,  
 And round their earthly god in glory wait,  
 Who with their pride to swell his royal state,  
 Did pour large fums of gold on every one,  
 Brought him by harpies fell, him to aggrate,  
 And torn from peasants vile, beneath the throne  
 Who lay, deep sunk in earth, and inwardly did groan.

## XXXIV.

Behold, says ARCHIMAGE, the envy'd height  
 Of human grandeur to the gods ally'd !  
 Behold yon sun of pow'r, whose glorious light,  
 O'er this rejoicing land out-beaming wide,  
 Calls up those princely flowers on every side :  
 Which like the painted daughters of the plain,  
 Ne toil, ne spin, ne stain their silken pride  
 With care or sorrow, sith withouten pain,  
 Them in eternal joy those heav'nly beams maintain.

XXXV. Them

\* *since.*



Them morn and evening joy eternal greets,  
 And for them thousands and ten thousands \* moil,  
 Gathering from land and ocean honied sweets  
 For them, who in soft indolence the while  
 And slumb'ring peace enjoy the luscious spoil ;  
 And as they view around the careful bees  
 † Forespent with labour and incessant toil,  
 With the sweet contrast learn themselves to please,  
 And heighten by compare the luxury of ease.

## XXXVI.

Ungenerous man, quoth then the fairy knight,  
 That can rejoice to see another's woe !  
 And thou, unworthy of that glory bright,  
 Wherewith the gods have deck'd thy princely brow,  
 That dost on sloth and gluttony bestow  
 The hard-earn'd fruits of industry and pain,  
 And to the dogs the labourer's morsel throw,  
 Unmindful of the hand that sow'd the grain,  
 The poor earth-trodden root of all thy greatness  
 vain.

## XXXVII.

Oh ! foul abuse of sacred Majesty,  
 That boasteth her fair self from heav'n ysprong !  
 Where are the marks of thy divinity ?  
 Truth, Mercy, Justice steady, bold and strong,  
 To aid the meek, and curb oppressive wrong ?  
 Where is the care and love of public good,  
 That to the people's father doth belong ?  
 Where the vice-gerent of that bounteous God,  
 Who bids dispense to all, what he for all bestow'd !

F 2

XXXVII. Dwell'd

\* *work hard.*† *quite spent.*

## XXXVIII.

Dwell'st thou not rather, like the prince of hell,  
 In Pandemonium foul of ugly fiends?  
 Dissimulation, discord, malice fell,  
 Reckless ambition, that right onward \* wends,  
 Tho' his wild march o'erthrow both fame and  
     friends,  
 And virtue and his country; crooked guile,  
 Obliquely creeping to his treach'rous ends,  
 And flattery, curs'd assassin, who the while  
 He holds the murderous knife, can fawn, and kiss,  
     and smile.

## XXXIX.

Then 'gan he strait unvail the mirrour bright,  
 The which fair † Una gave him heretofore,  
 Ere he as yet, with ‡ Paynim foe to fight,  
 For foreign land had left his native shore.  
 This in his careful breast he alway bore,  
 And on it oft would cast his wary eye;  
 For it by magic framed was of yore,  
 So that no falsehood mote it well abye,  
 But it was plainly seen, or fearfully did fly.

## XL.

This on that gay assembly did he turn,  
 And saw confounded quite the gawdy scene;  
 Saw the close fire that inwardly did burn,  
 And waste the throbbing heart with secret || teen;  
 Saw base dependence in the haughty mien  
 Of lords and princes; saw the magic chain  
 That each did wear, but deem'd he wore unseen.

\* goes. † Una in Spenser represents Truth, see B. 1.  
 Fairy Queen. ‡ Heathen, the usual enemy of knight-  
 errants in Spenser. || pain, anguish.

The whiles with count'naunce glad he hid his pain,  
And homage did require from each poor lowly swain.

XLII.

And tho' to that old mage they louted down,  
Yet did they dearly wish for his decay :  
Als trembled he, and aye upon the throne  
Of his great lord his tottering steps did stay,  
And oft behind him skulk'd for great dismay ;  
Als shook the throne, when so the villain crew,  
That underneath oppress'd and groveling lay,  
Impatient of the grievous burthen grew,  
And loudly for redress and liberty did sue.

XLII.

There mote he likewise see a ribbald train  
Of dancers, broid'ers, slaves of luxury,  
Who cast o'er all those lords and ladies vain  
A vail of semblaunce fair, and richest dye,  
That none their inward baseness mote descry.  
But nought was hidden from that mirror bright,  
Which when false ARCHIMAGO 'gan espy,  
He feared for himself, and warn'd the knight  
From so detested place to maken speedy flight.

XLIII.

So on he passed, till he comen hath  
To a small river, that full slow did glide,  
As it unceath mote find its watry path  
For stones and rubbish, that did choak its tide.  
So lay the mould'ring piles on every side.  
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,  
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,  
Yet mote her auncient greatness still be seen,  
Still from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial queen.

## XLIV.

For the rich spoil of all the continents,  
 The boast of art and nature there was brought,  
 Corinthian trafs, Ægyptian monuments,  
 With hieroglyphick fculptures all inwrought,  
 And Parian marbles, by Greek artifts taught  
 To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,  
 And fet before the eye of fober thought  
 Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold.  
 All thefe and many more that may not here be told.

## XLV.

There in the middeft of a ruined pile,  
 That feem'd a theatre of circuit vaft,  
 Where thoufands may be feated, he erewhile  
 Discover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd ;  
 Seem'd a huge heap of ftones together caft  
 In nice diforder and wild fymmetry,  
 Urns, broken freezes, ftatues half defac'd,  
 And pedeftals with antique imagery  
 Embofs'd, and pillars huge of coftly Porphyry.

## XLVI.

Aloft on this ftrange bafis was \* ypight  
 With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,  
 In which aye fmiling with felf-bred delight,  
 In carelefs pride reclin'd a lady fair,  
 And to foft mufic lent her idle ear ;  
 The which with pleafure fo did her enthrall,  
 That for aught elfe ſhe had but little care,  
 For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,  
 Or gentle love, ſole king of pleafures natural.

XLVII. Als

\* placed.



XLVII.

Als by her side, in richest robes array'd,  
An eunuch sate, of visage pale and dead,  
Unseemly paramour for royal maid !  
Yet him she courted oft and honoured,  
And oft would by her place in princely \* sted,  
Though from the dregs of earth he springen were,  
And oft with regal crowns she deck'd his head,  
And oft, to sooth her vain and foolish ear,  
She bade him the great names of mighty † kesar bea-

XLVIII.

Thereto herself a pompous title bore,  
For she was vain of her great auncestry,  
But vainer still of that prodigious store  
Of arts and learning, which she vaunts to lie  
In the rich archives of her treasury.  
These she to strangers ostentimes would shew,  
With grave demean and solemn vanity,  
Then proudly claim as to her merit due,  
The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

XLIX.

Vertù she was † yclep'd, and held her court  
With outward shews of pomp and majesty,  
To which natheless few others did resort,  
But men of base and vulgar industry,  
Or such perdy as of them cozen'd be,  
Mimes, fiddlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,  
Painters and builders, sons of masonry,  
Who well could measure with the rule and line,  
And all the orders five right craftily define.

F 4

L. But

\* seat or place. † emperors. \* called or name.

L.

But other skill of cunning architect,  
How to contrive the house for dwelling best,  
With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,  
As corresponding with their purpose least;  
And herein be they copied of the rest,  
Who aye pretending love of science fair,  
And gen'rous purpose to adorn the breast  
With liberal arts, to Vertù's court repair,  
Yet nought but tunes and names, and coins away do  
bear.

LI.

For long, to visit her once-honour'd seat  
The studious sons of learning have forbore;  
Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet  
Her venerable reliques to adore,  
And load their bosoms with the sacred store,  
Whereof the world large treasure yet enjoys.  
But \* sithence she declin'd from wisdom's lore,  
They left her to display her pompous toys  
To virtuosi vain, and wonder-gaping boys.

LII.

Forthy to her a numerous train doth † long  
Of ushers in her court well practised,  
Who aye about the monied stranger throng,  
Off ring with shews of courteous ‡ bountihed  
Him through the rich apartments all to lead,  
And shew him all the wonders of her state,  
Whose names and price they wisely can || areed,

And

\* *since.* † *belong.* ‡ *good-nature or civility.* || *re-  
late or declare. These under sort of antiquaries, who go  
about with strangers to shew them the antiquities, &c. of  
Rome, are called Ciceroni.*

And tell of coins of old and modern date,  
And pictures false and true right-well discriminate.

LIII.

Als are they named after him, whose tongue  
Shook the dictator in his curule chair,  
And thund'ring through the Roman senate, rung  
His bold Philippics in Antonius' ear ;  
Which when the fairy hear'd, he sigh'd full dear,  
And casting round his quick discerning eye,  
At every \* deal he dropt a manly tear,  
As he the stately buildings mote descry,  
Baths, theatres and fanes in mould'ring fragments lie.

LIV.

And, oh ! imperial city ! then he said,  
How art thou tumbled from thine Alpine throne !  
Whereon, like Jove on high Olympus' head,  
Thou sittedst erst unequal'd and alone,  
And madedst through the world thy greatness known ;  
While from the western isles, to Indus' shore,  
From seven-mouth'd Nilus, to the frozen Don,  
Thy dradded bolts the strong-pounc'd Eagle bore,  
And taught the nations round thy fances to adore !

LV.

And doth among thy reliques nought remain,  
No little portion of that haughty spright ?  
Which made thee whilom scorn soft pleasure's chain,  
And in free virtue place thy chief delight,  
Whereby through ages shone thy glory bright ?  
And is there nought remaining to confound  
Those, who regardless of thy woeful plight,

F 5

With

\* At every turn, every now and then.

With idle wonder view thy ruins round,  
And without thought survey thy memorable wound ?

LVI.

Arise, thou genuine Cicero, and declare  
That all these mighty ruins scatter'd wide,  
The sepulchres of Roman virtue were,  
And trophies vast of luxury and pride,  
Those fell diseases whereof Rome erst dy'd.  
And do you then with vile mechanic thought  
Your course, ye sons of fairy, hither guide,  
That ye those gay refinements may be taught,  
Which liberty's fair land to shame and thralldom  
brought ?

LVII.

Let Rome those vassal arts now meanly boast,  
Which to her vanquish'd thralls she erst resign'd ;  
Ye who enjoy that freedom she has lost,  
That great prerogative of human-kind,  
Close to your hearts the precious jewel bind,  
And learn the rich possession to maintain,  
Learn virtue, justice, constancy of mind,  
Not to be mov'd by fear or pleasure's train ;  
Be these your arts, ye brave, these only are humane.

LVIII.

As he thus spake, th'enchauter half asham'd  
Wist not what fitting answer to devise,  
'Als was his captive heart well-nigh inflam'd  
By that same knight so virtuous, brave, and wise,  
That long he doubts him farther to entice.  
But he was hardn'd and remorseless grown,  
Through practice old of villainy and vice ;  
So to his former wiles he turns him soon,  
As in another place hereafter shall be shown.

T H E



The S P L E E N.

An EPISTLE to Mr. C. J.

[By Mr. MATTHEW GREEN of the Custom-house.]

**T**HIS motly piece to you I send,  
Who always were a faithful friend ;  
Who, if disputes should happen hence,  
Can best explain the author's sense ;  
And, anxious for the public weal,  
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,  
Allowing for a vapour'd muse ;  
Nor, to a narrow path confin'd,  
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine ; you can trace  
Throughout, the fire's transmitted face.  
Nothing is stol'n : my muse, tho' mean,  
Draws from the spring she finds within ;  
Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells,  
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,  
Where all the antient treasures lie,  
And there unseen commit a theft  
On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.  
Then where ? from whom ? what can I steal,  
Who only with the moderns deal ?  
This were attempting to put on  
Rayment from naked bodies won :

They

They safely sing before a thief,  
 They cannot give who want relief ;  
 Some few excepted, names well known,  
 And justly laurel'd with renown,  
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,  
 And theft detects: of theft beware ;  
 From Moore so lash'd, example fit,  
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean  
 To write a treatise on the spleen ;  
 Nor to prescribe, when nerves convulse ;  
 Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse :  
 If I am right, your question lay,  
 What course I take to drive away  
 The day-mare spleen, by whose false pleas  
 Men prove mere suicides in ease ;  
 And how I do myself demean  
 In stormy world to live serene.

When by it's magic lantern spleen  
 With frightful figures spread life's scene,  
 And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,  
 A stranger to the luck of heirs ;  
 Reason, some quiet to restore,  
 Shew'd part was substance, shadow more ;  
 With spleen's dead weight tho' heavy grown,  
 In life's rough tide I sunk not down,  
 But swam, till fortune threw a rope,  
 Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food  
 To mend viscosity of blood.

Hail !

Hail ! water-gruel, healing power,  
 Of easy access to the poor ;  
 Thy help love's confessors implore,  
 And doctors secretly adore :  
 To thee I fly, by thee dilute,  
 Thro' veins my blood doth quicker shoot,  
 And by swift current throws off clean  
 Prolifick particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,  
 Nor keep myself a cup too low ;  
 And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,  
 Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good  
 To brace the nerves, and stir the blood ;  
 But after no field-honours itch,  
 Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.  
 While spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,  
 Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,  
 Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,  
 And jovial cry awake the morn :  
 These see her from her dusky plight,  
 Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,  
 With rosal wash redeem her face,  
 And prove herself of Titan's race,  
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies,  
 Shed light and fragrance as she flies.  
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display,  
 Exulting at the Hark away,  
 And in pursuit o'er tainted ground  
 From lungs robust field-notes resound.  
 Then, as St. George the dragon slew,  
 Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view,  
 While

While all the spirits are on wing,  
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bials, spleen,  
Some recommend the bowling-green ;  
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;  
Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;  
Laugh, and be well. Monkeys have been  
Extreme good doctors for the spleen ;  
And kitten, if the humour hit,  
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good on this behalf,  
At some partic'lars let us laugh.  
Witlings, brisk fools curs'd with half sense,  
That stimulates their impotence,  
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,  
Err with their wings for want of eyes,  
Poor authors worshipping a calf,  
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,  
A strict dissenter saying grace,  
A left'rer preaching for a place,  
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,  
Making the past the future tense,  
The popish dubbing of a priest,  
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,  
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,  
Great Æsculapius on his stage,  
A miser starving to be rich,  
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,  
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,  
Two Jews disputing tête à tête,  
New almanacks compos'd by seers,  
Experiments on felons ears.

Disdainful



Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply  
The superb muscle of the eye,  
A coquet's April-weather face,  
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,  
And fops in military shew,  
Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,  
I clear my ev'ning with a play,  
Or to some concert take my way.  
The company, the shine of lights,  
The scenes of humour, music's flights  
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,  
To other's griefs attention raise ;  
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,  
We borrow joy by pitying woe :  
There, gaily comic scenes delight,  
And hold true mirrors to our sight,  
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,  
Calling the passions to her aid,  
When moral scenes just action join,  
Take shape, and shews her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,  
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.  
When art does sound's high pow'r advance ;  
To music's pipe the passions dance ;  
Motion's unwill'd it's pow'rs have shewn,  
Tarantulated by a tune.  
Many have held the soul to be  
Nearly ally'd to harmony.  
Her have I known indulging grief,  
And shunning company's relief,

Unveil

Unveil her face, and looking round,  
Own, by neglecting fortow's wound,  
The confanguinity of found.

In rainy days keep double guard,  
Or spleen will surely be too hard,  
Which, like those fish by sailors met,  
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.  
In such dull weather, so unfit  
To enterprize a work of wit,  
When clouds one yard of azure sky,  
That's fit for simile, deny,  
I dress my face with studious looks,  
And shorten tedious hours with books.  
But if dull fogs invade the head,  
That mem'ry minds not what is read,  
I sit in window dry as ark,  
And on the drowning world remark :  
Or to some coffee-house I stray  
For news, the manna of a day,  
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,  
That politics go by the weather :  
Then seek good humour'd tavern chums,  
And play at cards, but for small fums ;  
Or with the merry fellows quaff,  
And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;  
Or drink a joco-serious cup  
With souls who've took their freedom up,  
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,  
In Epicurus' garden walk,  
Who thought it heav'n to be serene ;  
Pain, hell, and purgatory, spleen.

Sometimes

Sometimes I dress, with women fit,  
 And chat away the gloomy fit,  
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,  
 And wear a gay impertinence.  
 Nor think, nor speak with any pains,  
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins;  
 Talk of unusual swell of waist  
 In maid of honour loosely lac'd,  
 And beauty bor'wing Spanish red,  
 And loving pair with sep'rate bed,  
 And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,  
 And then redeem'd by loss of fame;  
 Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch  
 By grave pretence to go to church)  
 Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,  
 Like Will and Mary on the coin:  
 And thus in modish manner we  
 In aid of sugar sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,  
 Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,  
 May with its beauties grace my line,  
 While I bow down before its shrine,  
 And your throng'd altars with my lays  
 Perfume, and get by giving praise.  
 With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien  
 You excommunicate the spleen,  
 Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring  
 You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing:  
 Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,  
 We look, we listen, and approve.

Your

Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,  
 Our nerves officious throng to kiss ;  
 By Celia's pat on their report  
 The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,  
 Renounces wisdom's fullen pomp,  
 And loves the floral game, to romp.  
 But who can view the pointed rays,  
 That from black eyes scintillant blaze ?  
 Love on his throne of glory seems  
 Encompass'd with satellite beams.  
 But when blue eyes, more softly bright,  
 Diffuse benignly humid light,  
 We gaze, and see the smiling loves,  
 And Cytherea's gentle doves,  
 And raptur'd fix in such a face,  
 Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.  
 Shine but on age, you melt its snow,  
 Again fires long-extinguish'd glow ;  
 And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,  
 Blood long congealed liquifies,  
 True miracle, and fairly done  
 By heads, which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find  
 Such beauties both of form and mind,  
 By modern breeding much debas'd,  
 In half the female world at least !  
 Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,  
 Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone ;  
 And han't by vent'ring on a wife,  
 Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers,



Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear  
 Your impious pains to form the fair,  
 Nor lay out so much cost and art,  
 But to deflow'r the virgin heart ;  
 Of ev'ry folly-fost'ring bed  
 By quick'ning heat of custom bred.  
 Rather than by your culture spoil'd,  
 Desist, and give us nature wild,  
 Delighted with a hoyden soul,  
 Which truth and innocence controul.  
 Coquets, leave off affected arts,  
 Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;  
 Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,  
 You shew so plain, you strive to kill,  
 In love the artless catch the game,  
 And they scarce miss, who never aim.

The world's great author did create  
 The sex to fit the nuptial state,  
 And meant a blessing in a wife  
 To solace the fatigues of life ;  
 And old inspired times display,  
 How wives could love, and yet obey.  
 Then truth, and patience of controul,  
 And housewife-arts adorn'd the soul ;  
 And charms, the gift of nature, shone ;  
 And jealousy, a thing unknown :  
 Veils were the only masks they wore,  
 Novels (receipts to make a whore)  
 Nor Ombre, nor Quadrille they knew,  
 Nor Pam's puissance felt at Loo.

Wife

Wise men did not, to be thought gay;  
 Then compliment their pow'r away :  
 But lest, by frail desires misled,  
 The girls forbidden paths should tread,  
 Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall,  
 But we haw-haws, that shew them all :  
 Thus we at once solicit sense,  
 And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd consider friend,  
 What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at meeting seen,  
 Meeting, that region of the spleen ;  
 The broken heart, the busy fiend,  
 The inward call, on spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,  
 To which vacation is disease,  
 A gypsy diction scarce known well  
 By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,  
 I shun, nor let it breed within  
 Anxiety, and that the spleen ;  
 Law, grown a forest, where perplex  
 The mazes, and the brambles vex,  
 Where its twelve verd'ers every day  
 Are changing still the public way ;  
 Yet if we miss our path and err,  
 We grievous penalties incur,  
 And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,  
 And then get out where they went in.

I never

I never game, and rarely bet,  
 Am loath to lend, or run in debt.  
 No compter-writs me agitate,  
 Who moralizing pass the gate,  
 And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,  
 Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn,  
 Wisdom, before beneath their care,  
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,  
 And forces folly thro' the grate  
 Her panegyric to repeat.  
 This view, profusely when inclin'd,  
 Enters a caveat in the mind :  
 Experience joyn'd with common sense  
 To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,  
 Subsiding settles into spleen.  
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,  
 I run away from party-strife.  
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,  
 I've known to raise a mighty flame,  
 And priest, as stoker, very free  
 To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree  
 Small-beer the deadliest heresy,  
 Who fond of pedigree, derive  
 From the most noted whore alive,  
 Who own wine's old prophetic aid,  
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,  
 Forbid the faithful to depend  
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend,

And

never

And in whose gay red-letter'd face  
 We read good-living more than grace :  
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,  
 Immac'late as their white of eyes,  
 Who for the spirit hug the spleen,  
 Phylaster'd throughout all their mien,  
 Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r  
 To the state's mellow forms prefer,  
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,  
 Which are not steep'd in vinegar,  
 And samples of heart-chested grace  
 Expose in shew-glass of the face,  
 Did never me as yet provoke,  
 Either to honour band and cloak,  
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace  
 At folks, because they are in place,  
 Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,  
 Serve the ear-lechery of men ;  
 And to avoid religious jars,  
 The laws are my expositors,  
 Which in my doubting mind create  
 Conformity to church and state.  
 I go, pursuant to my plan,  
 To Mecca with the caravan,  
 And think it right in common sense  
 Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine,  
 To mend the world's a vast design,  
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat  
 To pull to them the ship afloat,

While



While to defeat their labour'd end,  
At once both wind and stream contend :  
Success herein is seldom seen,  
And zeal when baffled, turns to spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,  
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;  
His skiff does with the current glide,  
Not puffing pull'd against the tide ;  
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,  
And when he can't prevent foul play,  
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal  
Each hasty promise made in zeal.  
When g——l P——s say,  
We're bound our great light to display,  
And India darkness drive away,  
Yet none but drunken watchmen send,  
And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;  
When they cry up this holy war,  
Which ev'ry christian should be for,  
Yet such as owe the law their ears,  
We find employ'd as engineers :  
This view my forward zeal so shocks,  
In vain they hold the money-box ;  
At such a conduct, which intends  
By vicious means such virtuous ends,  
I laugh off spleen, and keep my pence  
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet

Yet philosophic love of ease  
 I suffer not to prove disease,  
 But rise up in the virtuous cause  
 Of a free press, and equal laws.  
 The press restrain'd ! nefarious thought !  
 In vain our fires have nobly fought.  
 While free from force the press remains,  
 Virtue and freedom cheer our plains,  
 And learning largesses bestows,  
 And keeps uncensur'd open house.  
 We to the nation's public mart  
 Our works of wit, and schemes of art,  
 And philosophic goods this way,  
 Like water-carriage, cheap convey.  
 This tree, which knowledge so affords,  
 Inquisitors with flaming swords  
 From lay-approach with zeal defend,  
 Lest their own paradise should end.  
 The press from her fecundous womb  
 Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome ;  
 Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,  
 Truth's banner wav'd in open air ;  
 The monster superstition fled,  
 And hid in shade its Gorgon head ;  
 And lawless pow'r the long-kept field,  
 By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.  
 This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence  
 To chain, is treason against sense :  
 And, liberty, thy thousand tongues  
 None silence, who design no wrongs ;

For those, that use the gag's restraint,  
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,  
And subjugates the soul to spleen,  
Most schemes, as money-fnares, I hate,  
And bite not at projector's bait.  
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,  
And yet fresh fools are cast away.  
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,  
Their painted vessel runs a-ground ;  
Or in deep seas it oversets  
By a fierce hurricane of debts ;  
Or helm-directors in one trip,  
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.  
Such was of late a corporation,  
The brazen serpent of the nation,  
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,  
The poor must look at to be blest,  
And thence expect with paper seal'd  
By fraud and us'ry to be heal'd.

I in no foul-consumption wait  
Whole years at levees of the great,  
And hungry hopes regale the while  
On the spare diet of a smile.  
There you may see the idol stand  
With mirror in his wanton hand ;  
Above, below, now here, now there  
He throws about the funny glare :  
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,  
The gay delusion of their eyes.

Vol. I.

G

When

When fancy tries her limning skill  
 To draw and colour at her will,  
 And raise and round the figures well,  
 And shew her talent to excel,  
 I guard my heart, lest it should woo  
 Unreal beauties fancy drew,  
 And, disappointed, feel despair  
 At loss of things that never were.

When I lean politicians mark  
 Grazing on æther in the park,  
 Who e'er on wing with open throats  
 Fly at debates, expresses, votes,  
 Just in the manner swallows use,  
 Catching their airy food of news,  
 Whose latrant stomachs oft molest  
 The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;  
 Or see some poet pensive sit,  
 Fondly mistaking spleen for wit,  
 Who, tho' short-winded, still will aim  
 To sound the epic trump of fame,  
 Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,  
 Nor learn conviction from his coat ;  
 I bless my stars, I never knew  
 Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,  
 And have from old experience been  
 Both parent, and the child of spleen.  
 These subjects of Apollo's state,  
 Who from false fire derive their fate,  
 With airy purchases undone  
 Of lands, which none lend money on,



Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,  
 Nor lost one hour to gather bays.  
 Their fancies first delirious grew,  
 And scenes ideal took for true.  
 Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,  
 And with false prospects cheats their eyes;  
 The fabled goods the poets sing,  
 A season of perpetual spring,  
 Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,  
 Affording sweets and similes,  
 Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,  
 And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,  
 Apollo's harp with airs divine,  
 The sacred music of the nine,  
 Views of the temple rais'd to fame,  
 And for a vacant nitch proud aim,  
 Ravish their souls, and plainly shew  
 What fancy's sketching power can do :  
 They will attempt the mountain steep,  
 Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,  
 The muses revelations shew,  
 That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You friend, like me, the trade of rhyme  
 Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,  
 Nor are content to be undone,  
 And pass for Phœbus' crazy son.  
 Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,  
 Afford the most uncertain gain ;  
 And lott'ries never tempt the wise  
 With blanks so many to a prize.

I only transient visits pay,  
 Meeting the muses in my way,  
 Scarce known to the fastidious dames,  
 Nor skill'd to call them by their names.  
 Nor can their passports in these days  
 Your profit warrant, or your praise.  
 On poems by their dictates writ,  
 Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,  
 And, mere upholst'ers, in a trice  
 On gems and paintings set a price.  
 These tayl'ring artists for our lays  
 Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays  
 Striving free nature's shape to hit,  
 Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,  
 Can serve the plagiary's ends,  
 Whose easy vamping talent lies,  
 First wit to palter, then disguise.  
 Thus some devoid of art and skill  
 To search the mine on Pindus' hill,  
 Proud to aspire and workmen grow,  
 By genius doom'd to stay below,  
 For their own digging shew the town  
 Wit's treasure brought by others down.  
 Some wanting, if they find a mine,  
 An artist's judgment to refine,  
 On fame precipitately fix'd,  
 The ore with baser metals mix'd  
 Melt down, impatient of delay,  
 And call the vicious mass a play.

All these engage to serve their ends,  
 A band select of trusty friends,  
 Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,  
 As Psapho taught his birds to sing,  
 Then to the ladies they submit,  
 Returning officers on wit ;  
 A crowded house their presence draws,  
 And on the beaux imposes laws,  
 And judgment in its favour ends,  
 When all the pannel are its friends :  
 Their natures merciful and mild  
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child ;  
 In bulrush ark the bantling found  
 Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,  
 They have preserv'd by kind support,  
 And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a youth, that you can name,  
 Who needs no leading-strings to fame,  
 Whose quick maturity of brain  
 The birth of Pallas may explain :  
 Dreaming of whose depending fate,  
 I heard Melpomene debate,  
 This, this is he, that was foretold,  
 Should emulate our Greeks of old,  
 Inspir'd by me with sacred art,  
 He sings, and rules the varied heart ;  
 If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,  
 We hear the thunder in his verse ;  
 If he describe love turn'd to rage,  
 The furies riot on his page ;

If he fair liberty and law  
 By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,  
 The keener passions then engage  
 Aright, and sanctify their rage;  
 If he attempt disastrous love,  
 We hear those plaints that wound the grove,  
 Within, the kinder passions glow,  
 And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,  
 And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,  
 Strange fever most inflam'd by ease,  
 The active lunacy of pride,  
 That courts jilt fortune for a bride.  
 This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,  
 I view with no aspiring eye:  
 Like aspine shake the restless leaves,  
 And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives;  
 Whence frequent falls give no surprize,  
 But fits of spleen call'd growing wise.  
 Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd  
 Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,  
 And by its falsely-envy'd scene  
 Gives self-debasing fits of spleen.  
 We should be pleas'd that things are so,  
 Who do for nothing see the show,  
 And, middle-siz'd, can pass between  
 Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,  
 And midst the glare of greatness trace  
 A watry sun-shine in the face,

And



And pleasures fled too, to redress  
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,  
So much a stranger to our sight,  
Say, goddess, in what happy place  
Mortals behold thy blooming face ;  
Thy gracious auspices impart,  
And for thy temple chuse my heart.  
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,  
Thy science learn, to bound desire ;  
By happy alchymy of mind  
They turn to pleasure all they find ;  
They both disdain in outward mien  
The grave and solemn garb of spleen,  
And meretricious arts of dress  
To feign a joy, and hide distress ;  
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,  
Without an opiate they repose ;  
And cover'd by your shield, defy  
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly ;  
Nor, meddling with the God's affairs,  
Concern themselves with distant cares ;  
But place their bliss in mental rest,  
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,  
The blythsome goddess sooths my care,  
I feel the deity inspire,  
And thus she models my desire.  
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,  
Annuity securely made,

A farm some twenty miles from town,  
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;  
 Two maids, that never saw the town,  
 A serving-man not quite a clown,  
 A boy to help to tread the mow,  
 And drive, while t'other holds the plough ;  
 A chief of temper form'd to please,  
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;  
 And better to preserve the peace,  
 Commission'd by the name of niece :  
 With understandings of a size  
 To think their master very wise.  
 May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send  
 One genial room to treat a friend,  
 Where decent cup-board, little plate,  
 Display benevolence, not state.  
 And may my humble dwelling stand  
 Upon some chosen spot of land ;  
 A pond before full to the brim,  
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim,  
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,  
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet,  
 Where od'rous plants in evening fair  
 Breathe all around ambrosial air.  
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,  
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,  
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,  
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song,  
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,  
 Which sense and fancy too regale,  
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,  
 Like amphitheatre surrounds :

And

And woods impervious to the breeze,  
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,  
 From hills thro' plains in dusk array  
 Extended far repel the day.  
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade  
 Invite, and contemplation aid :  
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate  
 The dark decrees and will of fate,  
 And dreams beneath the spreading beach  
 Inspire and docile fancy teach,  
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,  
 Impulses ruffle thro' the mind :  
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,  
 While Pan melodious pipes away,  
 In measur'd motions frisk about,  
 'Till old Silenus puts them out.  
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,  
 Vie in variety of green,  
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,  
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,  
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,  
 And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,  
 And silver streams through meadows stray,  
 And Naiads on the margin play,  
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills  
 From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,  
 May I enjoy a calm thro' life ;  
 See faction, safe in low degree,  
 As men at land see storms at sea,

And laugh at miserable elves,  
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,  
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,  
 As can possess, but not enjoy,  
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart  
 By av'rice, sphinſter of the heart,  
 Who wealth hard earn'd by guilty cares  
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.  
 May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,  
 And wearing virtue's liv'ry-smile,  
 Prone the distressed to relieve,  
 And little trespasses forgive,  
 With income not in fortune's pow'r,  
 And skill to make a busy hour,  
 Which trips to town life to amuse,  
 To purchase books, and hear the news,  
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,  
 And quicken taste at coming down,  
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,  
 And slowly mellowing in age,  
 When fate extends its gath'ring gripe,  
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,  
 Quit a worn being without pain,  
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow;  
 And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hopes, and raptures wild  
 Have never yet my reason foil'd.  
 His springy soul dilates like air,  
 When free from weight of ambient care,

And.



And, hush'd in meditations deep,  
 Slides into dreams, as when asleep,  
 Then, fond of new discov'ries grown;  
 Proves a Columbus of her own,  
 Disdains the narrow bounds of place,  
 And thro' the wilds of endless space,  
 Borne up on metaphysic wings,  
 Chases light forms, and shadowy things,  
 And in the vague excursion caught,  
 Brings home some rare exotic thought :  
 The melancholy man such dreams,  
 As brightest evidence, esteems ;  
 Fain would he see some distant scene  
 Suggested by his restless spleen,  
 And fancy's telescope applies  
 With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.  
 Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,  
 I close examine by the light.  
 For who, tho' brib'd by gain to lie,  
 Dare sun-beam written truths deny,  
 And execute plain common sense  
 On faith's meer hearsay evidence ?

That superstition mayn't create,  
 And club its ills with those of fate,  
 I many a notion take to task,  
 Made dreadful by its visor-mask :  
 Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,  
 Is cur'd, and certainty I find,  
 Since optic reason shews me plain,  
 I dreaded spectres of the brain,

And,

And

And legendary fears are gone,  
 Tho' in tenacious childhood frown.  
 Thus in opinions I commence  
 Freeholder in the proper sense,  
 And neither suit nor service do,  
 Nor homage to pretenders shew,  
 Who boast themselves by spurious roll,  
 Lords of the manor of the soul,  
 Perfering sense, from chin that's bare,  
 To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,  
 O Entium Ens! divinely great!—  
 Hold, muse, nor melting pinions try,  
 Nor near the blazing glory fly,  
 Nor straining break thy feeble bow,  
 Unfeather'd arrows fur to throw,  
 Thro' fields unknown nor madly stray,  
 Where no ideas mark the way,  
 With tender eyes, and colours faint,  
 And trembling hands forbear to paint.  
 Who features veil'd by light can hit?  
 Where can, what has no outline, fit?  
 My soul, the vain attempt forego,  
 Thyself, the fitter subject, know.  
 He wisely shuns the bold extreme,  
 Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,  
 Nor runs, with wisdom's Sirena caught,  
 On quick-sands swell'ing shipwreck'd thought;  
 But, conscious of his distance, gives  
 Muse praise, and humble negatives.

In one, no object of our fight,  
 Immutable and infinite  
 Who can't be cruel, or unjust,  
 Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust ;  
 To him my past and present state  
 I owe, and must my future fate.  
 A stranger into life I'm come,  
 Dying may be our going home,  
 Transported here by angry fate,  
 The convicts of a prior state.  
 Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow  
 On matters, I can never know ;  
 Thro' life's foul ways, like vagrant pass'd,  
 He'll grant a settlement at last,  
 And with sweet ease the wearied crown,  
 By leave to lay his being down.  
 If doom'd to dance th' eternal round  
 Of life, no sooner lost but found,  
 And dissolution soon to come,  
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum.  
 But can't our state of pow'r bereave  
 An endless series to receive ;  
 Then, if hard dealt with here by fate  
 We ballance in another state,  
 And consciousness must go along,  
 And sign th' acquittance for the wrong ;  
 He for his creatures must decree  
 More happiness than misery,  
 Or be supposed to create,  
 Curious to try, what 'tis to hate,  
 And do an act, which rage infers,  
 'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus,

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail  
 On even keel with gentle gale,  
 At helm I make my reason sit,  
 My crew of passions all submit.  
 If dark and blustering prove some nights,  
 Philosophy puts forth her lights,  
 Experience holds the cautious glass,  
 To shun the breakers, as I pass,  
 And frequent throws the wary lead,  
 To see what dangers may be hid :  
 And once in seven years I'm seen,  
 At Bath, or Tunbridge to careen ;  
 Tho' pleas'd to see the dolphins play,  
 I mind my compass and my way,  
 With store sufficient for relief,  
 And wisely still prepar'd to reef,  
 Nor wanting the dispensive bowl  
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,  
 I make (may heav'n propitious send  
 Such wind and weather to the end)  
 Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,  
 Life's voyage to the world unknown..

PROLOGUE





P R O L O G U E.

SPOKEN BY

Mr. GARRICK,

At the Opening of the Theatre in *Drury-lane*, 1747.

[By Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.]

WHEN learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous  
foes  
First rear'd the stage, immortal SHAKESPEARE rose ;  
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting time toil'd after him in vain :  
His pow'rful strokes prefiding truth impress'd,  
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then JOHNSON came, instructed from the school,  
To please in method, and invent by rule ;  
His studious patience, and laborious art,  
By regular approach essay'd the heart ;  
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,  
For those who durst not censure, scarce cou'd praise.  
A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
Nor wish'd for JOHNSON's art, or SHAKESPEARE's  
flame ;  
Themselves they studied, as they felt, they writ,  
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice

Vice always found a sympathetic friend;  
 They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.  
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,  
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.  
 Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong;  
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;  
 Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,  
 And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,  
 For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;  
 From bard to bard, the frigid caution crept,  
 Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.  
 Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,  
 Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.  
 But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,  
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:  
 Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,  
 And pantomime and song, confirm'd her sway?

But who the coming changes can preface,  
 And mark the future periods of the stage?—  
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,  
 New Behns, new Dursseys, yet remain in store.  
 Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,  
 On flying cars new forcerers may ride.  
 Perhaps, (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)  
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hand is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,  
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;  
 With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,  
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.

Ah!

Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,  
 The stage but echoes back the public voice.  
 The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,  
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;  
 'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence  
 Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense ;  
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,  
 For useful mirth, and salutary woe ;  
 Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,  
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

## VERSES written on a BLANK LEAF,

By Lord LANSDOWN, when he presented his  
 Works to the Queen, 1732.

**A** Muse expiring, who with earliest voice,  
 Made kings and queens, and beauties charms  
 her choice,

Now on her death-bed, the last homage pays,  
 O queen, to thee ; accept her dying lays.  
 So at th' approach of death the cygnet tries  
 To warble one note more, and singing dies:  
 Hail mighty queen, whose powerful smiles alone  
 Command obedience, and secure the throne.  
 Contending parties, and Plebeian rage,  
 Had puzzled loyalty for half an age :

Conqu'ring

Conqu'ring our hearts you end the long dispute;  
 All who have eyes confess you absolute;  
 To tory doctrines even whigs resign,  
 And in your person own the right divine.  
 Thus sung the muse, in her last moments fir'd  
 With CAROLINA's praise, and then expir'd.

## ADVICE to a Lady in AUTUMN.

[By the E—— of C——.]

**A**SSSES milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before;  
 Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.  
 At nine stretch your arms, and oh! think when alone,  
 There's no pleasure in bed.—MARY, bring me my  
 gown;

Slip on that ere you rise; let your caution be such;  
 Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too  
 much.

Your pinner set right, your twitcher ty'd on,  
 Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done;  
 Retire to some author improving and gay,  
 And with sense like your own, set your mind for the  
 day.

At twelve you may walk, for at this time o'the year,  
 The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear;  
 But mark in the meadows the ruin of time;  
 Take the hint, and let life be improv'd in its prime.  
 Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed;  
 For beauty like yours, no assistance can need.

With



With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,  
 Where the chief of the feast, is the flow of your wit:  
 Let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round;  
 As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill redound.  
 After dinner two glasses at least, I approve;  
 Name the first to the king, and the last to your love:  
 Thus chearful with wisdom, with innocence gay,  
 And calm with your joys gently glide thro' the day.  
 The dews of the evening most carefully shun;  
 Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.  
 Then in chat, or at play, with a dance or a song,  
 Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.  
 All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind;  
 And those you may end, when you please to be kind.

---

### On a Lady's drinking the Bath-Waters.

[By the Same.]

**T**HE gushing streams impetuous flow  
 In haste to DELIA's lips to go,  
 With equal haste and equal heat,  
 Who would not rush those lips to meet?  
 Bless'd envy'd streams, still greater bliss  
 Attends your warm and liquid kiss.  
 For from her lips your welcome tide,  
 Shall down her heaving bosom glide;  
 There fill each swelling globe of love,  
 And touch that heart I ne'er could move.  
 From thence in soft Meanders stray,  
 And find at last the blissful way:  
 Which thought may paint, tho' verse mayn't say.

Too

Too happy rival, dwell not there  
To rack my heart, with jealous care,  
But quit the blest abode, tho' loth,  
And quickly passing, ease us both.

---

VERSES written in a LADY'S  
SHERLOCK upon Death.

[By the Same.]

**M**ISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,  
His doctrine is deceiving ;  
For whilst he teaches us to die,  
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall learn  
Too soon, without a master ;  
Then let us only study now  
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest  
With mutual inclination ;  
Share then my ardour in your breast,  
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest'd I may not live,  
And pity you deny,  
To me at least your Sherlock give,  
'Tis I must learn to die.

SONG.

## S O N G.

[ *By the Same.* ]

**W**HEN Fanny blooming fair  
 First caught my ravish'd sight,  
 Struck with her shape and air,  
 I felt a strange delight :  
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,  
 Admiring ev'ry part,  
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,  
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes  
 Ten thousand loves appear ;  
 There Cupid basking lies,  
 His shafts are hoarded there.  
 Her blooming cheeks are dy'd  
 With colour all their own,  
 Excelling far the pride  
 Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess  
 The lucky hand of Jove ;  
 Her features all express  
 The beauteous queen of love :  
 What flames my nerves invade,  
 When I behold the breast  
 Of that too charming maid  
 Rise, suing to be press'd !

Venus

Venus round Fanny's waist,  
 Has her own Cestus bound,  
 With guardian Cupids grac'd,  
 Who dance the circle round.  
 How happy must he be,  
 Who shall her zone unloose!  
 That bliss to all, but me,  
 May heaven and she refuse.

---

S O N G.

[*By the Same.*]

**W**Henever, Chloe, I begin  
 Your heart, like mine, to move,  
 You tell me of the crying sin  
 Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin,  
 Which gave to Chloe birth?  
 How can those joys but be divine,  
 Which make a heaven on earth?

To wed, mankind the priests trepann'd,  
 By some sly fallacy,  
 And disobey'd God's great command,  
 Increase and multiply.

You say that love's a crime; content:  
 Yet this allow you must,  
 More joy's in heav'n if one repent,  
 Than over ninety just.



Sin then, dear girl, for heaven's sake,  
Repent, and be forgiven ;  
Bless me, and by repentance make  
A holy day in heav'n

---

INQUIRY  
EATON.

# Know YOUR SELF.

[By the late Dr. *ARBUTHNOT*.]

**W**HAT am I? how produc'd? and for what  
end?

Whence drew I being? to what period tend?  
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance;  
Dropt by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?  
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought?  
And of unthinking substance, born with thought  
By motion which began without a cause,  
Supremely wise, without design or laws.  
Am I but what I seem, meer flesh and blood;  
A branching channel, with a mazy flood;  
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,  
Dull and unconscious flows like common tides:  
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,  
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:  
This frame compacted with transcendent skill,  
Of moving joints obedient to my will.

Nurs'd

Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,  
 Waxes and waxes ; I call it mine, not me :  
 New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,  
 The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains :  
 And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,  
 Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.  
 What am I then ? sure, of a nobler birth,  
 Thy parents right, I own a mother, earth ;  
 But claim superior lineage by my SIRE,  
 Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire :  
 Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,  
 By double nature, double instinct sway'd :  
 With look erect, I dart my longing eye,  
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky ;  
 I strive to mount, but strive, alas ! in vain,  
 Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.  
 Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,  
 View worlds around their flaming centers roll :  
 What steady powers their endless motions guide,  
 Thro' the same trackless paths of boundless void !  
 I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,  
 And weigh the whirling planets in a scale :  
 These godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue,  
 Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,  
 A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind ;  
 Erase the new-born image from my mind ;  
 Some beastly want, craving, importunate,  
 Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,  
 Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,  
 And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.  
 I on sublimer wings of love and praise,  
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,

Lur'd

Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,  
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.  
 The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,  
 Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.  
 By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,  
 I rove to one, now to the other coast ;  
 To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,  
 My lot unequal to my vast desires.  
 As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth  
 Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth ;  
 So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,  
 Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd :  
 Pity him, beasts ! you by no law confin'd,  
 Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind ;  
 Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways  
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays ;  
 Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,  
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste ;  
 Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,  
 The flatt'ring future still must give the joy.  
 Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,  
 And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,  
 Whether next sun his being shall restrain,  
 To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.

Around me, lo, the thinking thoughtless crew,  
 (Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue ;  
 Of them I ask the way ; the first replies,  
 Thou art a god ; and sends me to the skies.  
 Down on this turf (the next) thou two-legg'd beast,  
 There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest :

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Between

Between these wide extreams the length is such,  
I find I know too little or too much.

“ Almighty pow’r, by whose most wise command,  
“ Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;  
“ Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,  
“ Or break into my soul with perfect day !”  
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,  
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex’d :  
Thus the benighted traveller that strays  
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;  
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,  
Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.  
“ O truth divine ! enlighten’d by thy ray,  
“ I grope and guess no more, but see my way ;  
“ Thou clear’st the secret of my high descent,  
“ And told me what those mystic tokens meant ;  
“ Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,  
“ Too hard for worldly fages to explain ;  
“ Zeno’s were vain, vain Epicurus’ schemes,  
“ Their systems false, delusive were their dreams ;  
“ Unskill’d my two-fold nature to divide,  
“ One nurs’d by pleasure, and one nurs’d by pride :  
“ Those jarring truths which human art beguile,  
“ Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile.”  
Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,  
What thou once wer’t, art now, and still may be,  
Thy god alone can tell, alone decree ;  
Faultless thou dropt from his unerring skill,  
With the bare pow’r to sin, since free of will :  
Yet charge not with thy guilt, his bounteous love,  
For who has power to walk, has power to rove ;

Who



Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve ;  
 And wisdom short of infinite, may swerve.  
 Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy  
 flight,

Left thy creator, and the realms of light ;  
 Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil :  
 And thought to grow a God by doing ill :  
 Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,  
 In nature chang'd from happy man's ons chac'd,  
 Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,  
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;  
 Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,  
 And brute enough to make thy search in vain.  
 The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,  
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;  
 Repast ill suited to such different guests,  
 For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes ;  
 Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,  
 Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,  
 Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd,  
 In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd ;  
 In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,  
 Return, and seek thy father, and thy God :  
 Yet think not to regain thy native sky,  
 Borne on the wings of vain philosophy ;  
 Mysterious passage ! hid from human eyes ;  
 Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise :  
 Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,  
 Regain by meekness what you lost by pride.

## AN EPISTLE.

[By ——— *Ejz*:]

**T**HRO' the wild maze of life's still varying plan,  
 Bliss is alone th' important task of man.  
 All else is trifling, whether grave or gay,  
 A Newton's labours, or an infant's play ;  
 Whether this vainly wastes th' unheeded sun,  
 Or those more vainly mark the course it run ;  
 For of the two, sure smaller is the fault,  
 To err unthinking, than to err with thought ;  
 But if, like them, we still must trifles use,  
 Harmless at least, like theirs, be those we chuse.  
 Enough it is that reason blames the choice,  
 Join not to her's, the wretch's plaintive voice ;  
 Be folly free from guilt : let foplings play,  
 Or write, or talk, or dress, or die away.  
 Let those, if such there be, whose giant-mind,  
 Superior tow'rs above their pygmy kind.  
 Unaided and alone, the realms explore,  
 Where hail and snow renew their treasur'd store \*.  
 Lo ! heav'n spreads all its stars ; let those explain,  
 What balanc'd pow'rs the rolling orbs sustain,  
 Nor in more humble scales, pernicious weigh  
 Sense, justice, truth, against seducing pay.  
 So distant regions shall employ their thought,  
 And spotless senates here remain unbought.

Well

\* *Job chap. xxxviii.*

Well had great \* Charles, by early want inspir'd,  
With warring puppets, guiltless praise acquir'd ;  
So wou'd that flame have mimic fights engag'd,  
Which fann'd by pow'r, o'er wasted nations rag'd.

Curs'd be the wretch, should all the mouths of fame  
Wide o'er the world his deathless deeds proclaim,  
Who like a baneful comet spreads his blaze,  
While trembling crowds in stupid wonder gaze ;  
Whose potent talents serve his lawless will,  
Which turns each virtue to a public ill,  
With direful rage perverted might employs,  
And heav'n's great ends with heav'n's best means de-  
stroy.

The praise of power is his, whose hand supplies  
Fire to the bold, and prudence to the wise ;  
While man this only real merit knows,  
Fidly to use the gifts which heaven bestows :  
If savage valour be his vaunted fame,  
The mountain-lion shall dispute his claim ;  
Or, if perfidious wiles deserve applause,  
Thro' slighted vows, and violated laws ;  
The subtle plotter's title stands confess'd,  
Whose dagger gores the trusting tyrant's breast.  
And sure the villain less deserves his fate,  
Who stabs one wretch, than he who stabs a state.

H 3

Now,

\* Charles V. emperor of Germany, who in his retire-  
ment amus'd himself with puppets. See Strada de Bello  
Belgico.

Now, mighty hero ! boast thy dear delights,  
 The price of toilsome days and sleepless nights ;  
 Say, canst thou aught in purple grandeur find,  
 Sweet as the slumbers of the lowly hind ?

Better are ye, the youthful and the gay,  
 Who jocund rove thro' pleasure's flow'ry way !  
 Yet seek not there for bliss ! your toil were vain,  
 (And disappointed toil is double pain)  
 Tho' from the living fount your nectar-bowls  
 Pour the soft balm upon your thirsty souls ;  
 Tho' pure the spring, tho' every draught sincere,  
 By pain unbitter'd, and unpall'd by fear ;  
 Tho' all were full as high as thought can soar,  
 Till fancy fires, and wishes crave no more :  
 Let lovely woman artless charms display,  
 Where truth and goodness bask in beauty's ray ;  
 Let heav'nly melody luxuriant float  
 In swelling sounds, and breathe the melting note ;  
 Let gen'rous wines enliv'ning thought inspire,  
 While social converse sooths the genial fire :  
 If aught can yet more potent charms dispense,  
 Some stronger rapture, some sublimer sense ;  
 Be these enjoy'd.—Then from the croud arise  
 Some chief, in life's full pride maturely wise.  
 Ev'n thou, my Lord, with titles, honours grac'd,  
 And higher still by native merit plac'd ;  
 By stinted talents to no sphere confin'd,  
 Free ranging every province of the mind ;  
 Equally fit, a nation's weight to bear,  
 Or shine in circles of the young and fair ;



In grave debates instructed senates move,  
 Or melt the glowing dame to mutual love.  
 To heighten these, let conscious worth infuse  
 Sweet ease, and smiling mirth th' inspiring muse.  
 Then answer, thou of ev'ry gift possess'd  
 Say, from thy soul, art thou sincerely blest?  
 To various objects wherefore dost thou range?  
 Pleasure must cease, ere man can wish to change.  
 Hast thou not quitted FLACCUS' sacred lay,  
 To talk with BAVIUS, or with FLAVIA play;  
 When wasted nature shuns the large expence  
 Of deep attention to exalted sense;  
 Precarious bliss! which soon, which oft must cloy,  
 And which how few, how very few enjoy!

Say, is there aught, on which, completely blest,  
 Fearless and full the raptur'd mind may rest?  
 Is there aught constant? Or, if such there be,  
 Can varying man be pleas'd with constancy?  
 Mark then what sense the blessing must employ!  
 The senses change, and loath accustom'd joy:  
 Eden in vain immortal sweets displays,  
 If the taste sickens, or our frame decays.

The range of life contracted limits bound;  
 Yet more confin'd is pleasure's faithless round:  
 Fair op'ning to the sight, when first we run,  
 But, ah! how alter'd, when again begun!  
 When tir'd we view the same known prospect o'er,  
 And, lagging, tread the steps we trod before.  
 Now clogg'd with spleen, the lazy current flows,  
 Thro' doubts, and fears, and self-augmenting woes;

Till fated, loathing, hopeless here of bliss,  
Some plunge to seek it into death's abyss.

Of all superfluous wealth's unnumber'd stings,  
The sharpest is that knowledge which it brings ;  
Enjoyment purchas'd, makes its object known,  
And then alas ! each soft illusion's flown :  
Love's promis'd sweet, ambition's lofty scheme,  
The painter's image, and the poet's theme.

These, in perspective fair exalted high,  
Attract with seeming charms the distant eye ;  
But when by envious fortune plac'd too near,  
Mis-shapen forms, and grosser taints appear :  
Where lovely Venus led her beauteous train,  
Some fiend gigantic holds her monstrous reign ;  
Crowns, scepters, laurels are confus'dly strow'd,  
A wild, deform'd, unmeaning, heavy load.

Some pleasures here with sparing hand are giv'n,  
That sons of earth should taste their promis'd heav'n :  
But what was meant to urge us to the chace,  
Now stops, or sideway turns our devious race :  
'Tho' still to make the destin'd course more plain,  
'Thick are our erring paths beset with pain ;  
Nor has one object equal charms to prove  
The fitting center of our restless love.  
And when the great creator's will had join'd,  
Unequal pair ! the body and the mind,  
Lest the proud spirit should neglect her clay,  
He bade corporeal objects thought-convey ;

Each

Each strong sensation to the soul impart  
 Ecstatic transport, or afflicting smart :  
 By that intic'd, the useful she enjoys ;  
 By this deterr'd, she flies what'er destroys :  
 Hence from the dagger's point sharp anguish flows,  
 And the soft couch is spread with sweet repose.

In some things fails, tho' gen'ral, this design,  
 For some exceptions, ev'ry rule confine ;  
 Yet few were they, while nature's genuine store  
 Supply'd our wants, nor man yet fought for more ;  
 Ere different mixtures left no form the same,  
 And vicious habits chang'd our sickly frame.  
 Now subtle art may gild the venom'd pill,  
 And bait with soothing sweets destructive ill.

To narrow self heav'n's impulse unconfin'd  
 Diffusive reigns, and takes in all our kind.  
 The smile of joy reflected joy imparts ;  
 The wretch's groans pierce sympathizing hearts.  
 Yet not alike are all conjoin'd with all,  
 Nor throng with rival heat to nature's call :  
 By vary'd instinct different ties are known,  
 While love superior points to each his own :  
 Those next the reach of our assisting hands,  
 And those, to whom we're link'd by kindred bands :  
 Those who most want and best deserve our care,  
 In warmer streams the sacred influence share :  
 Ambrosial sweets her infant's lip distils,  
 While thro' the mother's heart quick rapture thrills.

The social fires friend, servant, neighbour claim;  
 Which blaze collected in the patriot's flame :  
 Hence Britain throbs superior in thy soul,  
 Nor idly wak'st thou for the distant pole.

Yet farther still the saving instinct moves,  
 And to the future wide extends our loves ;  
 Glows in our bosom for an unborn race,  
 And warms us mutual to the kind embrace.  
 For this, to man was giv'n the graceful air ;  
 For, this was woman form'd divinely fair.

But now to pleasure sensual views confin'd,  
 Reach not the use, for which it was design'd ;  
 To this one point our hopes, our wishes tend,  
 And thus mistake the motive for the end.  
 Whate'er sensations from enjoyment flow,  
 Our erring thought to matter's force would owe ;  
 To that ascribe our pleasures, and our pains,  
 And blindly for the cause mistake the means :  
 In od'rous meads the vernal gale we praise,  
 Or dread the storm, that plows the wintry seas ;  
 While he's unheeded, who alone can move,  
 Claims all our fears, and merits all our love ;  
 Alone to souls can sense and thought convey,  
 Thro' the dark mansions of surrounding clay.

Man, part from heav'n, and part from humble  
 earth,  
 A motly substance, takes his various birth ;

Clofe



Close link'd to both, he hangs in diff'rent chains,  
 The pliant fetter length'ning as he strains.  
 If, bravely conscious of her native fires,  
 To the bold height his nobler frame aspires ;  
 Near as she soars to join th' approaching skies,  
 Our earth still lessens to her distant eyes.  
 But if o'erpois'd she sinks, her downward course  
 Each moment weighs, with still augmenting force ;  
 Low, and more low, the burden'd spirit bends,  
 While weaker still each heav'nly link extends ;  
 Till prostrate, grov'ling, fetter'd to the ground,  
 She lies in matter's heap o'erwhelm'd and bound.  
 Wrapt in the toils of sin, just heav'n employs  
 What caus'd her guilt, to blast her lawless joys :  
 Love, potent guardian of our length'ning race,  
 Unnerves the feeble letcher's cold embrace ;  
 And appetite, by nature giv'n to save,  
 Sinks the gorg'd glutton in his early grave.

What sends you fleet o'er boist'rous seas to roll,  
 Beneath the burning line and frozen pole ?  
 Why ravage men the hills, the plains, the woods ?  
 Why spoil all nature, earth, and air, and floods ?  
 Seek they some prize to help a sinking state ?  
 No !—this must all be done, ere \* Bernard eat.  
 Tell it some untaught savage ! with surprize  
 He asks, " How vast must be that giant's size !  
 " How great his pow'r, who thousands can employ ?  
 " How great his force, who millions can destroy ?"

But

\* *A Frenchman render'd famous by a most extravagant  
 expence in eating.*

But if the savage would, more curious, know  
What potent virtues from such viands flow,  
What blest effects they cause—consult with Sloane,  
Let him explain the cholic, gout, and stone!

Pleasure's for use : it differs in degree,  
Proportion'd to the thing's necessity.  
Hence various objects variously excite,  
And different is the date of each delight ;  
But when th' allotted end we once attain,  
Each step beyond it, is a step to pain.  
Nor let us murmur.—Hath not earth a store  
For ev'ry want? it was not meant for more.

Blest is t'ie man, as far as earth can bless,  
Whose measur'd passions reach no wild excess ;  
Who, urg'd by nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,  
Nor other means, than nature's force, employs.  
While warm with youth the sprightly current flows,  
Each vivid sense with vig'rous rapture glows ;  
And when he droops beneath the hand of age,  
No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage ;  
Gradual, his strength, and gay sensations cease,  
While joys tumultuous sink in silent peace.

Far other is his lot, who not content  
With what the bounteous care of nature meant,  
With labour'd skill would all her joys dilate,  
Sublime their sense, and lengthen out their date ;  
Add, blend, compose, each various mixture try,  
And wind up appetite to luxury.  
Thus guilty art unknown desires implants,  
And viler arts must satisfy their wants ;

When,

When, to corruption by himself betray'd;  
Gold binds the slave, whom luxury has made.

The hand; that form'd us, must some use intend,  
It gives us pow'rs proportion'd to that end;  
And happiness may justly be defin'd,  
A full attainment of the end design'd:  
Virtue and wisdom this alike implies,  
And blest must be the virtuous and the wise.

Bliss is ordain'd for all; since heav'n intends  
All beings should attain their destin'd ends:  
For this the fair idea shines confess'd  
To ev'ry mind, and glows in ev'ry breast.  
Compar'd with this, all mortal joys are vain;  
Inspir'd by this, we restless onward strain.  
High tho' we mount, the object mounts more high,  
Eludes our grasp, and mingles with the sky.  
With nothing less th' aspiring soul's content,  
For nothing less her generous flame was meant;  
Th' unerring rule, which all our steps should guide,  
The certain test, by which true good is try'd.  
Blest when we reach it, wretched while we miss,  
Our joys, our sorrows prove, there must be bliss.

Nor can this be some visionary dream,  
Where heated fancy forms the flatt'ring scheme.  
There sure is bliss—else, why by all desir'd?  
What guileful pow'r has the mad search inspir'd?  
Could accident produce in all the same,  
Or a vain shadow raise a real flame?

When

When,

When nature in the world's distended space,  
Or fill'd, or almost fill'd, each smaller place ;  
Careful in meanest matter to produce  
Each single motion for some certain use ;  
Hard was the lot of her first fav'rite, man,  
Faulty the scheme of his contracted span,  
If that alone must know an useless void,  
And he feel longings ne'er to be enjoy'd.

That only can produce consummate joy,  
Which equals all the pow'rs it would employ :  
Such fitting object to each talent giv'n,  
Earth cannot fit what was design'd for heav'n.  
Why then is man with gifts sublimest fraught,  
And active will, and comprehensive thought ?  
For what is all this waste of mental force ?  
What ! for a house, a coach, a dog, a horse ?  
Has nature's lord inverted nature's plan ?  
Is man now made for what was made for man ?

There must be pleasures past the reach of sense,  
Some nobler source must happiness dispense :  
Reason, arise ! and vindicate thy claim,  
Flash on our minds the joy-infusing flame ;  
Pour forth the fount of light, whose endless store  
Thought drinks insatiate, while it thirsts for more.  
And thou, seraphic flame ! who could'st inspire  
The prophet's voice, and wrap his soul in fire ;  
Ray of th' eternal beam ! who canst pervade  
The distant past, and future's gloomy shade ;  
While trembling reason tempts heav'n's dazzling  
height,  
Sublime her force, and guide her dubious flight ;  
Strengthen'd



Strengthen'd by thee, she bears the streaming blaze;  
 And drinks new light from truth's immortal rays.  
 Great, only evidence of things divine!  
 By thee reveal'd, the mystic wonders shine!  
 What puzzled sophists vainly would explore,  
 What humbled pride in silence must adore,  
 What plainly mark'd in heav'n's deliver'd page,  
 Makes the taught hind more wise than Greece's sage.  
 Yet reason proves thee in her low degree,  
 And owns thy truths, from their necessity.

Conspicuous now is happiness display'd,  
 Possessing him for whom alone we're made.  
 For he alone all human bliss compleats,  
 To him alone th' expanding bosom beats;  
 Who fills each faculty, each pow'r can move,  
 Exerts all thought, and deep absorbs all love;  
 Whose ceaseless being years would tell in vain,  
 Whose attributes immense all bounds disdain.  
 No sickly taste the heav'nly rapture cloy,  
 No weary'd senses sink in whelming joys;  
 While, rais'd above low matter's grosser frame,  
 Pure spirit blazes in his purer flame.  
 Such are th' immortal blessings that attend  
 The just and good, the patriot and the friend.  
 Nor such alone in distant prospect cheer,  
 They taste heav'n's joys anticipated here.  
 These in the smiling cup of pleasure flow,  
 Or, mingling, sooth the bitter stream of woe;  
 These pay the loss of honours, and of place,  
 And teach that guilt alone is true disgrace;

These

These with the glorious exile chearful rove,  
And, far from courts, fresh bloom in Curio's grove.

Long may such bliss, by such enjoy'd, attest,  
The greatly virtuous are the greatly blest !  
Enough there are amidst yon gorgeous train,  
Who, wretched, prove all other joys are vain.

So shines the truth these humble lines unfold,  
" Fair virtue ever is unwisely sold."  
Too mean a price sublimest fortune brings,  
Too mean the wealth, the smiles, the crowns of kings :  
Far rais'd o'er these, she makes our bliss secure,  
The present pleasing, and the future sure.  
While prosp'rous guilt a sad reverse appears,  
And, in the tasteless now, the future fears.

## *An* EPISTLE *to a* LADY.

[*By the Same.*]

**C**LARINDA, dearly lov'd attend,  
The counsels of a faithful friend ;  
Who with the warmest wishes fraught,  
Feels all, at least, that friendship ought !  
But since by ruling heav'n's design,  
Another's fate shall influence thine ;  
O ! may these lines for him prepare  
A bliss, which I wou'd die to share !

Man

Man may for wealth or glory roam,  
 But woman must be blest at home ;  
 To this shou'd all her studies tend,  
 This her great object and her end.  
 Distaste unmingled pleasures bring,  
 And use can blunt affliction's sting ;  
 Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,  
 And few are plung'd in utter woe ;  
 While nature arm'd against despair,  
 Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear ;  
 And half the thought content may gain,  
 Which spleen employs to purchase pain.

Trace not the fair domestic plan,  
 From what you wou'd, but what you can !  
 Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty shore,  
 Because you think you merit more !  
 Bliss ever differs in degree,  
 'Tny share alone is meant for thee ;  
 And thou shou'dst think, however small,  
 That share enough, for 'tis thy all :  
 Vain scorn will aggravate distress,  
 And only make that little less.

Admit whatever trifles come,  
 Units compose the largest sum :  
 O ! tell them o'er, and say how vain,  
 Are those which form ambition's train ;  
 Which swell the monarch's gorgeous state,  
 And bribe to ill the guilty great !

But.

But thou more blest, more wise than these,  
Shalt build up happiness on ease.

Hail sweet content ! where joy serene,  
Gilds the mild soul's unruffled scene ;  
And with blith fancy's pencil wrought,  
Spreads the white web of flowing thought ;  
Shines lovely in the chearful face,  
And cloaths each charm with native grace ;  
Effusion pure of bliss sincere,  
A vestment for a God to wear.

Far other ornaments compose,  
The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,  
Piec'd out with motly dies and sorts,  
Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports :  
The troubled mind's fantastic dress,  
Which madness titles happiness.  
While the gay wretch to revels bears,  
The pale remains of sighs and tears ;  
And seeks in crouds, like her undone,  
What only can be found in one.

But, chief, my gentle friend ! remove,  
Far from thy couch seducing love !  
O ! shun the false magician's art,  
Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart !  
Charm'd by his spells fair honour flies,  
And thousand treach'rous phantoms rise ;  
Where guilt in beauty's ray beguiles,  
And ruin lurks in friendship's smiles.



Lo! where th' enchanted captive dreams,  
Of warbling groves, and purling streams;  
Of painted meads, of flow'rs that shed  
Their odours round her fragrant bed.  
Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,  
She wakes upon a desert coast;  
No friendly hand to lend its aid,  
No guardian bow'r to spread its shade;  
Expos'd to ev'ry chilling blast,  
She treads th' inhospitable waste;  
And down the drear decline of life,  
Sinks a forlorn, dishonour'd wife.

Neglect not thou the voice of fame,  
But clear from crime, be free from blame!  
Tho' all were innocence within,  
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin,  
Virtue rejects the foul disguise:  
None merit praise who praise despise.

Slight not in supercilious strain,  
Long practis'd modes, as low or vain!  
The world will vindicate their cause,  
And claim blind faith in custom's laws.  
Safer with multitudes to stray,  
Than tread alone a fairer way;  
To mingle with the erring throng,  
Than boldly speak ten millions, wrong.

Beware of the relentless train  
Who forms adore, whom forms maintain!

Left prudes demure, or coxcombs leud,  
Accuse thee to the partial croud ;  
Foes who the laws of honour slight,  
A judge who measures guilt by spite.

Behold the sage Aurelia stand,  
Disgrace and fame at her command !  
As if heaven's delegate design'd,  
Sole arbiter of all her kind.  
Whether she try some favour'd piece,  
By rules devis'd in ancient Greece ;  
Or whether modern in her sight,  
She tells what Paris thinks polite.  
For much her talents to advance,  
She study'd Greece, and travel'd France.  
There learn'd the happy art to please,  
With all the charms of labour'd ease :  
Thro' looks and nods with meaning fraught,  
To teach what she was never taught.

By her each latent spring is seen,  
The workings foul of secret spleen ;  
The guilt that sculks in fair pretence,  
Or folly veil'd in specious sense.  
And much her righteous spirit grieves,  
When worthlessness the world deceives ;  
Whether the erring croud commends,  
Some patriot sway'd by private ends ;  
Or husband trust a faithless wife  
Secure in ignorance from strife.  
Averse she brings their deeds to view,  
But justice claims the rig'rous due ;

Humanely

Humanely anxious to produce  
 At least some possible excuse.  
 O ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace,  
 Prepare a triumph for the base !

Meer forms the fool implicit sway,  
 Which witlings with contempt survey.  
 Blind folly no defect can see,  
 Half wisdom views but one degree ;  
 The wise remoter uses reach,  
 Which judgment and experience teach.

Whoever wou'd be pleas'd and please,  
 Must do what others do with ease.  
 Great precept undefin'd by rule,  
 And only learn'd in custom's school ;  
 To no peculiar form confin'd,  
 It spreads thro' all the human kind ;  
 Beauty and wit and worth supplies,  
 Yet graceful in the good and wise.  
 Rich with this gift and none beside,  
 In fashion's stream how many glide ?  
 Secure from ev'ry mental woe,  
 From treach'rous friend or open foe ;  
 From social sympathy that shares  
 The public loss or private cares :  
 Whether the barb'rous foe invade,  
 Or merit pine in fortune's shade.

Hence gentle Anna ever gay,  
 The same to-morrow as to-day.

Save

Save where perchance when others weep,  
 Her cheek the decent sorrow steep.  
 Save when perhaps a melting tale,  
 O'er ev'ry tender breast prevail.  
 The good, the bad, the great the small,  
 She likes, she loves, she honours all.  
 And yet if stand'rous malice blame,  
 Patient she yields a sister's fame.  
 Alike if satyr or if praise,  
 She says whate'er the circle says ;  
 Implicit does whate'er we do,  
 Without one point or wish in view.  
 Sure test of others, faithful glass  
 Thro' which the various phantoms pass.  
 Wide blank, unfeeling when alone,  
 No care, no joy, no thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,  
 Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame ;  
 Intent so wide her cares extend,  
 To make the universe her friend.  
 Now with the gay in frolicks shines,  
 Now reasons deep with deep divines.  
 With courtiers now extols the great,  
 With patriots fights o'er Britain's fate.  
 Now breathes with zealots holy fires,  
 Now melts in less refin'd desires.  
 Doom'd to exceed in each degree,  
 Too wise, to weak, too proud, too free,  
 Too various for one single word,  
 The high sublime of deep absurd.

While



While ev'ry talent nature grants,  
Just serves to shew how much she wants.

Altho' in ——— combine,  
The virtues of our sex and thine :  
Her hand restrains the widow's tears,  
Her sense informs, and sooths and cheers ;  
Yet like an angel in disguise,  
She shines but to some favour'd eyes ;  
Nor is the distant herd allow'd  
To view the radiance thro' the cloud.

But thine is ev'ry winning art,  
Thine is the friendly honest heart ;  
And shou'd the gen'rous spirit flow,  
Beyond where prudence fears to go ;  
Such fallies are of nobler kind,  
Than virtues of a narrow mind.

## *An EPISTLE to Mr. POPE.*

[*By the Same.*]

**H**EAVEN in the human breast implants,  
Fit appetites for all our wants ;  
With hunger prompts to strength'ning food,  
With love of praise to public good ;  
These to their object straight convey,  
While reason winds her tardy way.

Yet in one center should unite,  
 Faith, instinct, reason, appetite :  
 One perfect plan ordain'd to trace,  
 And nature dignify with grace ;  
 In one great system meant to roll,  
 To move, support and guide the whole.

But some there are who rigid blame  
 The mind that thirsts for righteous fame ;  
 And with weak lights presumptuous scan  
 The springs which move predestin'd man.  
 And some there are, accurs'd their art,  
 Tho' all the nine their charms impart,  
 Who in false forms of great and just,  
 Cloath av'rice, treach'ry, rage and lust.  
 As if superior beings suit  
 Those attributes which sink the brute.  
 But vainly chime the partial lays,  
 Chaste fame rejects all spurious praise.

She, fairest offspring of the skies,  
 The goddess of the brave and wise,  
 Whose sacred impulse prompts the best,  
 To succour and preserve the rest,  
 Is deaf to ev'ry private call,  
 And wakes but at the voice of all.

From heaps of ill-collected gain,  
 From hecatombs by heroes slain,  
 From courts where guilty greatness dwells,  
 She flies to penury and cells ;

With

With Erskine, pious exile goes,  
To sooth a drooping father's woes ;  
Or mingling with the orphan-train,  
She sings the bounties of Germain.

Nor pow'r, or policy of state,  
Can ever give intrinsic weight :  
And shou'd fallacious art display  
O'er titled dross a golden ray,  
Still baser thro' detecting years,  
The speckled counterfeit appears.

But when from proof, fair issuing forth,  
The ore asserts its native worth ;  
Then, sov'reign bard, 'tis justly thine,  
To stamp the well attested coin ;  
And consecrated with thy name,  
To treasure in the stores of fame.

EPISTLE to POLLIO, from the  
*Hills of Howth in Ireland.*

[By the Same.]

POLLIO! would'st thou condescend  
Here to see thy humble friend,  
Far from doctors, potions, pills,  
Drinking health on native hills ;  
Thou the precious draught may'st share,  
Lucy shall the bowl prepare.

VOL. I.

I

From

With

From the brouſing goat it flows,  
 From each balmy ſhrub that grows ;  
 Hence the kidling's wanton fire,  
 Hence the nerves that brace his fire.  
 Vigorous, buxome, young and gay,  
 'Thou like them ſhalt love and play.

What, tho' far from ſilver Thames,  
 Stately piles, and courtly dames ?  
 Here we boaſt a purer flood,  
 Joys that ſtream from ſprightly blood ;  
 Here is ſimple beauty ſeen,  
 Fair, and cloath'd like beauty's queen :  
 Nature's hands the garbs compoſe,  
 From the lily and the roſe.  
 Or, if charm'd with richer dies,  
 Fancy every robe ſupplies.  
 Shou'd perchance ſome high-born fair,  
 Abſent claim thy tender care ;  
 Here enraptur'd ſhalt thou trace,  
 S——'s ſhape and R——'s face ;  
 While the waking dream ſhall pay,  
 Many a wiſhing, hopeleſs day.  
 Domes with gold and toil unbought,  
 Riſe by magic pow'r of thought,  
 Where by artiſt's hand undrawn,  
 Slopes the vale, and ſpreads the lawn ;  
 As if ſportive nature meant,  
 Here to mock the works of Kent.

Come, and with thee bring along,  
 Jocund tale, and witty ſong,



Sense to teach, and words to move,  
 Arts that please, adorn, improve ;  
 And, to gild the glorious scene,  
 Conscience spotless and serene.

Poor with all a H——t's store,  
 Lives the man who pines for more.  
 Wretched he who doom'd to roam,  
 Never can be blest at home ;  
 Nor retire within his mind,  
 From th' ungrateful and unkind.  
 Happy they whom crouds befriend  
 Curs'd who on the croud depend ;  
 On the great one's peevish fit,  
 On the coxcomb's spurious wit ;  
 Ever sentenc'd to bemoan  
 Others failings in their own.

If, like them, rejecting ease,  
 Hills and health no longer please ;  
 Quick descend !——Thou may'st resort  
 To the viceroy's splendid court.  
 There, indignant, shalt thou see  
 Cringing slaves, who might be free,  
 Brib'd with titles, hope, or gain,  
 Tye their country's shameful chain ;  
 Or, inspir'd by heav'n's good cause,  
 Waste the land with holy laws ;  
 While the gleanings of their power,  
 Lawyers, lordlings, priests devour.

Now, methinks, I hear thee say,  
 " Drink alone thy mountain-whey !  
 " Wherefore tempt the Irish shoals ?  
 " Sights like these are nearer Paul's.

---

*An ODE to WILLIAM PULTNEY, Esq;*

[ *By the Same.* ]

I.

**R**EMOTE from liberty and truth,  
 By fortune's crime, my early youth  
 Drank error's poison'd springs.  
 Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,  
 Wrapt up in reverential awe,  
 I bow'd to priests and kings.

II.

Soon reason dawn'd, and troubled fight  
 I caught the glimpse of painful light,  
 Afflicted and afraid.  
 Too weak it shone to mark my way,  
 Enough to tempt my steps to stray  
 Along the dubious shade.

III.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar  
 Lo HOOKER shines ! the friendly star

Sends forth a steady ray.  
Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,  
I mount, till glorious to my view,  
Locke spreads the realms of day.

IV.

Now warm'd with noble SIDNEY's page,  
I pant with all the patriot's rage ;  
Now wrapt in PLATO's dream,  
With MORE and HARRINGTON around  
I tread fair freedom's magic ground  
And trace the flatt'ring scheme.

V.

But soon the beauteous vision flies ;  
And hideous spectres now arise,  
Corruption's direful train :  
The partial judge perverting laws,  
The priest forsaking virtue's cause,  
And senates slaves to gain.

VI.

Vainly the pious artist's toil  
Would rear to heaven a mortal pile,  
On some immortal plan ;  
Within a sure, tho' varying date,  
Confin'd alas ! is every state  
Of empire and of man.

VII.

What tho' the good, the brave, the wise,  
With adverse force undaunted rise,  
To break th' eternal doom !  
Tho' CATO liv'd, tho' TULLY spoke,  
Tho' BRUTUS dealt the godlike stroke,  
Yet perish'd fated ROME.

## VIII.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,  
 Good FLEURY pours the golden tide,  
 On Gallia's smiling shores ;  
 Once more her fields shall thirst in vain  
 For wholesome streams of honest gain,  
 While rapine wastes her stores.

## IX.

Yet glorious is the great design,  
 And such, O PULTNEY ! such is thine,  
 To prop a nation's frame.  
 If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,  
 The ruins of a falling state,  
 Shall tell the patriot's name.

*An ODE.*[ *By the Same.* ]

## I.

ON Stow, the muse's happy theme,  
 Let fancy's eye enamour'd gaze ;  
 Where thro' one nobly simple scheme,  
 Then thousand varying beauties please.  
 There patriot-virtue rears her shrine,  
 Nor love ! art thou depriv'd of thine.

## II.

Mark where from POPE's exhaustless vein,  
 Pure flows the stream of copious thought,  
 While nature pours the genial strain,  
 With fairest springs of learning fraught ;

The



The treasures of each clime and age,  
Grace and enrich his sacred page.

III.

So while thro' Britain's fields her Thames,  
Prolific rolls his silver tide ;  
The tribute of a thousand streams,  
Swells the majestic river's pride ;  
And where his gen'rous current strays,  
The wealth of either world conveys.

IV.

Far other, is that wretch's song ;  
Whose scanty rill devoid of force,  
With idle tinklings creeps along,  
A narrow, crooked, dubious course ;  
Or foul with congregated floods,  
Spreads a wide waste o'er plains, and woods.

V.

In action thus the mind exprefs'd  
High soars in Pope the true sublime ;  
A Stow unfolds a Cobham's breast,  
A Bavius crawls in doggrel rhyme.  
Thro' all their various works we trace,  
The greatly virtuous and the base.

*An ODE.*

[ *By the Same.* ]

I.

**T**OO anxious for the public weal;  
A while suspend the toilsome strife!  
O think if Britain claims thy zeal,  
Thy friends, and Britain claim thy life!

II.

Thy gen'rous, free, and active soul;  
Inspir'd by glory's sacred flame,  
Springs ardent to the distant goal,  
And strains the weaker mortal frame.

III.

Happy whom reason deigns to guide,  
Secure within the golden mean;  
Who shuns the Stoic's senseless pride,  
Nor wallows with the herd obscene.

IV.

He nor with brow severely bent,  
Chides pleasure's smiling train away;  
Nor careless of life's great intent,  
With folly wastes each heedless day.

V.

But from the mountain's lofty height,  
Nor nature's mighty frame surveys;  
And now descending with delight,  
Along the humble valley strays.

So have I seen thee gain applause,  
 Tho' faction rag'd, from Britain's peers ;  
 Then glorious in thy country's cause,  
 Go whisper love in Chloe's ears.

## TO MANKIND: *An ODE.*

[*By the Same.*]

### I.

**I**S there, or do the schoolmen dream ?  
 Is there on earth a pow'r supreme,  
 The delegate of heav'n ?  
 To whom an uncontroll'd command,  
 In ev'ry realm o'er sea and land,  
 By special grace is giv'n ?

### II.

Then say, what signs this God proclaim ?  
 Dwells he amidst the diamonds flame,  
 A throne his hallow'd shrine ?  
 The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array,  
 Want, Fear, and Impotence betray :  
 Strange proofs of pow'r divine !

### III.

If service due to human kind,  
 To men in slothful ease reclin'd,  
 Can form a sov'reign's claim :  
 Hail monarchs ! ye, whom heav'n ordains,  
 Our toils unshar'd, to share our gains,  
 Ye ideots, blind and lame !

### IV.

Superior virtue, wisdom, might,  
 Create and mark the ruler's right,

So reason must conclude :  
Then thine it is, to whom belong  
These wise, the virtuous, and the strong,  
Thrice sacred multitude !

V.

In thee, vast ALL ! are these contain'd,  
For thee are those, thy parts ordain'd,  
So nature's systems roll :  
The scepter's thine, if such there be ;  
If none there is, then thou art free,  
Great monarch ! mighty whole !

VI.

Let the proud tyrant rest his cause  
On faith, prescription, force, or laws,  
An host's or senate's voice !  
His voice affirms thy stronger due,  
Who for the many made the few,  
And gave the species choice.

VII.

Unsanctify'd by thy command,  
Unown'd by thee, the scepter'd hand  
The trembling slave may bind.  
But loose from nature's moral ties,  
The oath by force impos'd belies  
The unassenting mind.

VIII.

Thy will's thy rule, thy good its end ;  
You punish only to defend  
What parent nature gave :  
And he who dares her gifts invade  
By nature's oldest law is made  
Thy victim or thy slave.

IX. Thus



IX.

Thus reason founds the just decree  
On universal liberty,

Not private rights resign'd :  
Through various nature's wide extent,  
No private beings e'er were meant  
To hurt the gen'ral kind.

X.

Thee justice guides, thee right maintains,  
Th' oppressor's wrongs, the pilf'rer's gains,  
Thy injur'd weal impair.  
Thy warmest passions soon subside,  
Nor partial envy, hate, nor pride,  
Thy temper'd counsels share.

XI.

Each instance of thy vengeful rage,  
Collected from each clime and age,  
Tho' malice swell the sum,  
Would seem a spotless scanty roll,  
Compar'd with Marius' bloody scroll,  
Or Sylla's hippodrome.

XII.

But thine has been imputed blame,  
Th' unworthy few assume thy name,  
The rabble weak and loud ;  
Or those who on thy ruins feast,  
The lord, the lawyer, and the priest ;  
A more ignoble croud.

XIII.

Avails it thee, if one devours,  
Or lesser spoilers share his pow'rs,

While

While both thy claim oppose ?  
 Monsters who wore thy fully'd crown,  
 Tyrants who pull'd those monsters down,  
 Alike to thee were foes.

XIV.

Far other shone fair freedom's hand,  
 Far other was th' immortal stand,  
 When Hambden fought for thee :  
 They snatch'd from rapine's gripe thy spoils,  
 The fruits and prize of glorious toils,  
 Of arts and industry.

XV.

On thee yet foams the preacher's rage,  
 On thee fierce frowns th' historian's page,  
 A false apostate train :  
 Tears stream adown the martyr's tomb ;  
 Unpity'd in their harder doom,  
 Thy thousands strow the plain.

XVI.

These had no charms to please the sense,  
 No graceful port, no eloquence,  
 To win the muse's throng :  
 Unknown, unsung, unmark'd they lie ;  
 But Cæsar's fate o'ercasts the sky,  
 And nature mourns his wrong.

XVII.

Thy foes, a frontless band, invade ;  
 Thy friends afford a timid aid,  
 And yield up half thy right.  
 Ev'n Locke beams forth a mingled ray,  
 Afraid to pour the flood of day  
 On man's too feeble fight.

XVIII. Hence

XVIII.

Hence are the motely systems fram'd,  
Of right transfer'd, of power reclaim'd ;  
Distinctions weak and vain.  
Wife nature mocks the wrangling herd ;  
For unreclaim'd, and untransfer'd,  
Her pow'rs and rights remain.

XIX.

While law the royal agent moves,  
The instrument thy choice approves,  
We bow through him to you.  
But change, or cease th' inspiring choice,  
The sov'reign sinks a private voice,  
Alike in one, or few!

XX.

Shall then the wretch, whose dastard heart  
Shrinks at a tyrant's nobler part,  
And only dares betray ;  
With reptile wiles, alas ! prevail,  
Where force, and rage, and priest-craft fail,  
To pilfer pow'r away ?

XXI.

O ! shall the bought, and buying tribe,  
The slaves who take, and deal the bribe,  
A people's claims enjoy ?  
So Indian murd'ers hope to gain  
The pow'rs and virtues of the slain,  
Of wretches they destroy.

XXII.

" Avert it, heaven ! you love the brave,  
" You hate the treach'rous, willing slave,

" The

“ The self-devoted head.  
 “ Nor shall an hireling’s voice convey  
 “ That sacred prize to lawless sway,  
 “ For which a nation bled.

XXIII.

Vain pray’r, the coward’s weak resource!  
 Directing reason, active force,  
 Propitious heaven bestows.  
 But ne’er shall flame the thund’ring sky,  
 To aid the trembling herd that fly  
 Before their weaker foes.

XXIV.

In names there dwell no magic charms,  
 The British virtues, British arms  
 Unloos’d our fathers’ band:  
 Say, Greece and Rome! if these shou’d fail,  
 What names, what ancestors avail,  
 To save a sinking land?

XXV.

Far, far from us such ills shall be,  
 Mankind shall boast one nation free,  
 One monarch truly great;  
 Whose title speaks a people’s choice,  
 Whose sovereign will a people’s voice,  
 Whose strength a prosp’rous state.

VERSES



## VERSES to CAMILLA.

[By the Same.]

**W**EARY'D with indolent repose,  
 A life unmix'd with joys or woes ;  
 Where all the lazy moments crept,  
 And every passion, sluggish slept ;  
 I wish'd for love's inspiring pains,  
 To rouse the loiterer in my veins.  
 'Th' officious power my call attends,  
 He who uncall'd his succour lends ;  
 And with a smile of wanton spite,  
 He gave Camilla to my sight.  
 Her eyes their willing captive seize,  
 Her look, her air, her manner please ;  
 New beauties please, unseen before,  
 Or seen, in her they please me more ;  
 And soon, too soon, alas ! I find  
 The virtues of a nobler kind.

Now cheerful springs the morning ray,  
 Now cheerful sinks the closing day ;  
 For every morn with her I walk'd,  
 And every eve with her I talk'd ;  
 With her I lik'd the vernal bloom,  
 With her I lik'd the crowded room ;  
 From her at night I went with pain,  
 And long'd for morn to meet again.

How quick the smiling moments pass,  
 Thro' varying fancy's magic glass !

While

While the gay scene is painted o'er,  
 Where all was one wide blank before :  
 And sweetly sooth'd th' enchanting dream,  
 Till love inspir'd a bolder scheme.

Camilla, stung with grief and shame,  
 Now marks, and shuns the guilty flame ;  
 Fierce anger lighten'd in her face,  
 Then cold reserve assum'd its place.  
 And soon, the wretch's hardest fate,  
 Contempt succeeds declining hate.  
 No more my presence now she flies,  
 She sees me with unheeding eyes ;  
 Sees me with various passion burn,  
 Enrag'd depart, submits return ;  
 Return, with flattering hopes to find  
 Soft pity move her gentler mind.  
 But ah ! her looks were still the same,  
 Unmark'd I went, unmark'd I came ;  
 Unmark'd were all my hopes and fears,  
 While Strephon whispers in her ears.

O jealousy ! distracting guest !  
 Fly to some happy lover's breast ;  
 Fitly with joy thou minglest care,  
 But why inhabit with despair ?

## TO CLARISSA.

[ *By the Same.* ]

'TWAS when the friendly shade of night,  
 Suspends the busy cares of light,  
 And on the various world bestows,  
 Or sprightly joy, or calm repose.  
 With gen'rous wine the glass was crown'd,  
 And mirth, and talk, and toasts went round.

Clarissa came to bless the feast,  
 Clarissa dearly welcome guest.  
 Not such she look'd as when by day  
 She blazes in the diamond's ray ;  
 And adding to each gem a grace,  
 Gives India's wealth the second place,  
 But soft-reclin'd in careless ease,  
 More pleasing, less intent to please.  
 Loose flow'd her hair in wanton pride,  
 Her robe unbound, her zone unty'd ;  
 Half bare to view her milk-white breast,  
 A slender vail scarce shades the rest ;  
 Her eye with sparkling lustre glows,  
 And wit in sweetest accent flows.

Now sooth'd the angel's voice I hear,  
 And drink in love at either ear ;  
 Now stung with wilder rapture gaze,  
 While our eyes meet with blended rays ;

And

And kindling in th'infectious flame,  
I feel what words want pow'r to name.

Awaking from the silent trance,  
Cautious I steal a broken glance ;  
In clam'rous mirth each pang disguise,  
And laughter swell with bursting sighs ;  
For envy, pallid fiend, was there,  
And jealousy with watchful care.

Now ends the feast, each guest retires,  
And with them, all my soul desires,  
Clarissa goes.—Ah ! cruel fate !  
She goes with her ill-sorted mate :  
Sullen and slow he moves along,  
And heavy hums a drowsy song.  
O ! drowsy may the monster lye,  
And instant slumbers seal his eye !  
So shalt thou, best belov'd, escape  
The horrors of a legal rape.

Or, shou'd the brutish instinct goad,  
And thou must bear th' unwelcome load ;  
If struggle, pray'r, pretence be vain,  
To shun what tyrant-laws ordain ;  
Ah ! sparing deal out scanty dues,  
And keep whate'er thou canst refuse !  
Ah ! give no bounding pulse to beat,  
No cheek to glow with genial heat !  
No breast to heave in am'rous play,  
No limbs to twine, no hands to stray !



But sluggish prefs the joyless bed,  
And lie in cold indifference dead ;  
Nor let the blasting spoiler sip  
The fragrance of thy balmy lip !  
To share with him the lover's part,  
Were rank adultery of the heart.

But if in chaster love's despite  
Warm nature catch the known delight ;  
While fierce desires tumultuous rise,  
And rapture melts thy closing eyes ;  
Ah ! be those joys for me design'd,  
And let me rush upon thy mind !  
To me the burning kifs impart,  
On me impress the humid dart,  
For me unlock the nectar'd store,  
Then sigh, and dream the transport o'er !

Thus with her lov'd idea fraught,  
Delusive fancy charms my thought ;  
And joining in the flatt'ring cheat,  
Willing I hug the dear deceit ;  
From fiction real blifs receive,  
And all I fondly wish believe ;  
Nor envy to a husband's arms,  
The dull fruition of her charms.

But when regardless of my truth,  
She smiles on some more favour'd youth ;  
And while he whispers in her ears,  
With more than wonted pleasure hears ;

My

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My jealous thought his voice supplies  
And reads perdition in her eyes.  
Then torn with envy, love, and hate,  
I wish her with her wedded mate.

---

E P I G R A M S.

[ *By the Same.* ]

E P I G R A M I.

**I** Lov'd thee beautiful and kind,  
And plighted an eternal vow ;  
So alter'd are thy face and mind,  
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

E P I G R A M II.

**S**INCE first you knew my am'rous smart,  
Each day augments your proud disdain ;  
'Twas then enough to break my heart,  
And now, thank heav'n ! to break my chain.  
Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me !  
Now let love and hatred cease !  
Half that rigour had undone me,  
All that rigour gives me peace.

E P I G R A M III.

**M**Y heart still hovering round about you,  
I thought I could not live without you ;  
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,  
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

E P I G R A M

EPIGRAM IV.

*Upon the Busts of English worthies, at Stow;*

**A**MONG these chiefs of British race,  
Who live in breathing stone,  
Why has not COBHAM's bust a place?  
The structure was his own.

EPIGRAM V.

**T**HO' cheerful discreet, and with freedom well  
bred,  
She never repented an idle word said.  
Securely she smiles on the forward and bold,  
They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

EPIGRAM VI.

**L**YE on ! while my revenge shall be,  
To speak the very truth of thee.

EPIGRAM VII.

**I** Swore I lov'd, and you believ'd,  
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd ;  
Tho' all I swore was true.  
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,  
A form created in my mind ;  
And thought that form was you.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM VIII.

*On one who first abused and then made love to a LADY;*

**F**OUL ——— with graceless verse,  
The noble ——— dar'd asperse.  
But when he saw her well bespatter'd,  
Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd ;  
He gaz'd and lov'd the hideous elf,  
She look'd so very like himself.  
True sung the bard well known to fame,  
Self-love and social are the same.

EPIGRAM IX.

**S**HE who in secret yields her heart,  
Again may claim it from her lover ;  
But she who plays the trisler's part,  
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.  
Then grant the boon for which I pray !  
'Tis better lend than throw away.

EPIGRAM X.

**T**OM thought a wild profusion great,  
And therefore spent his whole estate.  
WILL thinks the wealthy are ador'd,  
And gleans what misers blush to hoard :  
Their passion, merit, fate the same,  
They thirst and starve alike for fame.

*The*

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*[By M*

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*The DANGER of Writing VERSE.*  
**AN EPISTLE.**

[By Mr. W. WHITEHEAD of Clare-hall in Cambridge]

*Quæ poterant unquam satis expurgare cicuta,  
 Nè melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?*  
 HOR. Ep. 2. Lib. 2.

**Y**OU ask me, sir, why thus by phantoms aw'd,  
 No kind occasion tempts the muse abroad?  
 Why, when retirement sooths this idle art,  
 To fame regardless sleeps the youthful heart.

'Twou'd wrong your judgment, shou'd I fairly say  
 Distrust or weakness caus'd the cold delay;  
 Hint the small diff'rence, till we touch the lyre,  
 Twixt real genius and too strong desire;  
 The human slips, or seeming slips pretend,  
 That rouse the critic, but escape the friend;  
 Nay which, tho' dreadful when the foe pursues,  
 You'd pass, and smile, and still provoke the muse.

Yet, spite of all you think, or kindly feign,  
 My hand will tremble while it grasps the pen.  
 For not in this, like other arts, we try  
 Our light excursions in a summer sky,  
 No casual flights the dang'rous trade admits,  
 But wits once authors, are for ever wits.  
 The fool in prose, like earth's unwieldy son,  
 May oft rise vig'rous, tho' he's oft o'erthrown;

One

One dang'rous crisis marks our rise or fall,  
By all we're courted, or we're shunn'd by all.

What will't avail, that unmatur'd by years,  
My easy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,  
If now condemn'd, my riper lays must bear  
The wise man's censure, and the critic's sneer ?  
Or, still more hard, ev'n where he's valu'd most,  
The man must suffer, if the poet's lost ;  
For wanting wit, be totally undone,  
And barr'd all arts, for having fail'd in one.  
When fears like these his serious thoughts engage,  
No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage ;  
'Tis pow'rful reason holds the streighten'd rein,  
While flutt'ring fancy to the distant plain  
Sends a long look, and spreads her wings in vain.

But grant, for once, th' officious muse has shed  
Her gentlest influence on his infant head.  
Let fears lie vanquish'd, and resounding fame  
Give to the bellowing blast the poet's name.  
And see ! distinguish'd from the croud he moves,  
Each finger marks him, and each eye approves !  
Secure, as Halcyons brooding o'er the deep,  
The waves roll gently, and the thunders sleep,  
Obsequious nature binds the tempest's wings,  
And pleas'd attention listens whilst he sings !

O blissful state ! O more than human joy !  
What shafts can reach him, or what cares annoy ?  
What cares, my friend ? why all that man can know,  
Oppress'd with real, or with fancy'd woe.

Rude

Rude to the world, like earth's first lord expell'd,  
 To climes unknown, from Eden's safer field;  
 No more eternal springs around him breathe,  
 Black air scowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath;  
 Now must he learn, misguided youth, to bear  
 Each varying season of the poet's year;  
 Flattery's full beam, detraction's wintry store,  
 The frowns of fortune, or the pride of pow'r.  
 His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,  
 Each folly blazon'd, and each frailty known.  
 Is he reserv'd?—his sense is so refin'd  
 It ne'er descends to trifle with mankind.  
 Open and free?—they find the secret cause  
 Is vanity, and courts the world's applause.  
 Nay, tho' he speak not, something still is seen,  
 Each change of face betrays a fault within.  
 If grave, 'tis spleen; he smiles but to deride;  
 And downright awkwardness in him is pride.  
 Thus must he steer thro' fame's uncertain seas,  
 Now sunk by censure, and now puff'd by praise;  
 Contempt with envy strangely mix'd endure,  
 Fear'd where carefs'd, and jealous tho' secure.

One fatal rock on which good authors split  
 Is thinking all mankind must like their wit;  
 And the grand business of the world stand still  
 To listen to the dictates of their quill.  
 Hurt if they fail, and yet how few succeed,  
 What's born in leisure men of leisure read;  
 And half of those have some peculiar whim  
 Their test of sense, and read but to condemn.

VOL. I.

K

Besides,

Rude

Besides, on parties now our fame depends;  
 And frowns or smiles, as these are foes or friends:  
 Wit, judgment, nature join; you strive in vain;  
 'Tis keen investive stamps the current strain.  
 Fix'd to one side, like Homer's Gods, we fight,  
 These always wrong, and these for ever right.  
 And would you chuse to see your friend, resign'd  
 Each conscious tie that guides the virtuous mind,  
 Embroil'd in factions, hurl with dreaded skill  
 The random vengeance of his desp'rate quill?  
 'Gainst pride in man with equal pride declaim,  
 And hide ill nature under virtue's name?  
 Or, deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,  
 Flow in full reams of undistinguish'd praise?  
 To vice's grave, or folly's bust bequeath  
 The blushing trophy, and indignant wreath?  
 \* Like Ægypt's priests, bid endless temples rise,  
 And people with earth's pests th' offended skies?

The muse of old her native freedom knew,  
 And wild in air the sportive wand'rer flew;  
 On worth alone her bays eternal strow'd,  
 And found the heroe, ere she hymn'd the God.  
 Nor less the chief her kind support return'd,  
 No drooping muse her slighted labours mourn'd;  
 But stretch'd at ease she prun'd her growing wings,  
 By sages honour'd, and advanc'd by kings.

Ev'n

\* *Qui nescit qualia demens  
 Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat.*

Juv. Sat. 15.



Ev'n knowing Greece confess'd her early claim,  
 And warlike Latium caught the gen'rous flame.  
 Not so our age regards the tuneful tongue,  
 'Tis senseless rapture all, and empty song :  
 No Pollio sheds his genial influence round,  
 No Varus listens whilst the groves resound,  
 Ev'n those who most the muse's charms admire,  
 Would scorn th' assistance of so weak a fire.  
 They ask not fame precarious lays can give,  
 In ev'ry breast their treasur'd forms shall live ;  
 Their widely blazon'd deeds themselves rehearse,  
 And virtue shines without the pomp of verse.

Yet let ev'n these be taught in mystic rhyme,  
 'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of time.  
 Fast to the thread of life, annex'd by fame,  
 A sculptur'd medal bears each human name.  
 O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend,  
 The glitt'ring medal trembles as they bend ;  
 Close but the shears, when chance or nature calls,  
 The birds of rumour catch it as it falls ;  
 A while from bill to bill the trifle's tost,  
 The waves receive it, and 'tis ever lost !

But should the meanest swan that cuts the stream  
 Consign'd to Phœbus, catch the favour'd name,  
 Safe in her mouth she bears the sacred prize  
 To where bright Fame's eternal altars rise.  
 'Tis there the muse's friends true laurels wear,  
 Where † Egypt's monarch reigns, and great Augustus  
 there.

K 2

But

\* *Bacon de augmentis scientiarum.*

† *Ptolemy Philadelphus.*

But why round patrons climb th' ambitious bays ?  
Is interest then the fordid spur to praise ?

\* Shall the same cause, that prompts the chatt'ring jay  
To aim at words, inspire the poet's lay ?  
And is there nothing in the boasted claim  
Of living labours and a deathless name ?  
The pictur'd front, with sacred fillets bound ?  
'The sculptur'd bust with laurels wreath'd around ?  
The annual roses scatter'd o'er his urn,  
And tears to flow from poet's yet unborn ?

Illustrious all ! but sure, to merit these,  
Demands at least the poet's learned ease.  
Say, can the bard attempt what's truly great,  
That pants in secret for his future fate ?  
Him serious toils, and humbler arts engage,  
To make youth easy, and provide for age ;  
While lost in silence hangs his useless lyre,  
And tho' from heav'n it came, fast dies the sacred fire.  
Or grant true genius with superior force  
Bursts ev'ry bond, resistless in its course,  
Yet lives the man, how wild foe'er his aim,  
Would madly barter fortune's smiles for fame !  
Or distant hopes of future ease forego,  
For all the wreaths that all the nine bestow ?  
Well pleas'd to shine, thro' each recording page,  
The hapless Dryden of a shameless age ?

Ill-fated bard ! where-e'er thy name appears,  
The weeping verse a sad memento bears.

\* *Perfius.*

Ah !

Ah! what avail'd th' enormous blaze between  
 Thy dawn of glory, and thy closing scene!  
 When sinking nature asks our kind repairs,  
 Unstrung the nerves, and silver'd o'er the hairs;  
 When stay'd reflection comes uncall'd at last,  
 And grey experience counts each folly past,  
 Untun'd and harsh the sweetest strains appear,  
 And loudest Pæans but fatigue the ear.

'Tis true the man of verse, tho' born to ills,  
 Too oft deserves the very fate he feels.  
 When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,  
 He shares in ev'ry vice with ev'ry lord;  
 Makes to their taste his sober sense submit,  
 And 'gainst his reason madly arms his wit;  
 Heav'n but in justice turns their serious heart  
 To scorn the wretch, whose life belies his art.

He, only he, shou'd haunt the muse's grove,  
 Whom youth might rev'rence and grey hairs approve;  
 Whilst virtue's lore adorns his decent tongue,  
 Pure as his breast, and as his numbers strong.  
 For him wou'd PLATO change their gen'ral fate,  
 And own one poet might improve his state.

Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,  
 Whose sensual lure th' unconscious ear betrays;  
 Wounds the young breast, ere virtue spreads her shield,  
 And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field,  
 Tho' specious rhet'rick each loose thought refine,  
 Tho' music charm'd in ev'ry labour'd line,

The dang'rous verse, to full perfection grown,  
BAVIUS might blush, and QUARLES disdain to own.

Shou'd some MACHAON, whose sagacious soul  
Trac'd blushing nature to her inmost goal,  
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,  
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,  
Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm supply,  
Ease the swoln breast, or close the languid eye ;  
But, exquisitely ill, awake disease,  
And arm with poisons ev'ry baleful breeze :  
What racks, what tortures must his crimes demand  
The more than BORGIA of a bleeding land !  
And is less guilty he, whose shameless page,  
Not to the present bounds its subtil-rage,  
But spreads contagion wide, and stains a future age ?

Forgive me, Sir, that thus the moral strain,  
With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein ;  
Nor think I rove regardless of my theme,  
'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame.  
Not to themselves alone such bards confine  
Fame's just reproach for virtue's injur'd shrine ;  
Profan'd by them, the muse's laurels fade,  
Her voice neglected, and her fame decay'd.  
And the son's son must feel the father's crime,  
A curse entail'd on all the race that rhyme.

New cares appear, new terrors swell the train  
And must we paint 'em ere we close the scene ?  
Say, must the muse th' unwilling task pursue,  
And to compleat her dangers mention you ?



Yes you, my friend, and those whose kind regard  
 With partial fondness views this humble bard :  
 Ev'n you he dreads.—Ah ! kindly cease to raise  
 Unwilling censure by exacting praise.  
 Just to itself the jealous world will claim  
 A right to judge ; to give, or cancel fame.  
 And, if th' officious zeal unbounded flows,  
 The friend too partial is the worst of foes.

\* Behold th' ATHENIAN sage, whose piercing mind  
 Had trac'd the wily lab'rins of mankind,  
 When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care  
 To all those evils man is born to bear.  
 Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,  
 But nobler hopes on juster motives builds ;  
 Bids e'en his foes their future steps attend,  
 And dare to censure, if they dar'd offend.  
 Would thus the poet trust his offspring forth,  
 Or bloom'd our BRITAIN with ATHENIAN worth ;  
 Wou'd the brave foe th' imperfect work engage  
 With honest freedom, not with partial rage,  
 What just productions might the world surprize !  
 What other POPES what other MAROS rise !

But since by foes, or friends, alike deceiv'd,  
 Too little those, and these too much believ'd ;  
 Since the same fate pursues by diff'rent ways,  
 Undone by censure, or undone by praise ;  
 Since bards themselves submit to vice's rule,  
 And party-feuds grow high, and patrons cool ;

K 4

Since,

\* *Platonis Apologia.*

Since, still unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind  
 Rise black in air, and only wait the wind :  
 Let me, O let me, ere the tempest roar,  
 Catch the first gale, and make the nearest shore ;  
 In sacred silence join th' inglorious train,  
 Where humble peace, and sweet contentment reign;  
 If not thy precepts, thy example own,  
 And steal thro' life, not useless, tho' unknown.

---

## TO MR. GARRICK.

[*By the Same.*]

ON old PARNASSUS, t'other day,  
 The Muses met to sing and play ;  
 Apart from all the rest were seen  
 The tragic and the comic queen,  
 Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate  
 On RICH's, or on FLEETWOOD's fate.  
 When, on a sudden, news was brought  
 That GARRICK had the patent got,  
 And both their ladyships again  
 Might now return to Drury-lane.  
 They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed  
 They wish'd the project might succeed,  
 'Twas very possible, the case  
 Was likely too, and had a face—  
 A face! THALIA titt'ring cry'd,  
 And cou'd her joy no longer hide ;  
 Why, sister, all the world must see  
 How much this makes for you and me :

No longer now shall we expose  
 Our unbought goods to empty rows,  
 Or meanly be oblig'd to court,  
 From foreign aid a weak support ;  
 No more the poor polluted scene  
 Shall teem with births of Harlequin ;  
 Or vindicated stage shall feel  
 The insults of the dancer's heel.  
 Such idle trash we'll kindly spare  
 To operas now—they'll want them there,  
 For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year  
 Has quite undone their engineer.

Pugh, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude  
 Reply'd, and smil'd, besides 'tis rude  
 To laugh at foreigners, you know,  
 And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe :  
 For my part, I shall be content  
 If things succeed as they are meant ;  
 And should not be displeas'd to find  
 Some changes of the tragic kind.  
 And say, THALIA, mayn't we hope  
 The stage will take a larger scope ?  
 Shall he whose all-expressive powers  
 Can reach the heights that SHAKSPEARE soars,  
 Descend to touch an humbler key  
 And tickle ears with poetry ;  
 Where every tear is taught to flow  
 Thro' many a line's melodious woe,  
 And heart-felt pangs of deep distress  
 Are fritter'd into similes ?

—O thou, whom nature taught the art  
 To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,  
 Whatever name delight thy ear,  
 OTHELLO, RICHARD, HAMLET, LEAR,  
 O undertake my just defence,  
 And banish all but nature hence!  
 See, to thy aid with streaming eyes  
 The fair afflicted CONSTANCE flies;  
 Now wild as winds in madness tears  
 Her heaving breasts, and scatter'd hairs;  
 Or low on earth disdains relief  
 With all the conscious pride of grief.  
 My PRITCHARD, too in HAMLET's queen—  
 The goddess of the sportive vein—  
 Here stop'd her short, and, with a sneer,  
 My PRITCHARD, if you please, my dear!  
 Her tragic merit I confess,  
 But surely mine's her proper dress;  
 Behold her there with native ease  
 And native spirit, born to please;  
 With all MARIA's charms engage,  
 Or MILWOOD's arts, or TOUCHWOOD's rage,  
 Thro' every foible trace the fair,  
 Or leave the town, and toiler's care  
 To chaunt in forests unconfin'd  
 The wilder notes of ROSALIND.

O thou, where-e'er you fix your praise,  
 BRUTE, DRUGGER, FRIBBLE, RANGER, BAYS!  
 O join with her in my behalf,  
 And teach an audience when to laugh.



So shall buffoons with shame repair  
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,  
And real humour charm the age,  
Tho' FALSTAFF shou'd forsake the stage.

She spoke. MELPOMENE reply'd,  
And much was said on either side ;  
And many a chief, and many a fair  
Were mention'd to their credit there.  
But I'll not venture to display  
What goddesses think fit to say.  
However, GARRICK, this at least  
Appears by both a truth confes'd,  
That their whole fate for many a year  
But hangs on your paternal care.  
A nation's taste depends on you,  
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.  
O think how glorious 'twere to raise  
A theatre to virtue's praise.  
Where no indignant blush might rise,  
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice ;  
But every young attentive ear  
Imbibe the precepts, living there.  
And every unexperienc'd breast  
There feel it's own rude hints express'd,  
And, waken'd by the glowing scene,  
Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite ;  
A few short rules will guide you right.

Conclude

Consult your own good sense in all;  
 Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,  
 Nor e'er descend from reason's laws  
 To court what you command, applause.

---

THE YOUTH and the PHILOSOPHER.

A F A B L E.

[*By the Same.*]

**A** Grecian Youth, of talents rare,  
 Whom Plato's philosophic care  
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,  
 By precept and example too,  
 Wou'd often boast his matchless skill,  
 To curb the steed and guide the wheel.  
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,  
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,  
 The idiot wonder they express'd  
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length quite vain, he needs wou'd shew  
 His master what his art cou'd do;  
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead  
 To Academus' sacred shade.  
 The trembling grove confess'd its fright,  
 The wood-nymphs startled at the sight,  
 The muses drop the learned lyre,  
 And to their inmost shades retire!

Howe'er, the youth with forward air,  
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.

The last refounds, the coursers spring,  
 The chariot marks the rolling ring,  
 And gath'ring crouds with eager eyes,  
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,  
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd ;  
 And now along th' indented plain,  
 The self-same track he marks again,  
 Pursues with care the nice design,  
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling croud ;  
 The youths with emulation glow'd,  
 Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,  
 And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy,  
 For he, deep-judging sage, beheld  
 With pain the triumphs of the field ;  
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,  
 And flush'd with hope, had caught his eye.  
 Alas ! unhappy youth, he cry'd,  
 Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd)  
 With indignation I survey,  
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.  
 The time profusely squander'd there,  
 On vulgar arts beneath thy care,  
 If well employ'd, at less expence,  
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,  
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate  
 To govern men, and guide the state.

The

The *Je ne sçai Quoi*.

A S O N G.

[*By the Same.*]

I.

**Y**ES, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
And CÆLIA has undone me ;  
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how  
The pleasing plague stole on me.

II.

'Tis not her face that love creates,  
For there no graces revel ;  
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates  
Have rather been uncivil.

III.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
There's nothing more than common ;  
And all her sense is only chat,  
Like any other woman.

IV.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm—  
'Twas both perhaps, or neither ;  
In short 'twas that provoking charm  
Of CÆLIA altogether.

A PIPE



A

PIPE of TOBACCO:

In Imitation of

SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.

IMITATION I.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

RECITATIVE.

**O**LD battle-array, big with horror is fled,  
And olive-rob'd peace again lifts up her head.  
Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the blessing of peace;  
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,  
TOBACCO tempers Phœbus' ire,  
When wintry storms around us beat,  
TOBACCO cheers with gentle fire.  
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,  
In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN fleets,  
Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy sweets;  
Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's pow'r,  
And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal! he who knows  
Pleasure which a PIPE bestows;  
Curling eddies climb the room,  
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RACE.

## RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,  
 While wastes of war deform the teeming coast ;  
 BRITANNIA, distant from each hostile sound,  
 Enjoys a PIPE, with ease and freedom crown'd ;  
 E'en restless faction finds itself most free,  
 Or if a slave, a slave to liberty.

## A I R.

Smiling years that gayly run,  
 Round the Zodiac with the sun,  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.  
 BRITISH sons no longer now  
 Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,  
 Nor of crimson combat think,  
 But securely smoke and drink.

## C H O R U S.

Smiling years, that gayly run  
 Round the Zodiac with the sun,  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.

## I M I T A T I O N II.

**L**ITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,  
 Charmer of an idle hour,  
 Object of my warm desire,  
 Lip of wax, and eye of fire :  
 And thy snowy taper waist,  
 With my finger gently brac'd ;  
 And thy pretty swelling crest,  
 With my little stopper prest,

And the sweetest bliss of blisses;  
 Breathing from thy balmy kisses.  
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,  
 Happiest he of happy men;  
 Who when agen the night returns,  
 When agen the taper burns;  
 When agen the cricket's gay,  
 (Little cricket, full of play)  
 Can afford his tube to feed  
 With the fragrant INDIAN weed:  
 Pleasure for a nose divine,  
 Incense of the god of wine.  
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,  
 Happiest he of happy men.

### IMITATION III.

**O** Thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,  
 TOBACCO, fountain pure of limpid truth,  
 That looks the very foul; whence pouring thought  
 Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,  
 And at each puff imagination burns.  
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires  
 Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy praise,  
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.  
 Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines  
 Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,  
 And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.  
 From PÆTOTHEKE with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,  
 Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd  
 Each parent ray; then rudely ram'd illume,  
 With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,

Mark'd

Mark'd with Gobsonian lore ; forth issue clouds,  
 Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,  
 And many-mining fires : I all the while,  
 Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.  
 But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join,  
 In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,  
 Stream life and joy into the muses bowl.  
 Oh be thou still my great inspirer, thou  
 My muse ; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,  
 While I in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,  
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

## I M I T A T I O N IV.

**C**RITICKS avaunt ; TOBACCO is my theme ;  
 Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.  
 And you, court-insects, flutter not too near  
 Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.  
 POLLIO, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,  
 So shall the muse from smoke elicit fire.  
 Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff ;  
 Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff :  
 Lord FOPLIN smokes not—for his teeth afraid :  
 Sir TAWDRY smokes not—for he wears brocade.  
 Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon ;  
 They love no smoke, except the smoke of town ;  
 But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,  
 Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter !  
 Its foes but shew their ignorance ; can he  
 Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree ?  
 The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)  
 Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him—spit.

CITRONIA



CITRONIA vows it has an odious stink ;  
 She will not smoke (ye gods !)—but she will drink :  
 And chaste PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)  
 Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man :  
 Yet crouds remain, who still its worth proclaim,  
 While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame :  
 Fame, of our actions universal spring,  
 For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke, ev'ry thing.

## I M I T A T I O N V.

**B**LEST leaf ! whose aromatic gales dispense  
 To templars modesty, to parsons sense :  
 So raptur'd priests, at fam'd DODONA's shrine  
 Drank inspiration from the steam divine.  
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords  
 Content, more solid than the smile of lords :  
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,  
 The last kind refuge of the WISE and GOOD.  
 Inspir'd by thee, dull Cits adjust the scale  
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.  
 By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,  
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.  
 Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,  
 While supperless he plies the piddling trade.  
 What tho' to love and soft delights a foe,  
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau,  
 Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,  
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.  
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,  
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

I M I T A-

## I M I T A T I O N VI.

**B**OY! bring an ounce of FREEMAN's best,  
And bid the vicar be my guest :

Let all be plac'd in manner due,  
A pot wherein to spit or spue,  
And London Journal, and Free-Briton,  
Of use to light a pipe, or \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

This village, unmolested yet  
By troopers, shall be my retreat :  
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray ;  
Who cannot write or vote for \* .  
Far from the vermin of the town,  
Here let me rather live, my own,  
Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland  
In sweet oblivion lulls the land ;  
Of all which at Vienna passes,  
As ignorant as \* \* Brags is :  
And scorning rascals to caress,  
Extol the days of good Queen BESS,  
When first TOBACCO blest our isle,  
Then think of other Queens—and smile,  
Come jovial pipe, and bring along  
Midnight revelry and song ;  
The merry catch, the madrigal,  
That echoes sweet in City Hall ;  
The Parson's pun, the smutty tale  
Of country justice o'er his ale.

I ask not what the French are doing,  
Or Spain to compass Britain's ruin :  
Britons, if undone, can go,  
Where TOBACCO loves to grow.

---

*The TRIUMPH of INDIFFERENCE.*

I.

**T**HANKS, dear coquet! indulgent cheat!  
Kind heaven, and your more kind deceit,  
At length have set me free :  
No more I sigh, and doat, and pine,  
All ease without, and calm within,  
In peace and liberty.

II.

Cupid no more has power to scorch,  
Time sure has robb'd him of his torch,  
Ne'er was a cooler creature :  
That name no more has such eclat,  
No more my heart goes pit-a-pat  
At sight of each dear feature.

III.

I sleep at night, and sometimes dream,  
Nor you the fond vexatious theme ;  
I wake, nor think about you :  
I meet, I leave you, meet again,  
But feel no mighty joy or pain,  
O with you, or without you.

IV. Now

## IV.

Now with indifference I chat  
 Of eyes, lips, bobbies, and all that,  
 And laugh at former follies :  
 Joke with my rival when we meet,  
 What eye so keen ! what lips so sweet !  
 What skin so soft as Molly's !

## V.

Leave then those little torturing arts,  
 You practise on complying hearts ;  
 They're all in vain, believe me :  
 Whether those eyes look kind or weep,  
 The pouting, or the smiling lip,  
 Will neither please, nor grieve me.

## VI.

From those despotic looks, no more  
 (Once tyrants of each fickle hour)  
 I date my grief and joy :  
 May, tho' you frown, looks sweetly clad ;  
 And dull December's mighty sad,  
 Tho' you stand smiling by.

## VII.

Yet still (for I am quite sincere)  
 You're mighty pretty—true, my dear,  
 But, like your pretty sex,  
 You've here and there, and now and then  
 A failing ; for like other men,  
 I now can spy defects.

## VIII.

Yet once with coward fondness curs'd,  
 My poor weak heart I fear'd would burst



At thought of separation :  
But now despise my feeble chain,  
And blest the salutary pain  
That cur'd me of my passion.

IX.

Impatient of his iron cage,  
The bird thus spends his little rage,  
And 'scapes with shatter'd wings :  
But soon with new-fledg'd pinions soars,  
And hast'ning to his native bow'rs,  
A joyful welcome sings.

X.

Fond female vanity will say,  
These long harangues they sure betray  
A heart that's hankering still :  
This passion so proclaim'd in song,  
This tale so pleasing to the tongue,  
Does it not touch the will ?

XI.

Lovers like soldiers, Molly, dwell  
With pleasure on the horrid tale,  
When all the danger's o'er :  
Like other slaves from fetters free,  
We smile with anxious joy, to see  
The chains which once we wore.

XII.

In kind indulgence to a heart,  
Engag'd in so severe a part,  
This sweet revenge I write :  
Rail, weep, be woman all, for I  
Lull'd in indifference, defy  
Your fondness or your spite.

A frail false maid I lost, but you  
 A man, fond, generous, and true ;  
 Which fortune is the worst ?  
 Try all love's mighty empire round,  
 A faithful lover's seldom found ;  
 A jilt's a common curse.

---

## R I D D L E.

[By Mr. ———]

**T**HROUGH the close covert of the shady  
 grove.

One summer's day it was my chance to rove,  
 Where, shrouded from the sun's too scorching ray,  
 Stretch'd at her ease, half-slumbering Cloe lay.  
 Occasion so inviting who could miss ?  
 Softly I stole, and snatch'd a sudden kiss.  
 Startled at first, the rising blush display'd  
 The quick resentment of the ruffled maid :  
 Lively display'd—for soon it over past ;  
 Such blushing anger never long did last !  
 Quick reconciliation must to rage succeed,  
 Where wrongs ideal solid pleasures breed.  
 Submissive looks my pardon soon obtain'd,  
 And pardon'd love as soon new boldness gain'd.  
 Offending thus, forgiving thus, we lay  
 Long time entranc'd with the alternate play ;  
 'Till warn'd, too soon, by envious night, we part :  
 The thrilling joy still flutters round my heart ;

Thought

Thought still, tho' fainter, paints the glowing bliss,  
On fancy's lip still cleaves the rapt'rous kiss.

But mark the sad effects of casual love,  
And tread with caution in the shady grove.  
In due time, Cloe at my doors appears,  
A fix'd composure on her brow she wears ;  
And guess the cause ; close in her lap conceal'd  
A lovely twin in either hand she held ;  
And take, she cry'd, these pledges of our love,  
These fruits you planted in the shady grove.

Soft as the downy bloom on Cloe's cheek,  
Smooth as the polish'd ivory of her neck,  
Warm as her bosom, white as was her arm,  
So smooth were they and white, so soft and warm.  
Pleas'd I receiv'd them for the giver's sake,  
Heedless what censures strait-lac'd prudes might  
make.

Compliant to my forming hand they grew,  
And with their size encreas'd obedience due.  
As I direct they take th' appointed bent,  
With ev'ry motion, ev'ry beck, consent ;  
Whate'er I want, they reach with ready hand,  
Where-e'er I go, they wait at my command.  
Now at his ease one in my bosom lays,  
While by my side the other wanton plays :  
Now this my hand embraces, t'other free,  
Takes his full swing, and plays at liberty.

Before me hand in hand sometimes they move,  
 Emblems of Friendship, and united love ;  
 Sometimes behind my leading steps they trace  
 Still closely knit in brotherly embrace ;  
 Anon on either side as guards attend,  
 At once adorn me, and at once defend.

Still more and more my love they thus engage,  
 Thus still shall cherish my declining age ;  
 And when th' appointed hour of fate shall come,  
 They'll follow still attendant on my tomb.  
 More lasting far than man's soon-fading breath,  
 Their love extends beyond the vale of death ;  
 They'll hang for ever o'er my much-lov'd bust,  
 Till they themselves, like me, are turn'd to dust.

---

## R I D D L E.

————— *Mortalis in unum*  
*Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus an ater.*

[ *By the Same.* ]

**T**ORN from the fruitful spot on which I grew,  
 Me innocent unnumber'd pains pursue ;  
 Pains more afflicting, as from man they flow,  
 From parent man ! for birth to man I owe.  
 Sometimes on spikes of steel my nerves they rend,  
 Sometimes afunder split from end to end ;  
 In boiling cauldrons now immers'd I lie,  
 Now doom'd the rage of drying fires to try :

There



There while in double torment scorch'd and drown'd,  
 Fast tied I writhe the rigid stake around.  
 Last their fierce hate its utmost effort tries  
 With all Barbarian pomp of sacrifice.  
 The purple fillet round my temples wreathes,  
 From every part the scented urgent breathes ;  
 O'er my white locks the sacred flower is spread  
 Whilst on the fatal block is plac'd my head.  
 Yet with fix'd constancy I bear my doom ;  
 And constancy at last will overcome.  
 From all my tryals I return at length,  
 My worth encreas'd, my beauty, and my strength.  
 The suffering martyr thus in torment dies,  
 In fainted state more glorious to arise.  
 And now I re-assume my native state,  
 My torturers beneath their burden sweat,  
 Slaves in their turn to me, and think it pride  
 If on their subject necks I deign to ride.

Yet still my filial duty I retain,  
 Unchang'd by honours, as unmov'd by pain.  
 Still to mankind a friend, I daily shed  
 My warmest blessings on his parent head ;  
 Around him still with fond embraces twine,  
 As round the elm her tendrils curls the vine.  
 Nor quit him e'er till he to rest repairs,  
 And every morn renew my constant cares.

Ready alike on rich and poor to wait ;  
 I suit myself to every different state.

With priest in whitish drefs array'd I shine,  
 Emblem of purity and truth divine.  
 His solemn face the doctor owes to me,  
 His solemn face, to which he owes his fee.  
 At bench, or bar, I add a dignity  
 To th' upright sentence, or rhetoric plea ;  
 Hence without me no judge explains the laws,  
 Nor coifed council pleads the puzzling cause ;  
 In fullest floods my bounty show'rs on them  
 Profuse, descending to the garment's hem.  
 Gorgeous in filken garb I grace the beau ;  
 And all around ambrosial fragrance throw ;  
 Nor less decorous, tho' with dust o'erspread,  
 When to the camp the valiant warriors lead,  
 Gorgonian terrors to each mein I add,  
 And still their weakest part with care I shade.

---

## R I D D L E.

[*By the Same.*]

**M**Y size is large, my shape's uncouth,  
 I've neither limb nor feature ;  
 Men's hands have form'd my skin so smooth ;  
 My guts were made by nature.

Nor male nor female is my sex,  
 You'll scarce believe my troth ;  
 For when I've told you all my tricks,  
 You'll swear 'tmust needs be both.

For

For oft my master lies with me,  
 His wife I oft enjoy ;  
 Yet she's no whore, no cuckold he,  
 And true to both am I.

My cloaths nor women fit, nor men,  
 They're neither coat nor gown ;  
 Yet oft both men and maidens, when  
 They're naked, have them on.

When I'm upon my legs, I lie,  
 Yet legs in truth I've none ;  
 And never am I seen so high  
 To rise as when I'm down.

What's oft my belly's oft my back,  
 And what my feet, my head ;  
 And though I'm up, I have a knack  
 Of being still a bed.

L 3

A SON.

## A S O N N E T.

On the CANTOS of SPENSER's *Fairy Queen*,  
lost in the Passage from *Ireland*.

**W**O worth the man, who in ill hour assay'd  
To tempt that western frith with vent'rous  
keel,

And seek what heav'n, regardful of our weal,  
Had hid in fogs, and night's eternal shade.

Ill-starr'd Hibernia ! well art thou appaid  
For all the woes, that Britain made thee feel  
By Henry's wrath, and Pembroke's conqu'ring  
steel,

Who sack'd thy towns, and castles disarray'd :

No longer now with idle sorrow mourn  
Thy plunder'd wealth, or liberties restrain'd,  
Nor deem their victories thy loss or shame ;  
Severe revenge on Britain in thy turn  
And ample spoils thy treach'rous waves obtain'd,  
Which sunk one half of Spenser's deathless fame.

## S O N N E T II.

**Y**OUNG, fair, and good ! ah why should young  
and fair

And good be huddled in untimely grave ?  
Must so sweet flow'r so brief a period have,  
Just bloom and charm, then fade and disappear ?

Yet



Yet our's the loss, who ill alas can spare  
 The bright example, which thy virtues gave ;  
 The guerdon thine, whom gracious heav'n did save  
 From longer trial in this vale of care.

Rest then, sweet faint, in peace and honor rest,  
 While our true tears bedew thy maiden hearse,  
 Light lie the earth upon thy lovely breast ;  
 And let a grateful heart with grief oppress'd  
 To thy dear mem'ry consecrate this verse,  
 Though all too mean for who deserves the best.

### SONNET III.

*To the Right Hon. Mr.-----, with the foregoing*  
 SONNETS.

**T**HOU, who successive in that honor'd seat  
 Presid'st, the feuds of jarring Chiefs to 'swage,  
 To check the boisterous force of Party rage,  
 Raise modest worth, and guide the high debate,

Sometimes retiring from the toil of State,  
 Thou turn'st th' instructive Greek or Roman page,  
 Or what our British Bards of later age  
 In scarce inferior numbers can relate :

Amid this feast of Mind, when Fancy's Child,  
Sweet SHAKESPEARE, wraps the soul to virtuous  
deed,

When SPEECHES warbling tune his Doric lays,  
Or the first Man from Paradise exil'd

Great MILTON sings, can aught my rustic reed  
Presume to sound, that may deserve thy praise?

*An Epistle from a SWISS OFFICER,*  
TO HIS  
FRIEND at Rome.

FROM horrid mountains ever hid in snow,  
And barren lands, and dreary plains below ;  
To you, dear sir, my best regards I send,  
The weakest reas'ner, as the truest friend.  
Your arguments, that vainly strive to please,  
Your arts, your country, and your palaces ;  
What signs of Roman grandeur still remain—  
Much you have said ; and much have said in vain.  
Fine pageants these for slaves, to please the eye ;  
And put the neatest drefs on misery !

Bred up to slav'ry and dissembled pain,  
Unhappy man ! you trifle with your chain :  
But shou'd your friend with your desires comply,  
And sell himself to Rome and slavery ;

He

He could not wear his trammels with that art,  
Or hide the noble anguish of his heart :  
You'd soon repent the livery you gave ;  
For, trust me, I shou'd make an awkward slave.

Falsely you blame our barren rocks and plains,  
Happy in freedom and laborious swains :  
Our peasants chearful to the field repair,  
And can enjoy the labours of the year ;  
Whilst yours, beneath some tree, with mournful eyes,  
Sees for his haughty lord his harvests rise :  
Then silent sighs ; but stops his slavish breath :  
He silent sighs ; for should he speak, 'tis death.  
Hence from our field the lazy grain we call,  
Too much for want, for luxury too small ;  
Whilst all Campania's rich inviting soil  
Scarce knows the plowshare, or the reaper's toil.

In arms we breed our youth. To dart from far,  
And aim aright the thunder of the war ;  
To whirl the faulchion, and direct the blow ;  
To ward the stroke, or bear upon the foe.  
Early in hardships thro' the woods they fly,  
Nor feel the piercing frost, or wintry sky ;  
Some prowling wolf or foamy boar to meet,  
And stretch the panting savage at their feet :  
Inur'd by this, they seek a nobler war,  
And show an honest pride in ev'ry scar ;  
With joy the danger and the blood partake,  
Whilst ev'ry wound is for their country's sake.  
But you, soft warriors, forc'd into the field,  
Or faintly strike, or impotently yield ;

For well this universal truth you know,  
Who fights for tyrants is his country's foe.

I envy not your arts, the Roman schools,  
Improv'd, perhaps, but to inflave your souls.  
May you to stone, or nerves or beauty give,  
And teach the soft'ning marble how to live ;  
May you the passions in your colours trace,  
And work up every piece with every grace :  
In airs and attitudes be wond'rous wise,  
And know the arts to please, or to surprize ;  
In music's softest sound consume the day,  
Sounds that would melt the warrior's soul away :  
Vain efforts these, an honest fame to raise ;  
Your painters, and your eunuchs, be your praise :  
Grant us more real goods, ye heav'nly pow'rs !  
Virtue, and arms, and liberty be ours.

Weak are yours offers to the free and brave ;  
No bribe, can purchase me to be a slave.  
Hear me, ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye plains,  
The happy bounds of our Helvetian swains !  
In thee, my country, will I fix my seat ;  
Nor envy the poor wretch, that would be great :  
My life and arms I dedicate to thee ;  
For, know, it is my interest to be free.

The



## The B E A U T I E S.

An E P I S T L E to Mr. *Eckardt* the Painter.

**D**ESPONDING artist, talk no more  
Of Beauties of the days of yore,  
Of Goddesses renown'd in Greece  
And ZEUXIS' composition-piece,  
Where every nymph that could at most  
Some single grace or feature boast,  
Contributed her favourite charm  
To perfect the ideal form.  
'Twas CYNTHIA's brow, 'twas LESBIA's eye,  
'Twas CLOE's cheeks' vermilion dye ;  
ROXANA lent the noble air,  
Dishevell'd flow'd ASPASIA's hair,  
And CUPID much too fondly press'd  
His mimic mother THAIS' breast.

Antiquity, how poor thy use !  
A single Venus to produce !  
Friend Eckardt, ancient story quit,  
Nor mind whatever Pliny writ ;  
Felibien and Fresnoy declaim,  
Who talk of Raphael's matchless Fame,  
Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,  
And Carlo's each Madonna face.  
As if no Beauties now were made,  
But Nature had forgot her trade,  
'Twas beauty guided Raphael's line  
From heavenly Women, styl'd divine ;

They

They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,  
 And what he could not taste he drew :  
 Think you Devotion warm'd his breast  
 When Carlo with such looks express'd  
 His virgins, that her vot'ries feel  
 Emotions——not, I'm sure, of zeal ?

In Britain's isle observe the Fair,  
 And curious chuse your models there ;  
 Such patterns as shall raise your name  
 To rival sweet Corregio's fame :  
 Each single piece shall be a test,  
 And Zeuxis' patchwork be a jest ;  
 Who ransack'd Greece, and cull'd the age  
 To bring one Goddess on the stage :  
 On your each canvass we'll admire  
 The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majestic Juno shall be seen  
 In \* HARVEY's glorious awful mien.  
 Where † FITZROY moves, resplendent Fair ;  
 So warm her bloom, sublime her air,  
 Her ebon tresses form'd to grace,  
 And heighten while they shade her face :  
 Such troops of martial youth around,  
 Who court the Hand that gives the wound ;

'Tis

\* *Miss Harvey, now Mrs. Phipps.*

† *Lady Caroline Fitzroy,*

'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confess'd,  
 Tho' \* STANHOPE's more than Paris blest'd.  
 So † CLEVELAND shone in warlike pride,  
 By Lilly's pencil deify'd :  
 So ‡ GRAFTON, matchless dame, commands  
 The fairest work of Kneller's hands :  
 The blood that warm'd each amorous court,  
 In veins as rich still loves to sport :  
 And George's age beholds restor'd,  
 What William boasted, Charles ador'd.

For Venuses the Trojan ne'er  
 Was half so puzzled to declare :  
 Ten Queens of Beauty, sure I see!  
 Yet sure the true is § EMILY :  
 Such majesty of youth and air,  
 Yet modest as the village fair :  
 Attracting all, indulging none,  
 Her beauty like the glorious Sun  
 Thron'd eminently bright above,  
 Impartial warms the world to love.

In smiling || CAPLE's bounteous look  
 Rich Autumn's Goodness is mistook,

With

\* Lord Peterham.

† The Duchess of Cleveland like Pallas among the  
 beauties at Windsor.

‡ The Duchess of Grafton, among the beauties at  
 Hampton-Court.

§ Lady Emily Lenox, now Countess of Kildare.

|| Lady Mary Capel.

With poppies and with spiky corn,  
 Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;  
 And by her side, in decent line,  
 Place charming \* BERKLEY, Proserpine.  
 Mild as a summer sea, serene,  
 In dimpled beauty next be seen,  
 † AYLESBURY like hoary Neptune's Queen.

With her the light-dispensing Fair,  
 Whose beauty gilds the morning air,  
 And bright as her attendant sun,  
 The new Aurora, ‡ LYTLETON.  
 Such § Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,  
 And in ethereal colours dip'd,  
 In measur'd dance to tuneful song  
 Drew the sweet Goddess, as along  
 Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet spread,  
 The buxom Hours she fairest led.

The crescent on her brow display'd,  
 In curls of loveliest brown inlaid,  
 With every charm to rule the night,  
 Like Dian, || STRAFFORD wooes the sight;  
 The easy shape, the piercing eye,  
 The snowy bosom's purity,  
 The unaffected gentle phrase  
 Of native wit in all she says;

Eckardt,

\* Countess of Berkley.

† Countess of Aylesbury.

‡ Mrs. Lytleton.

§ Guido's Aurora in the Respiglieri Palace at Rome.

|| Countess of Strafford.



Eckardt, for these thy art's too faint :  
You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine  
On the young Goddess lov'd to shine ;  
From \* CARPENTER we guess, or see  
All-beauteous † MANNERS beam from thee;

How pretty Flora, wanton maid,  
By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide shade,  
With rosy hand coquetly throwing  
Pansies, beneath her sweet touch blowing ;  
How blithe she look'd, let ‡ FANNY tell ;  
Let Zephyr own if half so well.

Another § Goddess of the year,  
Fair Queen of summer, see, appear ;  
Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,  
Her panting bosom loosely bound,  
Ethereal beauty in her face,  
Rather the beauties of her race,  
Whence ev'ry Goddess, envy smit,  
Must own each Stonehouse meets in || PITT.

Exhausted all the heav'nly train,  
How many Mortals yet remain,  
Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,  
And in my Numbers claim a part !

Or

\* *Miss Carpenter.*

† *Miss Manners.*

‡ *Miss Fanny Maccartney.*

§ *Pomona.*

|| *Miss Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt.*

Eckardt,

Rome.

Our sister Muses must describe  
 \* CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe ;  
 And † JULIANA with the Nine  
 Shall aid the melancholy line,  
 To weep her dear ‡ resemblance gone,  
 Where all these beauties met in one.  
 Sad fate of beauty ! more I see,  
 Afflicted, lovely family !  
 Two beauteous nymphs, here, painter, place,  
 Lamenting o'er their § sister Grace,  
 ¶ One, matron-like, with sober grief,  
 Scarce gives her pious sighs relief \*  
 While \*\* t'other lovely maid appears  
 In all the melting pow'r of tears ;  
 The softest form, the gentlest grace,  
 The sweetest harmony of face ;  
 Her snowy limbs, and artless move.  
 Contending with the queen of love,  
 While bashful beauty shuns the prize,  
 Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

THE

\* M. Chudleigh.

† L. Juliana Farmor.

‡ L. Sophia Farmor, *Countess of Granville.*

§ Miss Mary Evelyn.

¶ Mrs. Boone.

\*\* Miss Elizabeth Evelyn.

## The RESOLUTION:

## An ELEGY.

*Written in the Year 1742.*

**T**OO much my heart of beauty's pow'r hath  
known :

Too long to love hath reason left the throne ;  
Too long my better genius mourn'd his chain,  
And youth's unvalued hours consum'd in vain.  
My wishes, lull'd with soft, inglorious dreams,  
Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes ;  
Thro' many a painted vale and fairy grove,  
Thro' all th' enchanted paradise of love,  
Misled by sickly hope's delusive flame ;  
Averse to action, and renouncing fame.

At length the visionary scenes decay :  
At length my eyes confess the new-born day,  
Whose faithful beams detect the dang'rous road  
In which my heedless feet securely trod ;  
And strip the phantoms of their lying charms,  
Which lur'd my soul from wisdom's peaceful arms.  
Now for smooth streams, and banks bespread with  
flow'rs,  
For myrtle walks, and amarathine bow'rs ;  
Lo, barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,  
And rocks incumbent o'er unfathom'd floods.  
For happy smiles, for openness of heart,  
Looks bright with love, and passion scorning art ;  
Lo,

Lo, sullen spite, and cunning lust of gain,  
And cruel pride, and insolent disdain.  
For graceful ease, lo, affectation walks;  
And dull half-sense for wit and wisdom talks.

O youth, whoe'er dost beauty's paths attend,  
Paths which in love's perfidious mansion end,  
O learn from me what pomp surrounds his throne:  
For I have known the place, too well have known.  
There burning fury heav'n and earth defies;  
And dumb despair in icy fetters lies:  
And black suspicion bends his gloomy brow,  
The unblest image of himself to view;  
And blind belief, with all a lover's flame,  
Sinks in those arms which clothe his head with shame:  
There woe dejection, falt'ring as he goes,  
In shades and silence vainly seeks repose;  
Musing thro' pathless wilds consumes the day,  
Then, lost in darkness, weeps the hours away.  
There the gay train of luxury advance,  
To Lydian sounds adapting Circe's dance.  
On every head the vernal garland glows,  
In every hand the purple goblet flows:  
The Syren views them with exulting eyes;  
And laughs at bashful virtue, as she flies.

Are these delights which I should wish to gain?  
Is this th' elysium of a sober brain?  
To watch for happiness in female smiles;  
Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles:  
Her mercy, with a coward's skill, to crave;  
Bless her hard bounds, and boast to be her slave:



To feel for trifles a distracting train  
 Of fears and wishes, equally in vain :  
 This hour to tremble, and the next to glow—  
 Can pride, can human sense descend so low ;  
 When virtue, at an easier price, displays  
 The sacred wreath of honourable praise ;  
 When wisdom utters her divine decree,  
 To laugh at serious folly, and be free ?

I bid adieu then to these woful scenes :  
 I bid adieu to all the sex of queens.  
 Adieu to every suff'ring, simple soul,  
 Who lets a woman's will his peace controul.  
 There laugh ye witty, and rebuke ye grave—  
 I scorn to boast that I have been a slave.  
 I bid the whining brotherhood, begone—  
 Joy to my heart ! my wishes are my own.  
 Farewel the female heav'n, the female hell :  
 To thee, great God of Love, a glad farewel.  
 Thy wild mis-rule at length has freed my heart ;  
 And reason, passion force thee to depart.  
 —But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way ?  
 Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,  
 When crouds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,  
 And countless victims bow them to the stroke ?  
 Lo, round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,  
 Warm with the gentle ardours of romance ;  
 Each vows t'assert his nymph with feats of arms,  
 Till hostile champions kneeling own her charms,  
 Ten thousand girls, with rosy chaplets crown'd,  
 To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound :

Each

Each bids the stream in murmurs tell her flame,  
 Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.  
 But if thy pride such obvious honour scorn,  
 If nobler off'rings must thy shrine adorn,  
 To yonder rev'rend maid direct thy wing,  
 To that rich harvest of the fiftieth spring.  
 Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,  
 And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins;  
 Thy wishful warmth her frosty cheek shall dye,  
 And dreams of rapture melt her mandlin eye.

Be these thy glories. But no more presume  
 That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.  
 I know thy pany force, thy simple wiles;  
 I break triumphant thro' thy slender toils.  
 I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,  
 Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow:  
 I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,  
 For active science and ingenuous fame;  
 Resume the paths my earlier choice began,  
 And lose with pride the lover in the man.

---

## AN ODE to FANCY.

[By the Rev. Mr. Joseph Warton.]

O Parent of each lovely muse,  
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,  
 O'er all my artless songs preside,  
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,

To offer at thy turf-built shrine,  
 In golden cups no costly wine,  
 No murder'd fat'ling of the flock,  
 But flowers and honey from the rock.

O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,  
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,  
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,  
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,  
 Waving in thy snowy hand

An all-commanding magic wand,  
 Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow  
 'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,  
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey  
 Thro' air, and over earth and sea,  
 While the vast various landscape lies  
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.

O lover of the desert, hail !

Say, in what deep and pathless vale,  
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,

'Midst falls of water you reside,

'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,

With green and grassy dales between,

'Midst forests dark of aged oak,

Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,

Where never human art appear'd,

Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,

Where NATURE seems to sit alone,

Majestic on a craggy throne :

Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,

To thy unknown sequester'd cell,

Where woodbines cluster round the door,

Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,

And

And on whose top an hawthorn blows,  
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs  
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,  
 Each evening warbling thee to rest ;  
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,  
 Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream,  
 In converse while methinks I rove  
 With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove ;  
 Till suddenly awak'd, I hear  
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,  
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd  
 By the sweetly-soothing sound !  
 Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,  
 Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,  
 Where JOY and white-rob'd PEACE resort,  
 And VENUS keeps her festive court,  
 Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,  
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,  
 Nodding their lily-crowned heads,  
 Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads ;  
 Where ECHO walks steep hills among,  
 List'ning to the shepherd's song :  
 Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy,  
 Can long my pensive mind employ,  
 Haste, FANCY, from the scenes of folly  
 To meet the matron MELANCHOLY,  
 Goddess of the tearful eye,  
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh ;  
 Let us with silent footsteps go  
 To charnels and the house of woe,  
 To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,  
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,

With



With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,  
 Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;  
 Or to some Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,  
 Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,  
 The naked beggar shivering lies,  
 While whistling tempests round her rise,  
 And trembles lest the tottering wall  
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,  
 For my heart glows with martial fire,  
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,  
 My big tumultuous bosom beat ;  
 The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,  
 A thousand widow's shrieks I hear,  
 Give me another horse, I cry,  
 Lo ! the base GALLIC squadrons fly ;  
 Whence is this rage ?—what spirit, say,  
 To battle hurries me away ?  
 'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,  
 Transports me to the thickest war,  
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,  
 Where tumult and destruction reign ;  
 Where mad with pain, the wounded steed  
 Tramples the dying and the dead ?  
 Where giant terror stalks around,  
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,  
 And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,  
 Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield !

O guide me from this horrid scene  
 To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,

Which

Which lovely LAURA seeks to shun  
 The fervors of the mid-day sun ;  
 The pangs of absence, O remove,  
 For thou can'st place me near my love,  
 Can'st fold in visionary bliss,  
 And let me think I steal a kiss,  
 While her ruby lips dispense  
 Luscious nectar's quintessence !  
 When young-ey'd SPRING profusely throws  
 From her green lap the pink and rose,  
 When the soft turtle of the dale  
 To SUMMER tells her tender tale,  
 When AUTUMN cooling caverns seeks,  
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,  
 When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,  
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,  
 At every season let my ear  
 Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear.  
 O warm, enthusiastic maid,  
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,  
 That breathes an energy divine,  
 That gives a soul to every line,  
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane  
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,  
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,  
 Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.  
 O hear our pray'r, O hither come  
 From thy lamented SHAKESPEARE'S tomb,  
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,  
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave ;  
 O queen of numbers, once again  
 Animate some chosen swain,

Who

Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,  
 May rise above the rhyming throng,  
 Who with some new, unequall'd song  
 May boldly finite the sounding lyre,  
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,  
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,  
 With terror shake, with pity move,  
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.  
 O deign t'attend his evening walk,  
 With him in groves and grottos talk :  
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art,  
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart ;  
 Like light'ning, let his mighty verse  
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce ;  
 With native beauties win applause,  
 Beyond cold criticks studied laws :  
 O let each Muse's fame encrease,  
 O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE !

## THE FEMALE-DRUM :

*Or, the Origin of CARDS. A Tale.*

Address'd to the Honourable Miss CARPENTER.

**T**HOU, whom to counsel is to praise,  
 With candour view these friendly lays,  
 Nor, from the vice of gaming free,  
 Believe the satire points at thee ;  
 Who truth and worth betimes can't prize,  
 Nor yet too sprightly to be wise.

VOL. I.

M

But

Who

But hear this tale of ancient time,  
Nor think it vain, tho' told in rhyme.

Elate with wide-extended pow'r,  
Sworn rivals from the natal hour,  
Av'rice and Sloth, with hostile art  
Contented long for woman's heart :  
She fond of wealth, afraid of toil,  
Still shifted the capricious smile ;  
By turns, to each the heart was sold,  
Now bought with ease, and now with gold ;  
Scarce either grasp the for'reign sway,  
When chance revers'd the prosp'rous day.  
The doubtful strife was still renew'd,  
Each baffled oft, but ne'er subdu'd ;  
When Av'rice shew'd the glitt'ring prize,  
And hopes and fears began to rise,  
Sloth shed on ev'ry busy sense  
The gentle balm of indolence.  
When Sloth had screen'd, with artful night,  
The soft pavilion of delight ;  
Stern Av'rice, with reproachful frown,  
Would scatter thorns amongst her down.

Thus each by turns the realm controul'd,  
Which each in turn despair'd to hold ;  
At length unable to contend,  
They join to chuse a common friend,  
To close in love the long debate,  
Such love, as mutual fears create ;  
A friend they chose, a friend to both,  
Of Av'rice born, and nurs'd by Sloth ;



An artful nymph, whose reign began  
 When wisdom ceas'd to dwell with man;  
 In wisdom's awful robes array'd,  
 She rules o'er politics and trade;  
 And by the name of CUNNING known,  
 Makes wealth, and fame, and pow'r her own.

In quest of CUNNING then they rove  
 O'er all the windings of the grove,  
 Where twining boughs their shades unite,  
 For CUNNING ever flies the light;  
 At length thro' maze perplex'd with maze,  
 Through tracts confus'd, and private ways,  
 With sinking hearts and weary feet,  
 They gain their fav'rite's dark retreat;  
 There, watchful at the gate, they find  
 SUSPICION, with her eyes behind;  
 And wild ALARM, awaking, blows  
 The trump that shakes the world's repose.

The guests well-known, salute the guard,  
 The hundred gates are soon unbarr'd;  
 Through half the gloomy cave they press,  
 And reach the wily queen's recess;  
 The wily queen disturb'd, they view,  
 With schemes to fly, though none pursue;  
 And, in perpetual care to hide,  
 What none will ever seek, employ'd.

' Great queen (they pray'd) our feuds compose,  
 ' And let us never more be foes.'

“ This hour (she crys) your discord ends,  
 “ Henceforth, be SLOTH and AV’RICE friends ;  
 “ Henceforth with equal pride, prepare  
 “ To rule at once the captive-fair.”

Th’ attentive pow’rs, in silence heard,  
 Nor utter’d what they hop’d or fear’d,  
 But search in vain the dark decree,  
 For CUNNING loves obscurity ;  
 Nor wou’d she soon her laws explain,  
 For CUNNING ever joys to pain.

She then before their wond’ring eyes,  
 Bids piles of painted paper rise ;  
 “ Search now these heaps, (she crys) here find  
 “ Fit emblem of your pow’r combin’d.”  
 The heap to AV’RICE first she gave,  
 Who soon descry’d her darling knave ;  
 And SLOTH, ere Envy long cou’d sting,  
 With joyful eyes beheld a king.

“ These gifts (said CUNNING) bear away,  
 “ Sure engines of despotic sway ;  
 “ These charms dispense o’er all the ball,  
 “ Secure to rule where’er they fall.  
 “ The love of cards, let SLOTH infuse,  
 “ The love of money soon ensues ;  
 “ The strong desire shall ne’er decay,  
 “ Who plays to win, shall win to play ;  
 “ The breast, where love had plann’d his reign,  
 “ Shall burn, unquench’d with lust of gain ;  
 “ And all the charms that wit can boast,  
 “ In dreams of better luck be lost.”

Thus

Thus neither innocent, nor gay,  
The useless hours shall fleet away,  
While TIME o'erlooks the trivial strife,  
And, scoffing, shakes the sands of life ;  
'Till the wan maid, whose early bloom  
The vigils of quadrille consume ;  
Exhausted, by the pangs of play,  
To SLOTH and AV'rice falls a prey.

To Mr. F O X.

From HAMPTON-COURT, 1731.

[By the late Lord H----y.]

*Bona loco res humane sunt, quod nemo, nisi vitio suo,  
miser est,* SENECA in Epist.

**W**HILST in the fortunes of the gay and great,  
The glare of courts, and luxury of state :  
All that the meaner covet and deplore,  
The pomp of wealth, and insolence of pow'r :  
Whilst in these various scenes of gilded life,  
Of fraud, ambition, policy, and strife ;  
Where every word is dictated by art,  
And ev'ry face the mask of ev'ry heart ;  
Whilst with such diff'rent objects entertain'd,  
In all that's really felt, and all that's feign'd,  
I speculate on human joys and woes,  
Till from my pen the verse spontaneous flows :  
To whom these artless offerings should I bring,  
To whom these undigested numbers sing,

M 3

But

Thus

But to a friend ?—and to what friend but you,  
 Safe, just, ſincere, indulgent, kind and true ?  
 Disdain not then theſe trifles to attend,  
 Nor fear to blame, nor ſtudy to commend.  
 Say, where falſe notions erring I purſue,  
 And with the plauſible confound the true ;  
 Correct with all the freedom that I write ;  
 And guide my darken'd reaſon with thy light.

Thou partial heav'n has bleſs'd, profuſely kind,  
 With wit, with judgment, and a taſte refin'd.  
 Thy fancy rich, and thy obſervance true,  
 The laſt ſtill wakeful, and the firſt ſtill new.  
 Rare bleſſings ! and to few divided known,  
 But giv'n united to thyſelf alone.  
 Inſtruction are thy words, and lively truth,  
 The ſchool of age, and the delight of youth.

When men their various diſcontents relate,  
 And tell how wretched this our mortal ſtate ;  
 That life is but diverſify'd diſtreſs,  
 The lot of all, and hardly more or leſs ;  
 That kings and villagers have each their ſhare,  
 Theſe pinch'd with mean, and thoſe with ſplendid care ;  
 That ſeeming pleaſure is intrinsic woe,  
 And all call'd happineſs, deluſive ſhow ;  
 Food only for the ſnakes in envy's breaſt,  
 Who often grudges what is ne'er poſſeſs'd,  
 Say, for thou know'ſt the follies of mankind,  
 Can'ſt tell how obſtinate, perverſe, and blind ;  
 Say, are we thus oppreſs'd by nature's laws,  
 Or of our miſeries, ourſelves the cauſe ?

Sure



Sure oft, unjustly, we impute to fate  
 A thousand evils which ourselves create ;  
 Complain that life affords but little joy,  
 And yet that little foolishly destroy.  
 We check the pleasures that too soon subside,  
 And break the current of too weak a tide.  
 Like Atalanta, golden trifles chace,  
 And baulk that swiftness which might win the race ;  
 For life has joys adapted to each stage,  
 Love for our youth, ambition for our age.  
 But wilful man inverting her decrees,  
 When young would govern, and when old would please.  
 Covets the fruits his autumn shou'd bestow,  
 Nor tastes the fragrance whilst the blossoms blow.  
 Then far-fled joys in vain he would restore,  
 His appetite unanswer'd by his pow'r :  
 Round beauty's neck he twists his wither'd arms,  
 Receiv'd with loathing to her venal charms :  
 He rakes the ashes, when the fire is spent,  
 Nor gains fruition, tho' he gains consent.  
 But can we say 'tis providence's fault,  
 If thus untimely all her gifts are sought,  
 If summer-crops which must decay we keep,  
 And in the winter would the harvest reap ?

When brutes, with what they are allow'd content,  
 Listen to nature, and pursue her bent,  
 And still their pow'r with their ambition weigh'd,  
 Gain what they can, but never force a trade ;  
 A thousand joys, her happy followers prove,  
 Health, plenty, rest, society, and love.

To us alone, in fatal ign'rance proud,  
To deviate from her dictates 'tis allow'd :  
That boasted gift our reason to believe,  
Or let caprice, in reason's garb, deceive.  
To us the noble privilege is given  
Of wise refining on the will of heav'n.  
Our skill we trust, but lab'ring still to gain  
More than we can, lose what we might obtain.

Will the wise elephant desert the wood,  
To imitate the whale and range the flood ?  
Or will the mole her native earth forsake,  
In wanton madness to explore the lake ?  
Yet man, whom still ideal profit sways,  
Than those less prudent, and more blind than these,  
Will quit his home, and vent'rous brave the seas.  
And when his rashness its desert has found,  
The fool surviving, weeps the fool that's drown'd.

Herds range the fields, the feather'd kind the grove,  
Chuse, woo, carefs, and with promiscuous love,  
As taste and nature prompt, adhere, or rove ;  
They meet with pleasure, and with ease they part,  
For beasts are only coupled by the heart.  
The body still accompanies the mind,  
And when this wanders, that is unconfin'd :  
The love that join'd the sated pair once fled,  
They change their haunts, their pasture, and their bed.  
No four-leg'd ideots drag, with mutual pain,  
The nat'ral cement pass'd, an artful chain :  
Th' effect of passion ceases with the cause,  
Clogg'd with no after-weight of forms or laws :

To

To no dull rules of custom they submit,  
Like us they cool, but when they cool, they quit.

Nor find we in the wood, the sea, or plain,  
One e'er elected o'er the rest to reign.  
If any rule, 'tis force that gives the law,  
What brutes are bound in voluntary awe ?  
Do they like us a pageant idol raise,  
Swoln with false pride, and flatter'd by false praise ?  
Do they their equal, sometimes less, revere ?  
At once detest and serve, despise and fear ?  
To strength inferior, do they bend the knee ?  
With ears and eyes of others, hear and see ?  
Or ever vest a mortal god with pow'r  
To do those wrongs they afterwards deplore ?  
These institutions are of man alone,  
Marriage and monarchy are both our own.  
Public oppression, and domestic strife  
Are ills which we ourselves annex'd to life,  
God never made a husband, king, or wife.  
Boast then, oh man ! thy profitable gain,  
To folly polish'd, civiliz'd to pain.

Here, would I launch into the various field  
Of all the cares our prejudices yield ;  
What multiply'd examples might be told,  
Of pains they give, and joys that they withhold ?  
When to credulity tradition preaches,  
And ign'rance practises what error teaches !

Wou'd any feather'd maiden of the wood,  
Or scaly female of the peopled flood ;

When lust or hunger call'd, its force resist ?  
 In abstinence, or chastity persist ?  
 And cry, ' If heav'n's intent was understood,  
 ' These tastes were only giv'n to be withstood.  
 Or wou'd they wisely both these gifts improve,  
 And eat when hungry, and when am'rous love ?

Yet superstition in religion's name,  
 With future punishment and present shame,  
 Can fright weak woman from her lover's arms,  
 Who weeps with mutual pain her useless charms :  
 Whilst she, poor wretch ! consum'd in secret fires,  
 With pow'r to seize, foregoes what she desires,  
 'Till beauty fades and inclination dies,  
 And the fair tree, the fruit ungather'd, dies.

But are these ills, the ills which heav'n design'd ?  
 Are we unfortunate, or are we blind ?  
 If in possession of our wishes curs'd,  
 Bath'd in untasted springs we dye with thirst ;  
 If we make mis'ries, what were blessings meant,  
 And benefits convert to punishment ?

When in the spring the wise industrious bees,  
 Collect the various bloom from fragrant trees,  
 Extract the liquid sweet of ev'ry flow'r,  
 And cull the garden to enrich their store :  
 Should any pedant bee of all the hive,  
 From this or that perfume, the plund'ers drive,  
 And say, that he by inspiration knows,  
 The sacred, tempting, interdicted rose,  
 By heav'n's command, tho' sweetest, useless grows :  
 Think



Think you the fool would ever be obey'd,  
 And that the lye would grow into a trade ?  
 Ev'n Turks would answer, no—and yet, we see  
 The vine, that rose, and Mahomet, that bee.  
 To these, how many proofs I yet could add,  
 That man's superior sense is being mad ?  
 That none, refining, their true int'rest view,  
 But for the substance, still the shade pursue.  
 That oft perverse, and prodigal of life,  
 (Our pow'r and will at everlasting strife)  
 We waste the present for the future hour,  
 And, miser-like, by hoarding still are poor.  
 Or foolishly regretful of the past,  
 The good which yet remains neglect to taste.

Nor need I any foreign proof to bring,  
 Myself an instance of the truths I sing.  
 Whilst in a court, repugnant to my taste,  
 From my lov'd friend these precious hours I waste ;  
 Why do I vainly here thy absence mourn,  
 And not anticipate thy wish'd return ?  
 Why stay my passage to those happy fields,  
 Where fate in thee my ev'ry pleasure yields ?  
 Fortune allows the blessings I refuse,  
 And ev'n this moment, were my heart to chuse,  
 For thee I should forsake this joyless croud,  
 And not on paper think, but think aloud :  
 With thy lov'd converse fill the shorten'd day,  
 And glad my soul.—Yet here unpleas'd I stay,  
 And by mean, sanguine views of int'rest sway'd,  
 By airy hopes, to real cares betray'd ;

Lament

Lament a grievance which I might redress,  
And wish that happiness I might possess.

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## The POET'S PRAYER.

**I**F e'er in thy fight I found favour, Apollo,  
Defend me from all the disasters which follow :  
From the knaves and the fools, and the fops of the  
time,  
From the drudges in prose, and the triflers in rhyme :  
From the patch-work and toils of the royal sack-  
bibber,  
Those dead birth-day odes, and the farces of CIBBER :  
From servile attendance on men in high places,  
Their worships, and honours, and lordships, and  
graces :  
From long dedications to patrons unworthy,  
Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee :  
From being caress'd to be left in the lurch,  
The tool of a party, in state or in church :  
From dull thinking blockheads, as sober as Turks,  
And petulant bards who repeat their own works :  
From all the gay things of a drawing-room show,  
The sight of a Belle and the smell of a Beau :  
From busy back biters, and tatlers and carpers,  
And scurvy acquaintance of fidlers and sharpers :  
From old politicians, and coffee-house lectures,  
The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of projectors :  
From the fears of goal, and the hopes of a pension,  
The tricks of a gamester, and oaths of an ensign :  
From

From shallow free-thinkers in taverns disputing,  
Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting :  
From the constant good fare of another man's board,  
My lady's broad hints, and the jests of my lord :  
From hearing old chymists prelecting *de oleo*,  
And reading of Dutch commentators in folio :  
From waiting like GAY, whole years at White-hall:  
From the pride of gay wits, and the envy of small :  
From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,  
Which they finely lay out on fine toys and fine trincums :

From the pranks of ridottoes and court-masquerades,  
The snares of young jilts, and the spight of old maids :

From a saucy dull stage, and submitting to share  
In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r :  
From CURL and such Printers as wou'd ha' me curs'd,

To write second parts, let who will write the first :  
From all pious patriots, who would to their best,  
Put on a new tax, and take off an old test :  
From the faith of informers, the fangs of the law,  
And the great rogues, who keep all the lesser in awe :  
From a poor country-cure, that living interment :  
With a wife and no prospect of any preferment :  
From scribbling for hire, when my credit is sunk,  
To buy no new coat, and to line an old trunk :  
From 'squires, who divert us with jokes at their tables

Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their stables:  
From

From the nobles and commons, who bound in strict  
 league are  
 To subscribe for no book, yet subscribe to Heidegger :  
 From the cant of fanaticks, the jargon of schools,  
 The censures of wisemen, and praises of fools :  
 From critics who never read Latin or Greek,  
 And pedants, who boast they read both all the week :  
 From borrowing wit, to repay it like BUDGEL,  
 Or lending, like POPE, to be paid by a cudgel :  
 If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,  
 From these, and such evils, APOLLO, defend me,  
 And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,  
 Than a noisy nonsensical half-witted poet.

### AN EPISTLE to a LADY.

**W**HEN the heart akes with anguish, pines  
 with grief,  
 And heav'n and you alike deny relief ;  
 When ev'n the flatt'ring hope is no where found,  
 'Tis hard to feel the smart, and not lament the  
 wound.  
 Permit me then to sigh one last adieu,  
 Nor scorn a sorrow friendship owes to you :  
 A friendship, modesty might well return ;  
 A sorrow, cruelty itself might mourn.

Think how the miser, pierc'd with inward pain,  
 Looks down with horror on the troubled main,  
 Or wildly roams along the rocky coast,  
 To explore his treasures in the tempest lost ;

Hates



Hates his own safety, chides the waves that roll'd  
 Himself ashore, but sunk his dearer gold.  
 Like him afflicted, pensive, and forlorn,  
 I look on life and all its pomp with scorn.  
 You were the sweetner of each busy scene ;  
 You gave the joy without, the pain within.  
 Pleasure and you were both so near ally'd,  
 That when I lost the one, the other dy'd ;  
 Pain too has lavish'd all her killing store ;  
 Nor can she add, nor I can suffer more.

In vain I view'd you with as chaste a fire,  
 As angels mingle, or as saints admire ;  
 By reason prompted, passion had no part,  
 A virtuous ardour that refin'd the heart.  
 In vain I sought a friendship free from fault,  
 Where sex and beauty were alike forgot :  
 A friendship by the noblest union join'd,  
 The female softness, and the manly mind.  
 Courage to conquer evils, or endure ;  
 Sweetness to sooth the pain, and smiles to cure.  
 Scandal, a busy fiend, in truth's disguise,  
 Like Fame all cover'd o'er with ears and eyes,  
 Learns the fond tale, and spreads it as she flies.  
 Nor spreads alone, but alters, adds, defames,  
 Affects to pity, tho' her duty blames ;  
 Feigns not to credit all she see or hears,  
 But hopes the evil only in her fears.  
 Pretends to weigh the fact in even scale,  
 And wish, at least, that justice may prevail.  
 Insinuates, dissembles, lyes, betrays,  
 Plays the whole hypocrite such various ways,

That

That innocence itself must suffer wrong,  
And honour bleed the prey of slander's tongue:

Such is my fate, so grievous my distress,  
Condemn'd to suffer, but deny'd redress :  
Too fond of joy, too sensible of pain,  
To part with all that's dear, and not complain :  
Too delicate to injure what I love,  
Or ask the pity fame will ne'er approve.  
What more remains, then, but to drop my claim,  
And by my conduct justify my flame ?  
Burst the dear bands that to my heart-strings join,  
And sacrifice my peace to purchase thine ?

As the fond mother, who delirious eyes  
Her dying babe, will scarce believe it dies.  
But strains it still with transport in her arms,  
Dwells on its lips and numbers o'er its charms ;  
Pleads that it slumbers, and expects, in vain,  
To see the little cherub live again ;  
So my torn heart must all the sorrows prove  
That torture constancy, or sadden love :  
Yet fondly follow your dear image still,  
Fancy I hear you speak, I see you smile :  
Doat on a phantom, idolize the name,  
And wish the shade and substance were the same.

Alas! how fruitless is the idle pray'r !  
The joys imagin'd, real the despair.  
Like Adam forc'd his Eden to forego,  
I lose my only paradise below,  
And dread the prospect of succeeding woe.

GENIUS,

## GENIUS, VIRTUE, and REPUTATION:

## A F A B L E.

From Monf. DE LA MOTTE, Book V. Fable 6.

**A**S GENIUS, VIRTUE, REPUTATION,  
Three worthy friends, o'er all the nation  
Agreed to roam ; then pass the seas,  
And visit Italy and Greece :  
By travel to improve their parts,  
And learn the languages and arts ;  
Not like our modern fops and beaux,  
T' improve the pattern of their cloaths :

Thus GENIUS said ;—" Companions dear,  
" To what I speak, incline an ear.  
" Some chance, perhaps, may us divide ;  
" Let us against the worst provide,  
" And give some sign, by which to find  
" A friend thus lost, or left behind.  
" For me, if cruel fate should ever  
" Me and my dear companions sever,  
" Go, seek me 'midst the walls of Rome,  
" At Angelo's or Raphael's tomb ;  
" Or else at Virgil's sacred shrine,  
" Lamenting with the mournful nine."

Next VIRTUE, pausing ;—(for she knew  
The places were but very few,

Where

Where she could fairly hope to stay  
 Till her companions came that way ;)  
 " Pass by (she cry'd) the court, the ball,  
 " The masquerade and carnival,  
 " Where all in false disguise appear,  
 " But Vice, whose face is ever bare ;  
 " 'Tis ten to one, I am not there.  
 " CÆLIA, the loveliest maid on earth !  
 " I've been her friend, e'er since her birth ;  
 " Perfection in her person charms,  
 " And virtue all her bosom warms ;  
 " A matchless pattern for the fair ;  
 " Her dwelling seek, you'll find me there."

Cry'd REPUTATION ; " I, like you,  
 " Had once a soft companion too ;  
 " As fair her person, and her fame,  
 " And COQUETTISSA was her name.  
 " Ten thousand lovers swell'd her train ;  
 " Ten thousand lovers sigh'd in vain :  
 " Where-e'er she went, the dangles came ;  
 " Yet still I was her favorite flame.  
 " Till once,—('twas at the publick show)  
 " The play being done, we rose to go ;  
 " A thing, who long had ey'd the fair,  
 " His neck stiff-yoak'd in solitaire,  
 " With clean white gloves, first made approach,  
 " Then begg'd to lead her to her coach :  
 " She smil'd, and gave her lily hand ;  
 " Away they trip it to the strand :  
 " A hackney-coach receiv'd the pair,  
 " They went to——but, I won't tell where.

" Then



- " Then lost she Reputation quite.  
 " Friends, take example from that night,  
 " And never leave me from your sight.  
 " For, oh! if cruel fate intends  
 " Ever to part me from my friends,  
 " Think that I'm dead; my death deplore,  
 " But never hope to see me more!  
 " In vain you'll search the world around;  
 " Lost Reputation's never to be found.

## MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE:

OR,

### *The Two SPARROWS. A Fable.*

From Monf. DE LA MOTTE, Book IV. Fable 21.

**A** Grove there was, by nature made,  
 Of trees that form'd a pleasing shade;  
 Where warbled, ever free from care,  
 The wing'd musicians of the air.  
 Here tun'd the nightingale her throat;  
 The thrush there thrill'd her piercing note;  
 The finch, lark, linnet, all agree  
 To join the sylvan harmony.

Two amorous sparrows chose this place;  
 The softest of the feather'd race:  
 The MARS and VENUS of the grove;  
 Less fam'd for singing than for love.

The

The songsters warbled sweet ; while they  
 As sweetly bill'd their time away.  
 So closely seated were the two,  
 Together you wou'd think they grew :  
 The twig was slender where they sate,  
 And bent beneath their little weight ;  
 But scarcely in their lives was known  
 To bear the one, when one was flown.  
 When hunger call'd, they left the wood,  
 Together fought the field for food :  
 When thirsty, in the shallow rills  
 Together dip'd their little bills.  
 When PHOEBUS sitting in the west,  
 And thick'ning shades invite to rest,  
 They homeward bent their mutual flight,  
 Thus pass'd their day, thus pass'd their night.  
 The castle, where these lovers lay,  
 Was in a hollow oak, they say :  
 There, side by side, all night they kept,  
 Together wak'd, together slept :  
 And, mixing amorous disport,  
 They made their winter-evenings short.  
 Tho' free, 'twas left to either's mind,  
 To chuse a mate from all their kind :  
 She only lov'd the loving he ;  
 He only lov'd the lovely she.

Pure JOY, poor mortals seldom find ;  
 Her footman, SORROW, waits behind :  
 And FATE impartial deals to all  
 The honey'd portion mix'd with gall.

This

This pair, on an unhappy day,  
 Too far together chanc'd to stray;  
 Benighted, and with snares beset,  
 Our MARS and VENUS in a net,  
 Alas! were caught.—O change of state!  
 A little cage is now their fate.  
 No more they seek the spacious grove;  
 No more they burn with mutual love:  
 Their passion changes with their life;  
 And soon they fall from love to strife.  
 Their little souls with growing rage  
 High swell; they flutter round the cage:  
 Forget the slender twig, where late  
 Close side by side in love they sate;  
 One perch is now too small to hold  
 The fiery mate and chirping scold:  
 They peck each other o'er their food;  
 And thirst to drink each other's blood.  
 Two cages must the pair divide;  
 Or death the quarrel will decide.

A picture this of human life!  
 The modern husband, and the wife,  
 Who e'er in courtship saw a pair,  
 So kind as he, as she so fair?  
 The kisses that they gave each other,  
 You'd think had seal'd their lips together.  
 Each vows to each a mutual flame;  
 And dreams, 'twill always last the same;  
 But fix them once in HYMEN's chains,  
 And each alternately complains.

The

The honey-moon is scarce declin'd,  
 But all the honey of their mind  
 Is gone ; and leaves the sting behind.  
 The scene of love is vanish'd quite :  
 They pout, grow peevish, scold and fight.  
 Two tables feed each parted guest ;  
 Two beds receive the pair to rest :  
 And law alone can end the strife,  
 With sep'rate-maintenance for life.

---

THE  
 FEMALE REIGN,  
 AN  
 O D E.

[ By Mr. COBB. ]

I.

**W**HAT can the British senate give,  
 To make the name of ANNA live ?  
 By future people to be sung,  
 The labour of each grateful tongue ?  
 Can faithful registers, or rhyme,  
 In charming eloquence, or sprightly wit,  
 The wonders of her reign transmit  
 To th'unborn children of succeeding time ?  
 Can painter's oil, or statuary's art,  
 Eternity to her impart ?

No !



No! titled statues are but empty things,  
 Inscrib'd to royal vanity,  
 The sacrifice of flattery  
 To lawless Neros, or Bourbonian kings.  
 True virtue to her kindred stars aspires,  
 Does all our pomp of stone and verse surpass,  
 And mingling with ethereal fires,  
 No useless ornament requires,  
 From speaking colours, or from breathing bras.

II.

Greatest of princes! where the wand'ring sun  
 Does o'er earth's habitable regions roll,  
 From th' eastern barriers to the western goal,  
 And sees thy race of glory run  
 With swiftness equal to his own.  
 Thee on the banks of Flandrian Scaldis sings  
 The jocund swain, releas'd from Gallic fear :  
 The English voice unus'd to hear,  
 Thee the repeating banks, thee ev'ry valley rings.

III.

The sword of heav'n how pious ANNA wields,  
 And heav'nly vengeance on the guilty deals,  
 Let the twice fugitive Bavarian tell :  
 Who, from his airy hope of better state,  
 By lust of sway, irregularly great,  
 Like an apostate angel fell :  
 Who by imperial favour rais'd,  
 'I' th' highest rank of glory blaz'd ;  
 And had till now unrival'd shone,  
 More than a king, contented with his own.  
 But Lucifer's bold steps he trod,  
 Who durst assault the throne of God ;

And

And for contented realms of blissful light,  
 Gain'd the sad privilege to be  
 The first in solid misery,  
 Monarch of hell, and woes, and everlasting night:  
 Corruption of the best is always worst,  
 And soul ambition, like an evil wind,  
 Blights the fair blossoms of a noble mind;  
 And if a seraph fall, he's doubly curst.

## IV.

Had guile, and pride, and envy grown  
 In the black groves of Styx alone,  
 Nor ever had on earth the baleful crop been sown;  
 The swain without amaze, had till'd  
 The Flandrian glebe, a guiltless field:  
 Nor had he wonder'd, when he found  
 The bones of heroes in the ground.  
 No crimson streams had lately swell'd  
 The Dyle, the Danube, and the Scheld.  
 But evils are of necessary growth,  
 To rouse the brave, and banish sloth;  
 And some are born to win the stars,  
 By sweat and blood, and worthy scars.  
 Heroick virtue is by action seen,  
 And vices serve to make it keen;  
 And as gigantick tyrants rise,  
 NASSAUS and CHURCHILLS leave the skies,  
 The earth-born monsters to chastise.

## V.

If, heav'nly muse, you burn with a desire  
 To praise the man whom all admire;  
 Come from the learn'd Castalian springs,  
 And stretch aloft thy Pegasean wings:

Strike

Strike the loud Pindarick strings,  
 Like the lark, who soars and sings ;  
 And as you sail the liquid skies,  
 Cast on \* Menapian fields your weeping eyes :  
 For weep they surely must,  
 To see the bloody annual sacrifice ;  
 To think how the neglected dust,  
 Which with contempt is basely trod,  
 Was once the limbs of captains, brave and just,  
 The mortal part of some great Demi-god ;  
 Who for thrice fifty years of stubborn war,  
 With slaught'ring arms, the gun and sword,  
 Have dug the mighty sepulchre,  
 And fell as martyrs on record,  
 Of tyranny aveng'd, and liberty restor'd.

VI.

See, where at Audenard, with heaps of slain,  
 Th' heroick man, inspir'dly brave,  
 Mowing across, bestrews the plain,  
 And with new tenants crowds the wealthy grave.  
 His mind unshaken at the frightful scene,  
 His looks as chearfully serene,  
 The routed battle to pursue,  
 At once adorn'd the Paphian queen,  
 When to her Thracian paramour she flew.  
 The gath'ring troops he kens from far,  
 And with a bridegroom's passion and delight,  
 Courting the war, and glowing for the fight,  
 The new Salmoneus meets, the Celtic thunderer.

VOL. I.

N

Ah,

\* *The Menapii were the ancient inhabitants of Flanders.*

Ah, cursed pride! infernal dream!  
 Which drove him to this wild extream,  
 That dust a deity should seem;  
 Be thought as through the wond'ring streets he rode,  
 A man immortal, or a god:  
 With rattling brass, and trampling horse,  
 Should counterfeit th' inimitable force  
 Of divine thunder: horrid crime!  
 But vengeance is the child of time,  
 And will too surely be repay'd  
 On his profane devoted head,  
 Who durst affront the pow'rs above,  
 And their eternal flames disgrace,  
 Too fatal, brandish'd by the real Jove,  
 Or \* Pallas, who assumes and fills his awful place.

## VII.

The British Pallas! who, as † Homer's did  
 For her lov'd Diomede,  
 Her hero's mind with wisdom fills,  
 And heav'nly courage in his heart instils.  
 Hence thro' the thickest squadrons does he ride,  
 With ANNA's angels by his side.  
 With what uncommon speed  
 He spurs his foaming, fiery steed,  
 And pushes on thro' midmost fires,  
 Where France's fortune with her sons retires!  
 Now here, now there, the sweeping ruin flies;

\* As

\* VICEM GERIT ILLA TONANTIS.

† Homer, in his fifth Iliad, because his hero is to do wonders beyond the power of man, premises, in the beginning, that Pallas had peculiarly fitted him for that day's exploits.



• As when the Pleiades arise,  
 The southern wind afflicts the skies;  
 Then, mutt'ring o'er the deep, buffets th' unruly brine,  
 Till clouds and water seem to join.  
 Or as a dyke cut by malicious hands,  
 O'erflows the fertile Netherlands;  
 Thro' the wide yawn, th' impetuous sea,  
 Lavish of his new liberty,  
 Bestrides the vale, and, with tumultuous noise,  
 Bellows along the delug'd plain,  
 Pernicious to the rip'ning grain;  
 Far as th' horizon he destroys:  
 The weeping shepherd from an hill bewails the  
 wat'ry reign.

VIII.

So rapid flows the unimprison'd stream!  
 So strong the force of MINDELHEIM!  
 In vain the woods of Audenard  
 Would shield the Gaul, a fenceless guard.  
 As soon may whirl-winds be with-held,  
 As MARLBRO's footsteps o'er the foaming Scheld.  
 In vain the torrent would oppose,  
 In vain arm'd banks, and hosts of foes:

N 2

The

• *Indomitas prope qualis undas  
 Exercet auster, pleiadum choro  
 Scindente nubes, impiger hostium  
 Vexare turmas, & frementem  
 Mittere equum medios per ignes.  
 Sic tauriformis volvitur Ausidus,  
 Qui regna Daunii præstuit Appuli,  
 Cum sævit, horrendam quæ cultis  
 Diluvium meditatur agris.*

The foes with coward-haste retire,  
Fly faster than the river flows,  
And swifter than our fire.

Vendosme from far upbraids their shame,  
And pleads his royal master's fame.

" By Condè's mighty ghost," he cries,

" By Turenne, Luxemburgh, and all

" Those noble souls, who sell a sacrifice

" At \* Lens, at Fleurus, and at Landen fight,

" Stop, I conjure, your ignominious flight."

But fear is deaf to honour's call.

Each frowning threat and soothing pray'r  
Is lost in the regardless air.

As well he may

The billows of the ocean stay ;

While CHURCHILL like a driving wind,

Or high spring-tide, pursues behind,

And with redoubled speed urges their forward way.

IX.

Nor less, EUGENIUS, thy important care,

Thou second thunder-bolt of war !

Partner in danger and in fame,

The wind, with MARLBOROUGH's, shall bear

To distant colonies thy conqu'ring name.

Nor shall my muse forget to sing

From harmony what blessings spring :

To tell how death did enviously repine,

To see a friendship so divine ;

When

\* Near this place the Prince of Conde gave the Spaniards a very great overthrow, 1648.

When in a ball's destroying form she pass,  
 And mark'd thy threaten'd brow at last,  
 But durst not touch that sacred brain,  
 Where Europe's mightiest counsels reign;  
 For strait she bow'd her ghastly head,  
 She saw the mark of heav'n, and fled:  
 As cruel Brennus once, insulting Gaul,  
 When he, at Allia's fatal flood,  
 Had fill'd the plains with Roman blood,  
 With conscious awe forsook the capitol,  
 Where Jove, revenger of profaneness, stood.

X.

But where the good and brave command,  
 What capitol, what bulwark can withstand?  
 Virtue, approv'd of heav'n, can pass  
 Thro' walls, thro' tow'rs, and gates of brass.  
 Life, like a mistress, had been courted long,  
 By all the valiant and the young,  
 The fairest progeny of Vauban's art;  
 'Till SAVOY's warlike prince withstood  
 Her frowning terrors, and thro' seas of blood  
 Tore the bright darling from th' old tyrant's heart.  
 Such \* Buda saw him, when proud † Apti fell,  
 Unhappy, valiant infidel!

N 3

Who,

\* He bore a considerable share in the glory of that day on which Buda was taken.

† He was Bassan of the city, and lost his life on the breach.

Who, vanquish'd by superior strength,  
Surrender'd up his haughty breath,  
Upon the breach measuring his manly length,  
And shun'd the bow-string by a nobler death.

## XI.

Such \* Harfcam's field beheld him in his bloom,  
When victory bespoke him for her own,  
Her favourite, immortal son,  
And told of better years revolving on the loom :  
How he should make the Turkish crescent wane,  
And choak † Tibiscus with the slain ;  
While Viziers lay beneath the lofty pile  
Of slaughter'd Bassaus, who o'er Bassaus roll'd ;  
And all his num'rous acts she told,  
From Latian Carpi down to Flandrian Lisle.

Honour,

\* This was the fatal battle to the Turks in the year 1687. Prince Eugene, with the regiments of his brigade, was the first that enter'd the trenches ; and for that reason had the honour to be the first messenger of this happy news to the emperor.

† This battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697, where Prince Eugene commanded in chief ; like which there never happen'd so great and so terrible a destruction to the Ottoman army, which fell upon the principal commanders more than the common soldiers ; for no less than fifteen Bassaus (five of which had been Viziers of the bench) were killed, besides the supreme Vizier.



## XII.

Honour, with open arms, receives at last  
 The heroes who thro' virtue's temple past;  
 And show'rs down laurels from above,  
 On those whom heav'n and ANNA love,  
 And some, not sparingly, she throws  
 For the young eagles, who could try  
 The faith and judgment of the sky,  
 And dare the sun with steady eye,  
 For Hanover's and Prussia's brows,  
 Eugenies in bloom, and future Marlboroughs:  
 To Hanover, to Brunswick's second grace,  
 Descendent from a long imperial race,  
 The muse directs her honourable flight,  
 And prophecies, from so serene a morn,  
 To what clear glories he is born,  
 When blazing with a full meridian light,  
 He shall the British hemisphere adorn:  
 When Mars shall lay his batter'd target down,  
 And he (since death will never spare  
 The good, the pious, and the fair)  
 In his ripe harvest of renown,  
 Shall after his great father sit,  
 (If heav'n so long a life permit)  
 And having swell'd the flowing tide  
 Of fame, which he in arms shall get,  
 The purchase of an honest sweat,  
 Shall safe in stormy seas Britannia's vessel guide.

## XIII.

Britannia's vessel, which in ANNA's reign,  
 And prudent pilotry, enjoys  
 The tempest which the world destroys,  
 And rides triumphant o'er the subject main.  
 O may she soon a quiet harbour gain !  
 And sure the promis'd hour is come,  
 When in soft notes the peaceful lyre  
 Shall still the trumpet and the drum,  
 Shall play what Gods and men desire,  
 And strike Bellona's music dumb :  
 When war, by parents curs'd, shall quit the field,  
 Unbuckle his bright helmet, and, to rest  
 His weary'd limbs, sit on his idle shield,  
 With scars of honour plow'd upon his breast.  
 But if the Gallic Pharaoh's stubborn heart  
 Grows fresh for punishment, and hardens still,  
 Prepar'd for th' irrecoverable ill,  
 And force th' unwilling skies to act the last ungrate-  
 ful part ;  
 Thy forces, ANNA, like a flood, shall overwhelm  
 (If heav'n does scepter'd innocence maintain)  
 His famish'd, desolated realm ;  
 And all the sons of Pharamond in vain  
 (Who with dishonest envy see  
 The sweet forbidden fruits of distant liberty)  
 Shall curse their Salic law, and wish a female reign.

A female reign like thine,  
 O ANNA, British heroine!  
 To thee afflicted empires fly for aid,  
 Where'er tyrannick standards are display'd,  
 From the wrong'd Iber to the threaten'd Rhine.  
 Thee, where the golden-sanded Tagus flows  
 Beneath fair \* Ulyssippo's walls,  
 The frighted Lusitanian calls :  
 Thee, they who drink the Sein, with those  
 Who plow Iberian fields, implore,  
 To give the lab'ring world repose,  
 And universal peace restore :  
 Thee, Gallia ; mournful to survive the fate  
 Of her fall'n grandeur and departed state ;  
 By sad experience taught to own,  
 That virtue is a nobler way to rise,  
 A surer passage to the skies,  
 Than Pelion, upon Ossa thrown :  
 For they, who impiously presume  
 To grasp at heav'n, by Jove's eternal doom,  
 A prey to thunder shall become ;  
 Or, sent in † Ætna's fiery caves to groan,  
 Gain but an higher fall, a mountain for their tomb.

N 5

PRE-

\* The old name of Lisbon, said to be built by Ulysses.  
 † One of the mountains where Jupiter lodged the  
 giants.

## P R E - E X I S T E N C E :

## A P O E M,

In Imitation of *MILTON*.

*Has quoniam cæli nondum dignamur honore,  
Quas dedimus certe terras habitare finamus.*

**N**OW had th' archangel trumpet, rais'd sublime  
Above the walls of heav'n, begun to sound ;  
All æther took the blast, and hell beneath  
Shook with celestial noise ; th' almighty host  
Hot with pursuit, and reeking with the blood  
Of guilty cherubs smear'd in sulphurous dust,  
Pause at the known command of sounding gold.  
And first they close the wide Tartarian gates,  
Th' impenetrable folds on brazen hinge  
Roll creaking horrible ; the den beneath  
O'ercomes the roar of flames, and deafens hell ;  
Then through the solid gloom with nimble wing  
They cut their shining traces up to light ;  
Return'd upon the edge of heav'nly day,  
Where thinnest beams play round the vast obscure,  
And with eternal gleam drive back the night,  
They find the troops less stubborn, less involv'd  
In crime and ruin, barr'd the realms of peace,  
Yet uncondemn'd to baleful seats of woe,  
Doubtful and suppliant ; all the plumes of light  
Moult from their shuddering wings, and sickly fear  
Shades every face with horror ; conscious guilt

Rolls



Rolls in the livid eye-ball, and each breast  
Shakes with the dread of future doom unknown.

'Tis here the wide circumference of heaven  
Opens in two vast gates, that inward turn  
Voluminous, on jasper columns hung  
By geometry divine, they ever glow  
With living sculptures, that arise by turns  
T'imboss the shining leaves, by turns they set  
To give succeeding argument their place ;  
In holy hieroglyphicks on they move,  
The gaze of journeying angels, as they pass  
Oft looking back, and held in deep surprize.  
Here stood the troops distinct ; the cherub guard  
Unbarr'd the splendid gates, and in they roll  
Harmonious ; for a vocal spirit fits  
Within each hinge, and, as they onward drive,  
In just divisions breaks the num'rous jarr  
With symphony melodious, such as spheres  
Involv'd in tenfold wreaths are said to sound.

Out flows a blaze of glory ; for on high  
Tow'ring advanc'd the moving throne of God,  
Vast and majestick ; on each radiant side  
The pointed rays slope glittering, at the foot  
Glides a full tide of day, that onward pours  
In liquid torrents through the black abyss,  
Sparkling among reluctant shades which thence  
Retire confus'd ; as when Vesuvio shakes  
With inward torments, and disgorges flames,  
O'er the vast mountain's ridge the burning waves  
Drive their refulgent curls, and on they roll

Sweeping.

Sweeping the glowing plains down to the sea ;  
Th' affrighted sea leaps back with hideous roar  
To give the fire its course ; thus Chaos wild,  
Hissing recoils to let in floods of light.

Above the throne, th' ideas heavenly bright  
Of past, and present, and of coming time  
Fix'd their immov'd abode, and there present  
An endless landscape of created things  
To fight celestial, where angelick eyes  
Are lost in prospect ; for the shiny range,  
Boundless and various, in its bosom bears  
Millions of full-proportion'd worlds, beheld  
With stedfast eyes, till more arise to view,  
And farther inward scenes start up unknown.

Myriads of seraphs in long series wait  
About the throne, and as it moves, proceed  
In numerous order, to celestial song.  
Above, the symphony of mellow flutes,  
And harps, by flying angels gently touch'd,  
Relieve the trumpet's rage, and fitly blend  
The solemn sounds in harmony divine ;  
Such as might tune new worlds, and give the laws  
To globes on high, and the just figure guide  
Of planets forming all their airy dance.  
Below, the blazing wheels drive bounding o'er  
The starry pavement ; stars and hills of light  
Double their glories where the chariot rolls  
With rattling sound ; and the empyreum vast,  
Down to its stedfast axis, groans throughout  
Under the burning tracts, till now it rests

Upon

Upon the gaping brink of heaven ; and there,  
With open pomp, fills the vast empty space.

Silence ensues ; a deep and awful pause  
More terrible, all expectation held  
In horror ; now wrath imminent amaz'd  
With dreadful precipice, to all it seems  
More formidable near ; then from the throne  
A vocal thunder roll'd the sense of God,  
Majestically long, repugnant all  
To princes customs here ; their judgments flash  
On guilt, with words concise, and sudden blaze.  
Quite otherwise, the Gods' enlarged speech  
Set wide the fate of things ; that all around  
Might take full prospects of their coming doom.

Servants of God ! and virtues great in arms !  
W<sup>e</sup> approve your faithful works, and you return  
Bless'd from the dire pursuit of rebel foes ;  
Resolv'd, obdurate, they have try'd the force  
Of this right hand, and known Almighty pow'r ;  
'Transfix'd with light'ning down they sunk, they fell  
Into the fiery gulph, and deep they plunge  
Below the burning waves, to hide their heads  
In shelter from my vengeance bellowing hence  
More fierce and scorching with more dreadful fires ;  
There let 'em find their doom, that durst defy  
Omnipotence, and slight his proffer'd grace ;  
Rolling in flames, and ne'er to feel a dawn  
Of heavenly day ; instead, the mind imbibes  
Eternal gloom, and sing'd with constant flames,  
Can find no ease ; while fierce their boiling rage

Eats

Eats through th' impyreal mould, and glows within  
 With endless pain ; not one repentant thought  
 Shall cool the breast, but proud in horrid crime,  
 The soul anheals and hardens in the fire.

But you ! commission'd by commands divine,  
 Have wisely fill'd your trust, and clos'd 'em all  
 Within the fervid lake, lest any roam  
 Into the dark abyss to shun their doom,  
 And in the womb immense of things unborn  
 Should seek annihilation ; you must rise  
 Among the shining virtues, more sublime ;  
 On lofty thrones preferr'd for lofty deeds.

For you, ye guilty throng ! that lately join'd  
 In this sedition, since seduc'd from good,  
 And caught in trains of guile, by spirits malign,  
 Superior in their order ; you accept,  
 Trembling, my heavenly clemency and grace.  
 When the long æra once has fill'd its orb,  
 You shall emerge to light, and humbly here  
 Again shall bow before this favouring throne,  
 If your own virtue second my decree :  
 But all must have their manes first below,  
 So stands th' eternal fate, but smooother yours  
 Than what lost angels feel ; nor can our reign,  
 Without just dooms, the peace of heav'n secure ;  
 For forms celestial new erect in glory  
 Wou'd totter, dazzled with the heights of power,  
 Did not the nerves of justice fix their sight.

See;



See, where below in chaos wondrous deep  
 A speck of light dawns forth, and thence throughout  
 The shades, in many a wreath, my forming power  
 There swiftly turns the burning eddy round,  
 Absorbing all crude matter near its brink ;  
 Which next, with subtle motions, takes the form  
 I please to stamp, the seed of infant worlds  
 All now in embryo, but ere long shall rise  
 Variously scatter'd in this vast expanse,  
 Involv'd in winding orbs, until the brims  
 Of outward circles brush these heavenly gates.  
 The middle point a globe of curling fire  
 Shall hold, which round it sheds its genial heat ;  
 Where-e'er I kindle life, the motion grows  
 In all the endless orbs, from this machine ;  
 And infinite vicissitudes shall roll  
 About this restless center ; for I rear,  
 In those meanders turn'd, a dusty ball,  
 Deform'd all o'er with woods, whose shaggy tops  
 Inclose eternal mists, and deadly damps  
 Hover within their boughs, to choak the light ;  
 Impervious scenes of horror, 'till reform'd  
 To fields, and grassy dales, and flow'ry meads,  
 By your continual pains : the torrid zone  
 Here fries, with constant heat, the swarthy world ;  
 Parching the plains where hideous monsters glare,  
 And dusty mountains, tumbled by the winds,  
 Stretch their uncertain heaps ; no less the frost  
 At either end shall rage, and high shall raise  
 Firm promontories ; vast the ruins seem

Of

Of desert nature, and th' eternal piles  
 Load all the dreary coast, and thick in ice,  
 Arm either pole, that yearly peeps ascance  
 On coming light, but feels no gentle ray  
 Unbind the frozen chain. Between these lie  
 The changeful climes, alternately they burn,  
 And chill again by turns ; for both extremes  
 Make their incursions here ; and this my will  
 Unchangeable, ordains your doleful feat.

Beneath, mishapen chaos, and the field  
 Of fighting atoms, where hot, moist, and dry,  
 Wage an eternal war with dismal roar ;  
 The dismal roar breaks smoothly on the ground,  
 Sacred to horror, and eternal night :  
 Here Silence sits, whose visionary shape  
 In folds of wreathy mantling sinks obscure,  
 And in dark fumes reclines his drowsy head ;  
 An urn he holds, from whence a lake proceeds,  
 Wide, flowing gently, smooth, and Lethe nam'd :  
 Hither compell'd, each soul must drink long draughts  
 Of those forgetful streams, 'till forms within,  
 And all the great ideas fade and die :  
 For if vast thought shou'd play about a mind  
 Inclos'd in flesh, and dragging cumbrous life,  
 Fluttering and beating in the mournful cage,  
 It soon would break its grates and wing away :  
 'Tis therefore my decree, the soul return  
 Naked from off this beach, and perfect blank,  
 To visit the new world ; and strait to feel  
 Itself, in crude consistence closely shut,  
 The dreadful monument of just revenge ;

Immur'd

Immur'd by heaven's own hand, and plac'd erect  
 On fleeting matter, all imprison'd round  
 With walls of clay; th' æthereal mould shall bear  
 The chain of members, deafen'd with an ear,  
 Blinded by eyes, and manacled in hands.  
 Here anger, vast ambition, and disdain,  
 And all the haughty movements rise and fall,  
 As storms of neighbouring atoms tear the soul;  
 And hope, and love, and all the calmer turns  
 Of easy hours, in their gay gilded shapes,  
 With sudden run, skim o'er deluded minds,  
 As matter leads the dance; but one desire,  
 Unsatisfy'd, shall mar ten thousand joys.

The rank of beings, that shall first advance,  
 Drink deep of human life; and long shall stay  
 On this great scene of cares. From all the rest,  
 That longer for the destin'd body wait,  
 Less penance I expect; and short abode  
 In those pale dreary kingdoms will content;  
 Each has his lamentable lot, and all,  
 On different racks, abide the pains of life.

The pensive spirit takes the lonely grove,  
 Nightly he visits all the sylvan scenes,  
 Where, far remote, a melancholy moon  
 Raising her head, serene and shorn of beams,  
 Throws here and there her glimmerings thro' the trees,  
 To make more awful darkness. Starry lights,  
 Hung up on high, shed round 'em as they burn  
 A pale sad influence; and they gild the plains

With

With doubtful rays, which strike within the shades,  
A trembling lustre and uncertain light.

The SAGE shall haunt this solitary ground,  
And view the dismal landscape, limn'd within  
In horrid shades, mix'd with imperfect light.  
Here JUDGMENT, blinded by delusive SENSE,  
Contracted through the cranny of an eye,  
Shoots up faint languid beams, to that dark seat  
Wherein the soul, bereav'd of native fire,  
Sits intricate, in misty clouds obscur'd,  
Ev'n from itself conceal'd; and there presides  
O'er jarring images with reason's sway,  
Which by his ordering more confounds their form;  
And by decisions more imbroils the fray:  
The more he strives t'appease, the more he feels  
The struggling surges of the darksome void  
Impetuous, and the thick revolving thoughts  
Encount'ring thoughts, image on image turn'd,  
A chaos of wild science, where sometimes  
The clashing notions strike out casual light;  
Which soon must perish and be lost again  
In the thick darkness round it. Now, he tries  
With all his might to raise some weighty thought,  
Of me, of fate, or of th' eternal round,  
Which but recoils to crush the labouring mind.  
High are his reasonings, but the feeble clue  
Of fleeting images he draws in vain  
To wond'rous length; (for still the turning maze  
Eludes his art) its end flies far away,  
And leaves him tracing round the toilsome path,

Returning



Returning oft on the same beaten thought:  
 For much of good he talks, and life serene,  
 Of happiness deny'd, the dismal waste  
 Of wisdom's privilege, and th' obdurate breast;  
 Stubborn in anguish; idle wisdom, all  
 Weak sorcery to charm a real pain;  
 Distasting crowds and business, thus he seeks  
 Diversion in himself, but with deep thoughts  
 He kindles doubt; and while he strives to blow  
 The ashes off, revives the brand of care.

Hence far remov'd, a different noisy race  
 In cities full and frequent take their seat,  
 Where honour's crush'd, and gratitude oppress'd,  
 With swelling hopes of gain, that raise within  
 A tempest, and, drove onward by success,  
 Can find no bounds. For creatures of a day  
 Stretch their wide cares to ages; full increase  
 Starves the penurious soul, while empty sound  
 Fills the ambitious; *that* shall ever shrink,  
 Pining with endless cares, whilst *this* shall swell  
 To tympany enormous. Bright in arms  
 Here shines the hero, out he fiercely leads  
 A martial throng, his instruments of rage,  
 To fill the world with death, and thin mankind.  
 Ambition drives, and round the world he roams,  
 Marking his way with blood; the dreadful noise  
 Begets a fame; and all the breath he leaves  
 Is spent in his false praise, and vainly bloats  
 The tyrant's soul; while high his kingdoms rise  
 In fleeting pomp, hovering their gaudy wings  
 Around the servile globe, that tamely bends  
 Beneath

Beneath his haughty reign ; and all his slaves  
 Under his yoke shall groan, and scarce shall groan  
 Without a crime : here torturing engines roar  
 With human voice disguis'd ; earth, water, fire,  
 Are made (dire elements of cruelty !)  
 Subservient to his lust, and power to kill ;  
 Yet shall the herd endure, and dare not break  
 United their imaginary chain ;  
 While their great monarch chills with equal fears,  
 No less a slave than they. Each rumour shakes  
 The haughty purple, dark and cloudy cares  
 Involve the awful throne, that stands erect,  
 Balanc'd on the wild people's temper'd rage,  
 And fortify'd with the dangerous arts of power.  
 But death shall shift those scenes of misery ;  
 Then doubtful titles kindle up new wars,  
 And urge on ling'ring fate ; the ensigns blaze  
 About the camp, and drums and trumpets sound,  
 Prepare a solemn way to grievous war ;  
 Javelins and bearded spears in ghastly ranks  
 Erect their shining heads, and round the field  
 A harvest's seen of formidable death ;  
 Then joins the horrid shock, whose bellowing burst  
 Torments the shatter'd air, and drowns the groans  
 Of men below that roll in certain death.  
 These are the mortal sports, and tragic plays,  
 By man himself embroil'd ; the dire debate  
 Makes the waste desert seem serene and mild,  
 Where savage nature in one common lies,  
 By homely cots possess'd ; all squalid wild,  
 And despicably poor, they range the field,  
 And feel their share of hunger, care, and pain,

Cheated

Cheated by flying prey ; and now they tear  
 Their panting flesh ; and now with nails unclean  
 They tug their shaggy beards ; and deeply quaff  
 Of human woe, even when they rudely sip  
 The flowing stream, or chew the savoury pulp  
 Of nature's freshest viands ; fragrant fruits  
 Enjoy'd with trembling, and in danger fought.

But where th' appointed limits of a law,  
 Fences the general safety of the world,  
 No greater quiet reigns ; for wanton man,  
 In giddy frolick, easily leaps o'er  
 His own invented bounds ; hence rapine, fraud,  
 Revenge, and lust, and all the hideous train  
 Of nameless ills, distort the meagre mind  
 To endless shapes of woe. Here misers mourn  
 Departed gold, and their defrauded heirs  
 Dire perjuries complain ; the blended loads  
 Of punishment and crime deform the world,  
 And give no rest to man ; with pangs and throws  
 He enters on the stage ; prophetick tears  
 And infant cries prelude his future woes ;  
 And all is one continued scene of grief,  
 Till the sad fable curtain falls in death.

But that last act shall in one moment close  
 Of doubt and darkness ; pain shall crack the strings  
 Of life decay'd ; no less the soul convuls'd,  
 Trembles in anxious cares, and shuddering stands,  
 A afraid to leap into the opening gulph  
 Of future fate, till all the banks of clay  
 Fall from beneath his feet ; in vain he grasps

The

The shatter'd reeds that cheat his easy wish:  
 Reason is now no more ; that narrow lamp  
 (Which with its sickly fires wou'd shoot its beams  
 To distances unknown, and stretch its rays  
 Afcance my paths, in deepest darkness veil'd)  
 Is sunk into his socket ; only there  
 It burns a dismal light ; th' expiring flame  
 Is choak'd in fumes, and parts in various doubt.

Then the gay glories of the living world  
 Shall cast their empty varnish, and retire  
 Out of this feeble view ; and rising shade  
 Sit hovering o'er all nature's various face :  
 Music shall cease, and instruments of joy  
 Shall fail that sudden hour ; nor can the mind  
 Attend their sounds, when fancies swim in death,  
 Confus'd and crush'd with cares ; for long shall seem  
 The dreary road, and melancholy dark,  
 That leads he knows not where : here empty space  
 Gapes horrible, and threatens to absorb  
 All being ; yonder sooty demons glare,  
 And dolorous spectres grin ; the shapeless rout  
 Of wild imagination dance and play  
 Before his eyes obscure ; till all in death  
 Shall vanish, and the prisoner, now enlarg'd,  
 Regains the flaming borders of the sky.

He ended. Peals of thunder rend the heavens  
 And Chaos, from the bottom turn'd, reounds  
 The mighty clangor : All the heavenly host  
 Approve the high decree, and loud they sing

Eternal



Eternal justice ; while the guilty troops,  
Sad with their doom, but sad without despair,  
Fall fluttering down to LETHE's lake, and there  
For penance, and the destin'd body, wait.

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OF ACTIVE and RETIRED LIFE,  
AN  
EPISTLE to H. C. Esq;

*Neque quidem judicio neuter culpandus, alter dum expetit  
debitos titulos, alter dum mavult videri contempsisse.*  
PLIN. Ep.

[By WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq;]

First printed in the Year MDCCXXXV.

**Y**ES, you condemn those sages too refin'd,  
That gravely lecture ere they know mankind,  
Who whilst ambition's fiercer fires they blame,  
Would damp each useful spark that kindles fame.

'Tis in false estimates the folly lies ;  
The passion's blameless, when the judgment's wise.

In vain philosophers with warmth contest,  
Life's secret shade, or open walk is best ;  
Each has its separate joys, and each its use :  
This calls the patriot forth, and that the muse.  
Hence not alike to all the species, heaven  
An equal thirst of public fame has given:

Patrius

Patrius it forms to shine in action great ;  
While Decio's talents best adorn retreat.

If where Pierian maids delight to dwell,  
The haunts of silence, and the peaceful cell,  
Had, fair Astræa ! been thy Talbot's choice,  
Could list'ning crouds now hang upon his voice ?  
And thou, blest maid, might'st long have wept in  
vain,  
The distant glories of a second reign,  
In exile doom'd yet ages to complain.

Where high ambition still the pow'r confess'd  
That rul'd with equal sway in ev'ry breast,  
Say where the glories of the sacred nine ?  
Where Homer's verse sublime, or Milton thine ?  
Nor thou, sweet bard ! who " turn'd the tuneful art,  
" From sound to sense, from fancy to the heart,"  
Thy lays instructive to the world hadst giv'n,  
Nor greatly justified the ways of heav'n.

Let satire blast with every mark of hate,  
The vain aspirer, or dishonest great,  
Whom love of wealth, or wild ambition's sway  
Push forward, still regardless of the way ;  
High and more high who aim with restless pride,  
Where neither reason, nor fair virtue guide :  
And Him, the wretch, who labours on with pain,  
For the low lucre of an useless gain,  
(Wife but to get, and active but to save)  
May scorn deserv'd still follow to the grave.

But

But he who fond to raise a splendid name,  
 On life's ambitious heights wou'd fix his fame,  
 In active arts, or vent'rous arms wou'd shine,  
 Yet shuns the paths which virtue bids decline ;  
 Who dignifies his wealth by gen'rous use,  
 To raise th' oppress'd, or merit to produce——  
 Shall reason's voice impartial e'er condemn  
 The glorious purpose of so wise an aim ?

Where virtue regulates this just desire,  
 'Twere dang'rous folly to suppress its fire.  
 Say whence could fame supply, ( its force unknown )  
 Her roll illustrious of fair renown ?  
 What laurels prompt the hero's useful rage ?  
 What prize the patriot's weighty toils engage ?  
 Each public passion bound to endless frost,  
 Each deed of social worth for ever lost.  
 O ! may the muse inspire the love of praise,  
 Raise the bright passion, but with judgment raise :  
 For this she oft has tun'd her sacred voice,  
 Call'd forth the patriot, and approv'd his choice ;  
 Bid him the steep ascent to honor take,  
 Nor, till the summit gain'd, her paths forsake.

Yet not success alone true fame attends ;  
 He too shall reach it who but well intends.  
 See, midst the vanquish'd virtuous, \* Falkland lies,  
 His gen'rous efforts vain, and vain his sighs ;  
 Yet true to merit faithful records tell,  
 To distant ages how the patriot fell :

VOL. I.

O

Blest

\* He was kill'd in the civil wars ; see his character  
 at large in Clarendon's history.

Blest youth ! insur'd the sweetest voise of praise,  
Who lives approv'd in Pope's unrival'd lays.

Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,  
But bright example best instructs the heart :  
Then look on Patrius, let his conduct shew  
From active life what various blessings flow.  
In him a just ambition stands confess'd ;  
It warms, but not inflames, his equal breast.  
See him in senates act the patriot's part,  
Truth on his lips, the public at his heart :  
There neither fears can awe, nor hopes controul,  
The honest purpose of his steady soul.  
No mean attachments e'er seduc'd his tongue  
To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong ;  
But deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice  
Joins here or there, as reason guides his choice.  
To one great point his faithful labors tend,  
And all his toils in Britain's interest end.  
To him each neighbor safe refers his claim,  
The right he settles, and abates the flame.  
Nor arts nor worth to Patrius sue in vain,  
Nor unreliev'd the injur'd e'er complain.  
For him, the hand unseen, are pray'rs preferr'd,  
And grateful vows in distant temples heard ;  
Like nature's blessings to no part confin'd,  
His well-pois'd bounty reaches all mankind.  
That insolence of wealth, the pomp of state  
Which crowds the mansions of the vainly great,  
Flies far the limits of his modest gate.  
Just what is elegantly useful's there ;  
Of aught beyond he scorns th' unworthy care ;

Nor



Nor wou'd for all the trim that pride can show,  
 One single act of social aid forego:  
 For this he labors to improve his store,  
 For this he wishes to enlarge his pow'r;  
 This is his life's great purpose, end, and aim;  
 Such true ambition is, and worthy fame.

How different Rapax spent his worthless hour!  
 With treasure indigent, a slave with pow'r:  
 Large sums o'erlooking still intent on more,  
 He wasted, not enjoy'd, his tasteless store,  
 His growing greatness rais'd his hopes the high'r,  
 And fan'd his restless pride's increasing fire.  
 'Twas thus amidst prosperity he pin'd;  
 For what can fill the false-ambitious mind?  
 With all the honors that his prince cou'd give,  
 With all the wealth his avarice receive,  
 'Midst outward opulence but inward care,  
 Reproach and want was all he left his heir.

'Tis true, the patriot well deserves his fame,  
 And from his country just applause may claim,  
 But what avails it to the world beside,  
 That Brutus bravely stab'd or Curtius dy'd?  
 While Tully's merit, unconfin'd to place,  
 Diffuses blessings down thro' all our race;  
 Remotest times his learned labors reach,  
 And Rome's great moralist e'en now shall teach,

Averse to public noise, ambition's strife,  
 And all the splendid ills of busy life,

d,

eat,

e;

Nor

Thro' latent paths, unmark'd by vulgar eye,  
 Are there who wish to pass unheeded by ?  
 Who calm retirement's sacred pleasures move,  
 The hour contemplative, or friend they love ;  
 Yet not by spleen, or superstition led,  
 Forbear ambition's giddy heights to tread ;  
 Who not inglorious spend their peaceful day,  
 Whilst science, lovely star ! directs their way.—  
 Flows there not something good from such as these ?  
 No useful product from the men of ease ?  
 And shall the muse no social merit boast ?  
 Are all her vigils to the public lost ?  
 Tho' noisy pride may scorn her silent toil,  
 Fair are the fruits which bless her happy soil :  
 There every plant of useful produce grows,  
 There science sprang, and thence instruction flows ;  
 There true philosophy erects her school,  
 There plans her problem, and there forms her rule ;  
 There every seed of every art began,  
 And all that eases life, and brightens man.

'Twas hence great Newton, mighty genius ! soar'd,  
 And all creation's wond'rous range explor'd.  
 Far as th' Almighty stretch'd his utmost line  
 He pierc'd in thought, and view'd the vast design.  
 Too long had darker ages fought in vain  
 The secret scheme of nature to explain ;  
 Too long had truth escap'd each sage's eye,  
 Or feintly shone thro' vain philosophy.  
 Each shapeless offspring of their feeble thought,  
 A darker veil o'er genuine science brought ;

Still

Still stubborn facts o'erthrew their fruitless toil ;  
 For truth and fiction who shall reconcile ?  
 But Britain's sons a surer guide pursue  
 Tread safe the maze since Newton gave the clue.  
 Where-e'er he turn'd true science rear'd her head,  
 While far before her puzzled ignorance fled :  
 From each blest truth these noble ends he draws,  
 Use to mankind, and to their God applause.  
 Taught by his rules secure the merchant rides,  
 When threat'ning seas roll high their dreadful tides ;  
 And either India speeds her precious stores,  
 'Midst various dangers safe to Britain's shores.  
 Long as those orbs he weigh'd shall shed their rays,  
 His truth shall guide us, and shall last his praise.

Yet if so just the fame, the use so great,  
 Systems to poise, and spheres to regulate,  
 To teach the secret well-adapted force,  
 That steers of countless orbs th' unvaried course,  
 Far brighter honors wait the nobler part,  
 To balance manners, and conduct the heart.  
 Order *without* us, what imports it seen,  
 If all is restless anarchy within ?  
 Fir'd with this thought great Ashly, gen'rous sage,  
 Plan'd in sweet leisure his \* instructive page.  
 Nor orbs he weighs, but marks with happier skill,  
 The scope of action and the poise of will :  
 In fair proportion here describ'd we trace,  
 Each mental beauty, and each moral grace,

O 3

Each

\* See the *Characteristicks*, particularly the *Enquiry concerning Virtue*, and the *Moralists*.

Each useful passion taught its tone design'd,  
 In the nice concord of a well-tun'd mind.  
 Does mean self-love contract each social aim ?  
 Here public transports shall thy soul inflame.  
 Virtue and Deity supremely fair,  
 Too oft delineated with looks severe,  
 Resume their native smiles and graces here :  
 Sooth'd into love relenting foes admire,  
 And warmer raptures every friend inspire.

Such are the fruits which from retirement spring :  
 These blessings ease and learned leisure bring.

Yet of the various tasks mankind employ,  
 'Tis sure the hardest, leisure to enjoy.  
 For one who knows to taste this godlike bliss,  
 What countless swarms of vain pretenders miss !  
 Tho' each dull plodding thing, to ape the wise,  
 Ridiculously grave, for leisure fights,  
 (His boasted wish from busy scenes to run)  
 Grant him that leisure and the fool's undone.  
 The Gods to curse poor Demea heard his vow,  
 And business now no more contracts his brow :  
 No real cares, 'tis true, perplex his breast,  
 But thousand fancied ills his peace molest :  
 The slightest trifles solid sorrows prove,  
 And the long ling'ring wheel of life scarce seems to  
 move.

Useless in business yet unfit for ease,  
 Nor skill'd to serve mankind, nor form'd to please,  
 Such



Such spurious animals of worthless race  
 Live but the public burthen and disgrace :  
 Like mean attendants on life's stage are seen,  
 Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct the scene.

The mind not taught to think, no useful store  
 To fix reflexion, dreads the vacant hour.  
 Turn'd on itself its num'rous wants are seen,  
 And all the mighty void that lies within.  
 Yet cannot wisdom stamp our joys complete ;  
 'Tis conscious virtue crowns the blest retreat.  
 Who feels not that, the private path must shun,  
 And fly to public view t'escape his own ;  
 In life's gay scenes uneasy thoughts suppress,  
 And lull each anxious care in dreams of peace.  
 'Midst foreign objects not employ'd to roam,  
 Thought, sadly active, still corrodes at home ;  
 A serious moment breaks the false repose,  
 And guilt in all its naked horror shows.

He who wou'd know retirement's joy resign'd,  
 The fair recess must seek with chearful mind.  
 No Cynick's pride, no bigot's heated brain,  
 No frustrate hope, nor love's fantastick pain,  
 With him must enter the sequester'd cell,  
 Who means with pleasing solitude to dwell ;  
 But equal passions let his bosom rule,  
 A judgment candid, and a temper cool,  
 Enlarg'd with knowledge, and in conscience clear,  
 Above life's empty hopes, and death's vain fear.

Such he must be who greatly lives alone :  
 Such Portio is, in crowded scenes unknown.  
 For public life with every talent born,  
 Portio far off retires with decent scorn ;  
 Tho' without business, never unemploy'd,  
 And life, as more at leisure, more enjoy'd :  
 For who like him can various science taste,  
 His mind shall never want an endless feast.  
 In his blest ev'ning walk may'st thou, may I,  
 Oft friendly join in sweet society ;  
 Our lives like his in one smooth current flow,  
 Nor swell'd with tempest, nor too calmly flow !  
 Whilst he like some great sage of Rome or Greece,  
 Shall calm each rising doubt and speak us peace,  
 Correct each thought, each wayward wish controul,  
 And stamp with every virtue all the soul.

Ah ! how unlike is Umbria's gloomy scene,  
 Estrang'd from all the chearful ways of men !  
 There superstition works her baneful pow'r,  
 And darkens all the melancholy hour.  
 Unnumber'd fears corrode and haunt his breast,  
 With all that whim or ign'rance can suggest.  
 In vain for him kind nature pours her sweets ;  
 The visionary faint no joy admits,  
 But seeks with pious spleen fantastic woes,  
 And for heav'n's sake heav'n's offer'd good foregoes.

Whate'er's our choice we still with pride prefer,  
 And all who deviate, vainly think must err :

Clodio

Clodio in books and abstract notions lost,  
 Sees none but knaves and fools in honour's post;  
 Whilst Syphax, fond on fortune's sea to sail,  
 And boldly drive before the flatt'ring gale,  
 (Forward her dang'rous ocean to explore,)  
 Condemns as cowards those that make the shore.  
 Not so my friend impartial,—man he views  
 Useful in what he shuns as what pursues;  
 Sees different turns to gen'ral good conspire,  
 The hero's passion and the poet's fire,  
 Each figure plac'd in nature's wise design,  
 With true proportion and exactest line:  
 Sees lights and shades unite in due degree,  
 And form the whole with fairest symmetry.

THE  
MAN of TASTE.

OCCASION'D by an

EPISTLE.

Of Mr. POPE's on that Subject.

[By the Rev. Mr. BRAMSTON.]

W Hœ'er he be that to a Taste aspires,  
Let him read this, and be what he desires,  
In men and manners vers'd from life I write,  
Not what was once but what is now polite.  
Those who of courtly France have made the tour,  
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure.  
But honest men who never were abroad,  
Like England only, and its Taste applaud.  
Strife still subsists, which yields the better goût;  
Books or the world, the many or the few.

True Taste to me is by this touchstone known,  
That's always best that's nearest to my own.  
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,  
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.  
Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold,  
He a dramatic-poet, she a scold.

His



His tragick muse could countesses affright,  
 Her wit in boxes was my lord's delight.  
 No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,  
 Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetick bands.  
 Laws my Pindarick parents matter'd not,  
 So I was tragi-comically got.  
 My infant tears a sort of measure kept,  
 I squall'd in distichs, and in triplets wept,  
 No youth did I in education waste,  
 Happy in an hereditary Taste.  
 Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,  
 Nor barb'rous birch e'er brush'd my tender bum.  
 My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,  
 My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.  
 Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,  
 Good parts are better than eight parts of speech :  
 Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call,  
 I thank my stars, that I declin'd them all.  
 To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,  
 I trust to mother wit, and father sense.  
 Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,  
 Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.

Yet is my goât for criticism such,  
 I've got some French, and know a little Dutch:  
 Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,  
 Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.  
 Criticks indeed are valuable men,  
 But hyper-criticks are as good agen.  
 Tho' Blackmore's works my soul with raptures fill,  
 With notes by Bently they'd be better still,

The

The Boghouse-Miscellany's well design'd,  
 To ease the body, and improve the mind.  
 Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,  
 For he displeases me, that pleases all.  
 Verse without rhyme I never could endure,  
 Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.  
 To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,  
 Milton's an universal blank to me.  
 Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,  
 Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice.  
 Always upheld by national support,  
 Of market, university, and court :  
 Thomson, write blank; but know that for that reason,  
 These lines shall live, when thine are out of season.  
 Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays  
 As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,  
 He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote :  
 But for his epilogues and other plays,  
 He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.  
 It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,  
 While Cibber wears the bays for playhouse prose :  
 So Britain's monarch once uncover'd fate,  
 While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old Curl ! he ne'er to publish fears,  
 The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.  
 How oft has he a public spirit shewn,  
 And pleas'd our ears, regardless of his own ?  
 But to give merit due, though Curl's the fame,  
 Are not his brother book-sellers the same ?

Can statutes keep the British press in awe,  
While that sells best, that's most against the law ?

Lives of dead play'rs my leisure hours beguile,  
And Sessions-papers tragedize my stile.  
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,  
So oft a mother, and not once a wife :  
She could with just propriety behave,  
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave :  
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,  
By prebends bury'd and by generals kept.

T' improve in morals Mandevil I read,  
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.  
I travell'd early, and I soon saw through  
Religion all, ere I was twenty-two.  
Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,  
When ropes or opium can my ease procure ?  
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,  
Self-murder is an honourable way.  
As Pasaran directs I'd end my life,  
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.  
Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,  
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,  
I have a taste for building, musick, men.  
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,  
With superficial smatterings at most.  
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,  
Knows more than Budgel writes, or Roberts prints.

I know

I know the town, all houses I have seen,  
 From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.  
 Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones,  
 To murder mortar, and disfigure stones !  
 Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern ?  
 I reckon Covent-garden church a barn.  
 Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul !  
 The choir's too big, the cupola's too small :  
 Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,  
 'Tis Vanbrugh's structures that my fancy strike :  
 Such noble ruins ev'ry pile wou'd make,  
 I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.  
 To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,  
 Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.  
 Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,  
 St. James's hospital may serve for kings.  
 Buildings so happily I understand,  
 That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.  
 Dorick, Ionick, shall not there be found,  
 But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.  
 From out my honest workmen, I'll select  
 A Bricklayer, and proclaim him architect ;  
 First bid him build me a stupendous dome,  
 Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome ;  
 Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,  
 Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.  
 I'll have my Villa too, a sweet abode,  
 Its situation shall be London road :  
 Pots o'er the door I'll place like city balconies,  
 Which \* Bently calls the gardens of Adonis.

I'll

\* Bentley's Milton, Book 9. ver. 439.



' I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,  
 For what is beautiful that is not new ?  
 Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye,  
 With all the angles of a Christmas-pye.  
 Does it not merit the beholder's praise,  
 What's high to sink ? and what is low to raise ?  
 Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood,  
 And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.  
 Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,  
 Expence and alteration shew a Taste.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,  
 And know their several beauties by their price.  
 Auctions and sales I constantly attend,  
 But chuse my pictures by a skilful friend.  
 Originals and copies much the same,  
 The picture's value is the painter's name.

My taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,  
 I buy no statues that are not obscene,  
 In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,  
 Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.  
 How oft have I with admiration stood,  
 To view some city-magistrate in wood,  
 I gaze with pleasure on a lord-mayor's head,  
 Cast with propriety in gilded lead.  
 Oh could I view through London as I pass,  
 Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass ;  
 High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place  
 His magisterial paunch and griping face ;  
 Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,  
 And grant the tradesman, what a king's deny'd.

Old

Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,  
 Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.  
 But among friends if I the truth might speak,  
 I like the modern, and despise th' antique.  
 Tho' in the draw'rs of my japan bureau,  
 To lady Gripeall I the Cæsars shew,  
 'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,  
 A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubeë.

Without Italian, or without an ear,  
 To Bononcini's musick I adhere :  
 Musick has charms to sooth a savage beast,  
 And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.  
 My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,  
 In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound.  
 Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,  
 I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.  
 The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,  
 And scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.  
 Let Senefino sing, what David writ,  
 And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.  
 Eager in throngs the town to Hester came,  
 An Oratorio was a lucky name.  
 Thou, Heideggre ! the English taste hast found,  
 And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.  
 In lent, if Masquerades displease the town,  
 Call 'em Ridotto's, and they still go down :  
 Go on, prince Phyz ! to please the British nation,  
 Call thy next masquerade a convocation.

Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,  
 And philosophical transactions read.

Next

Next lodge I'll be free-mason, nothing less;  
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,  
Fit company for porters, or for peers.  
Of ev'ry useful knowledge I've a share,  
But my top talent is a bill of fare.  
Sir loins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,  
Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies.  
Dishes I chuse though little, yet genteel,  
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.  
Pigs heads with hair on, much my fancy please,  
I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese,  
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.  
No tatling servants to my table come,  
My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.  
Queer country-puts extol queen Bess's reign,  
And of lost hospitality complain.  
Say thou that do'st thy father's table praise,  
Was there mahogena in former days?

Oh! could a British barony be sold!  
I would bright honour buy with dazling gold.  
Could I the privilege of peer procure,  
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.  
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,  
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.  
I'd make the insolent mechanicks stay,  
And keep my ready money all for play.  
I'd try if any pleasure could be found,  
In tossing up for twenty-thousand pound.

Had

Had I whole counties, I to White's would go;  
 And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw.  
 But should I meet with an unlucky run,  
 And at a throw be gloriously undone;  
 My debts of honour I'd discharge the first,  
 Let all my lawful creditors be curs'd:  
 My title would preserve me from arrest,  
 And seising hired horses is a jest.

I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,  
 With gloves and hat, like my own footman, Dick.  
 A footman I wou'd be, in outward show,  
 In sense, and education, truly so.  
 As for my head, it should ambiguous wear  
 At once a periwig, and its own hair.  
 My hair I'd powder in the women's way,  
 And dress, and talk of dressing, more than they.  
 I'll please the maids of honour, if I can;  
 Without black-velvet breeches, what is man?  
 I will my skill in button-holes display,  
 And brag how oft I shift me every day.  
 Shall I wear cloaths, in awkward England made?  
 And sweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade?  
 In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace  
 I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.  
 Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,  
 And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.  
 I would convince the world by tawdry cloaths  
 That Belles are less effeminate than beaux,  
 And doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.



To boon companions I my time would give,  
 With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live,  
 I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,  
 And to rough-riders give my choicest wine,  
 I would carefs some stableman of note,  
 And imitate his language, and his coat.  
 My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,  
 And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend,  
 In Fig the prize fighter by day delight,  
 And sup with Colly Cibber ev'ry night.

Should I perchance be fashionably ill,  
 I'd fend for Misaubin, and take his pill.  
 I should abhor, tho' in the utmost need,  
 Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead :  
 But if I found that I grew worse and worse,  
 I'd turn off Misaubin and take a nurse.  
 How oft, when eminent physicians fail,  
 Do good old women's remedies prevail ?  
 When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with years,  
 Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears,  
 Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,  
 And chuse a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd,  
 Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.  
 Back to your Universities, ye fools,  
 And dangle arguments on strings in schools :  
 Those schools which Universities they call,  
 'Twere well for England were there none at all.

With

With ease that loss the nation might sustain,  
 Supply'd by Goodman's-fields and Drury-lane.  
 Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,  
 Compar'd to Haymarket, and Covent-garden :  
 Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,  
 Turn players all, and take your 'squires degrees.  
 Boast not your incomes now as heretofore,  
 Ye book-learn'd seats ! the theatres have more :  
 Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb ;  
 A single cunuch gets a larger sum.  
 Have some of you three hundred by the year ;  
 Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear.  
 Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join  
 A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine :  
 Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,  
 For play-house, opera, ball, and masquerade,  
 Glad I congratulate the judging age,  
 The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a politician too, and hate  
 Of any party, ministers of state :  
 I'm for an act, that he, who serv'd a whole year  
 Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified you find,  
 To give the laws of Taste to human kind,  
 Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,  
 For books, and buildings, politics, and dress.  
 This is true Taste, and who so likes it not,  
 Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

A SONG.

## A S O N G.

[By the Same.]

Set to Musick by Dr. GREENE.

## I.

**T**O silent groves, where weeping yew  
 With sadly mournful cypress join'd,  
 Poor DAMON from the plains withdrew,  
 To ease with plaints his love-sick mind;  
 Pale willow into mystic wreaths he wove,  
 And thus lamented his forsaken love.

## II.

How often, CELIA, faithless maid,  
 With arms entwined did we walk  
 Beneath the close unpierced shade,  
 Beguiling time with am'rous talk!  
 But that, alas! is past, and I must prove  
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

## III.

But think not, CELIA, I will bear  
 With dull submission all the smart;  
 No, I'll at once drive out despair,  
 And thy lov'd image in my heart:  
 All arts, all charms I'll practise to remove  
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

## IV.

Bacchus, with greenest ivy crown'd,  
 Hither repair with all thy train;  
 And chace the jovial goblet round,  
 For CELIA triumphs in my pain:

With

With gen'rous wine assist me to remove  
The pangs attending on forsaken love.

V.

Could reason be so drown'd in wine,  
As never to revive again,  
How happy were this heart of mine  
Reliev'd at once from all it's pain!  
But reason still with love returns, to prove  
The torments lasting of forsaken love.

VI.

Bring me the nymph, whose gen'rous soul  
Kindles at the circling bowl;  
Whose sparkling eye, with wanton fire,  
Shoots thro' my blood a fierce desire;  
For ev'ry art I'll practise to remove  
The pangs attending on forsaken love.

VII.

And what is all this transient flame?  
Tis but a blaze, and seen no more;  
A blaze that lights us to our shame,  
And robs us of a gay four-score;  
Reason again with love returns, to prove  
The torment lasting of forsaken love.

VIII.

Hark! how the jolly huntsman's cries,  
In concert with the op'ning hounds,  
Rend the wide concave of the skies,  
And tire dull echo with their sounds:  
Thou Phoebe, goddess of the chase, remove  
The pangs attending on forsaken love.



## IX.

Ah me! the sprightly-bounding doe,  
The chace, and ev'ry thing I view,  
Still to my mind recall my woe!

So CELIA flies, so I pursue:  
So rooted here, no arts can e'er remove  
The pangs attending on forsaken love.

## X

Then back, poor DAMON, to thy grove,  
Since nought avails to ease thy pain;  
Let constancy thy flame improve,  
And patience answer her disdain:  
So gratitude may CELIA's bosom move,  
To pity, and reward thy constant love.

## NATURE and FORTUNE.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

NATURE and FORTUNE blith and gay,  
To pass an hour or two,  
In frolick mood agreed to play  
At 'What shall this man do?'

Come, I'll be judge then, FORTUNE cries,  
And therefore must be blind;  
Then whip'd a napkin round her eyes,  
And ty'd it fast behind.

NATURE

NATURE had now prepar'd her list  
Of names on scraps of leather,  
Which roll'd, she gave them each a twist,  
And hussled them together.

Thus mixt, which ever came to hand,  
She very surely drew ;  
Then bade her sister give command,  
For what that man should do ?

'Twould almost burst one's sides to hear,  
What strange commands she gave ;  
That CIBBER should the laurel wear,  
And COPE an army have.

At length when STANHOPE's name was come,  
Dame NATURE smil'd and cry'd,  
Now tell me, sister, this man's doom,  
And what shall him betide ?

That Man, said FORTUNE, shall be one  
Blest both by you and me :—  
Nay, then, quoth NATURE, let's have done ;  
Sister, I'm sure you see.

*The End of the First Volume.*



